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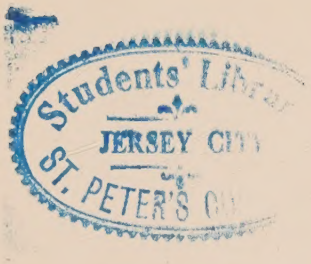

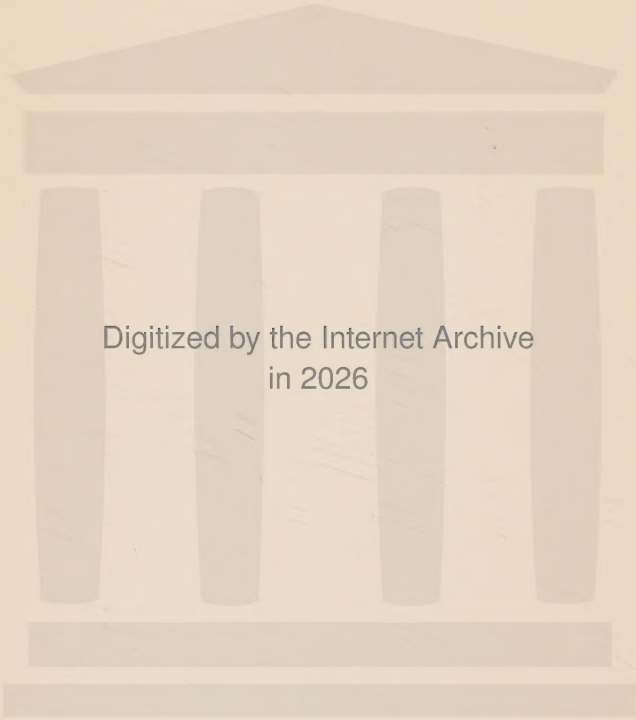
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THE CARDINAL OF CHARITIES
AN APPRECIATION

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HIS EMINENCE
PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES
Archbishop of New York

THE CARDINAL OF CHARITIES

AN APPRECIATION
OF
HIS EMINENCE
PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES
ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK

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✠ PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES

Archbishop of New York

New York,

Feast of the Assumption, 1927

To
The Good Shepherd
who
Giveth His Life
for
His Sheep

FOREWORD

The story contained within these pages appeared originally in the monthly magazine, "The Parish Visitor," published by the Sisters of the Parish Visitors' Community. The subject matter was compiled principally from addresses delivered on various occasions by His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, and was intended to serve as a fountain of inspiration and a source of guidance for the Sisters who are engaged in their daily task of parish visitation. At the request of many readers, these articles are now published in book form with the hope and prayer that they may serve as a permanent record and a true guide not only to the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, but also to the countless others engaged in the service of the poor who will receive a new inspiration and a larger vision from reading the story of the great shepherd, to whom the title, The Cardinal of Charities, is so fittingly applied.

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THE CARDINAL OF CHARITIES

AN APPRECIATION

BY THE PARISH VISITORS

OF

MARY IMMACULATE

INTRODUCTION

"THE Golden Rule of doing to others as we would have others do unto us is not as high and as noble as doing more for others than they can ever possibly do for us, because God Himself already has done more for us than we can ever possibly do for Him."

The above words from the address of His Eminence, Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, spoken over the radio at the opening of the Catholic Charities Campaign on Sunday evening, May 11, 1924, epitomize the whole meaning of that sublime virtue, Charity, of which the Divine Master was the Teacher and Exemplar. They are a perfect compendium of all that is comprised within that sacred Law which Saint Paul characterizes as the greatest and noblest inculcated by One Who bore it out in His Own earthly Life, furnishing to men a Model of the excess of Charity—Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Surely there can be no tribute more exalted than that which in some measure likens one to the great Pattern of tenderness and compassion, to Him Who has done more for us "than we can ever possibly do for Him" or in Him for our fellow creatures, Christ, our Redeemer and our Best Friend.

So, when we think or speak of our beloved Cardinal Hayes as "The Cardinal of Charities," at once

there flashes through the mind an immense panorama of tender and compassionate and charitable deeds accomplished during the lifetime of him who so earnestly and vigorously has borne out the meaning of the Great Apostle's words: . . . "the greatest of these is Charity."

"Would that all men today had a more perfect knowledge of God's love for man and of man's love for God," said His Eminence, continuing his memorable speech over the radio. "A burning love would enkindle the minds and the hearts and the souls of men, and if not entirely consume, at least reduce to a minimum the seven capital sins, the root of all evil, namely, pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth, which play such a dominant part in human existence today."

When, after the death of Cardinal Farley, Bishop Hayes was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of New York, an immense burden of grave responsibility was placed upon him in an epoch of reconstruction following in the wake of a great World War. Never before in the history of the Archdiocese of New York was there greater need of clear thinking, of power for co-ordination, of courage and force tempered by a Christlike solicitude for the crying needs of a great body of people who found themselves plunged into an era of restlessness, of industrial losses, of unemployment, of peculiar dangers to faith and morals. Into this breach the new Archbishop threw himself with whole-souled vigor, applying all his masterly powers to the task in hand, and measuring each legislative and judicial act

by the golden norm of Christ's all-encompassing charity.

So came into being that marvelous organization in the City of New York, the "Catholic Charities" which, under God's blessing and the resourceful administration of His Eminence, has attained a truly enviable record.

In the field of Catholic education, the Cardinal has likewise accomplished great things. He has shown how discipline must be maintained, how standards must be raised or upheld, but always there is kindness and discretion in his methods. For the vast body of Religious and the clergy, he has ever had the heart of a father, and under his inspiriting leadership all have worked hard for the accomplishment of their twofold aim: personal sanctification and the Apostolate of Souls.

But it is in dealing with the poor, the humble of birth, those who have a hard fight to win or lose, that His Eminence has proved the depths of his tenderness and paternal compassion. It would seem that the favorite Beatitude of this Prince of the Church is that which exalts true poverty of soul: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In his public speaking, the Cardinal has frequently adverted to the Saints of the poor, to Francis, God's troubadour, who voluntarily relinquished his claim upon the goods of his noble family and went mad, as men said, of love of his Lord; to Jerome, who in his lowliness washed the feet of poor pilgrims and served them with his own hand,

and even cared for the rude beasts of burden that bore them to his door. Leaving, for the time, his studious researches, the deep mines of bookish lore, he gladly associated himself with the humblest, desiring in this way to more closely imitate his Divine Lord; to Vincent de Paul, who was called the Apostle of Charity, and whose compassion would lead him to exchange his freedom for the chains of the poor prisoners, letting them go their way; to Father Damien, who loved his poor loathsome lepers so much that he finally became one of them and died a victim to the hideous disease.

A modern writer has called the great Metropolis of New York a vast shop "in which people barter and sell, get rich quickly and then die early, but cannot rationally live and have their being. . . ." And, he continues: "The herding together of people in great centers, the incessant milling that goes on in the street, the continual rubbing of minds and touching of hands, with one man's elbow in another man's ribs, are things that never yet led to the development of the virtues. They breed selfishness and all its allied train of evils, and they tend necessarily to the lawless assertion of the individual, which in turn produces that want of harmony which we have already noted."

It is a far cry, according to the mind of the historian, from the reaches of upper Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive to the congested heterogeneous skeletons of homes that bedizen the very poor East and West Sides. And yet these utterly dissimilar sections of a great city have something very much

in common. It is in the brain and the blood of a people, not apparent to every onlooker, but it is there, just the same, a very potent, magnetic, unchangeable thing, never to be altered by any force or circumstance.

There, where the giant skyscrapers—so impressive to those who, coming from the calm, flat stretches, view them for the first time—rear their heads aloft, each striving to touch a little more of the blue of heaven—in the busy commercial marts, on the glittering Avenues, in the meaner, poorer districts of the foreign quarters, along by the water front where men look like so many active unimportant little midgets,—this very potent, very magnetic, altogether unchangeable thing is. We may call it "life" and not quite arrive at the meaning. But if we go a step farther, and call it "soul," then we are on home ground at last.

So, in this marvelous New York that is not quite so old as Paris or London, not quite so historic, that has so little romance about it—at least Modern New York—the thing that matters is not the vast stretches of steel chains or cables that swing like gigantic cobwebs across the rivers, spanning the shores in the near distance, it is not the priceless treasures of the Metropolitan Museum or the architectural triumphs of the great public buildings, nor yet the loveliness of the big parks in spring and summer.

It is the vast number of human souls that live, pent up here, in this great, busy, lonely hive, all strangers, all pilgrims of a day's journeying, all

waiting, feverish and anxious, to get "Home." And the work that matters most of all is not the accumulation of money, the erection of gorgeous edifices, the mental or material triumphs laid at man's door with the world's "Well done!" as recompense for the toil and fret involved. It is—the salvation and the ultimate sanctification of all these souls, in all conditions of life, in every section of the great metropolis.

Here and there, very frequently, in the landscape, the spire of a Catholic church points heavenward. Christ is here, as He was of old, in the midst of the busy throng. But He does not walk the streets as once He did. He rests quietly in His Tabernacle, only coming forth when His ministers, the priests, bid Him come, to comfort, to heal and save, as of yore. He comes with the gifts of His immense charity, but these gifts must be bestowed through the hands of His anointed ones, chosen and sealed and set apart from the rest of men for such a sublime ministry.

The Cardinal of Charities—the Cardinal of Souls, especially the souls of the poor and the needy—it is by this blessed name that our beloved Spiritual Shepherd is known throughout his vast Archdiocese and throughout the entire world. Wherever there are those to be helped, the poor, who, Christ said are always with us, there his fatherly solicitude has exercised itself, leaving nothing undone that might conduce to the peace and happiness and the welfare, both spiritual and temporal, of his beloved children in Christ.

When, on the afternoon of July 14, 1921, His Eminence paid an informal visit to the Convent of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, poor home missionaries, striving to follow closely in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd of souls, it was to give evidence of his heartfelt interest in a work established within his Archdiocese for the purpose of helping to win souls for Christ. The poor, the outcast, the forlorn, the needy, the ignorant, the sinful—these very special objects of the Parish Visitors' ministrations, were ever especially near to the heart of their Father in Christ, too. And for this reason he had graciously come to hear the account of the Visitors' progress in a blessed apostolate, and to give kindly words of encouragement and approbation to the work so dear to his apostolic heart.

"Surely the work is necessary," said His Eminence on this happy occasion. "The homes make the Church and the Nation, and if the homes are good, the Church and the Nation are prosperous. Your aim is to make Christ reign in every family, even in those that seem to have forgotten His existence and His everlasting love."

Poverty and detachment—these were the recommendations given by the Cardinal to the community who were so favored by the presence of their great Spiritual Father in their midst. "The more of spiritual riches a person has," said His Eminence, "the less he cares for material riches." And he continued to draw certain beautiful lessons from the example of Christ, the Divine Lover of souls.

Again, in 1922, His Eminence bestowed further gracious favors upon the little community at West Seventy-first Street. He conveyed his words of approval and blessing in a letter dated the Feast of Saint Vincent de Paul, once more eulogizing the mission of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, recalling in few, well-chosen words, the need of this unique form of work at the present day, and giving his heartfelt approbation to all that had been done since the inception of the Society two years before.

But it was on the following Feast Day of the great Apostle of Charity, Saint Vincent de Paul, that His Eminence arrived at Marycrest, Monroe, New York, the Novitiate of the Parish Visitors, to dedicate that new abode of religion to the service of Almighty God and souls.

"Today, in this holy place," said the Cardinal, "the law of love prevails. Here we have an example of the law of love; we have these women, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, ready to consecrate themselves, ready to go out to minister to the crying needs of others, to suffer rebuff, lead a hard life, have no comforts except spiritual comfort, in order to bring souls to Christ, to save men and women and little children, to give honor and glory to God. May that spirit of sweet charity continue to reign supreme here in the Community, may it inspire every impulse of their souls, united to the Heart of Christ, the Good Shepherd; and may all the work, prayers, sacrifices and services of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate aim at

the high standard of holiness set by the Master Himself, and may others be inspired by the example of these generous women who give all for God and souls!"

In these kindly words, His Eminence manifested his great satisfaction in an apostolate of Christlike charity which was conceived and came to maturity in his own great Archdiocese, and which has many times experienced the beneficent effect of his paternal interest and care. Charity—the very word always appeals to him who is in truest sense a Shepherd of souls, and who has done so much during his administration of the affairs of the Church to assuage the spiritual and physical miseries of countless human beings.

The life story of His Eminence will probably never be written in entirety, for the reason that so much—at his own desire—must be buried in the Heart of God. Of his public life, we know something, for it is impossible for one in such exalted position to escape the notice of the world. But so far as it is possible, that life, we know, is hidden with Christ in God, and only in the Book of Life will all its goodness and benefactions become known.

During the past years Cardinal Hayes has raised the magnificent sum of approximately one million dollars per year for Catholic Charities. The results attained through judicial distribution of this large amount of money can scarcely be estimated, even by those in closest touch with the situation. Hospitals and homes, Missions for the friendless

and penniless, nurseries and refuges, special works for children, clubs for boys and girls, settlement houses, summer camps and many other institutions and agencies established by the Church for the moral uplift and the succor of her needy children, received a generous portion of the funds accumulated so painstakingly and so energetically under the supervision of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes.

No class of citizens, no condition or circumstance of the individual, has claimed a unique share of the loving kindness of this true Shepherd of souls, but wherever distress, want, misery, pain or tears have showed themselves, there his hand has been raised to bestow all that he had to give of the material, and in measure beyond all computation, of spiritual gifts.

"The voice of Charity is in our ears," said Cardinal Hayes in an article written by him in May, 1923, on the subject nearest to his heart: "These are Christ's little ones; their souls must be protected; suffer them not to be separated from Him."

THE CARDINAL OF CHARITIES

AN APPRECIATION OF HIS EMINENCE, PATRICK JOSEPH HAYES, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK

CHAPTER I

EARLY PREPARATION FOR SERVICE

THE tourist who, from the deck of steamer or ferry, views for the first time the famous skyline of New York City, stretching away brokenly but solemnly, as far as the eye can reach, feels within him a sense of his own nothingness and insignificance in the vast and complex scheme of things that men call Life. A sense of loneliness oppresses him, it may be, as he realizes the vastness of the world and even of one great metropolis, sheltering within its confines almost countless souls, ignorant for the most part of one another's existence.

Taken individually, the skyscrapers are appalling to one who has lived all his life in quiet green places. They suggest a stupendous multiplied activity on the part of man, an activity that might well be calculated to absorb all his thought and

striving, nay, even more, to require his very soul at his hands.

Whence came the first of these gigantic monsters of steel that gradually evolved from the earlier structures of brick, granite, marble or iron? Merely from the desire of man to accommodate his circumstances to still more activity. And so he burrowed deeper into the ground and built his foundations stronger, thicker, so that they could be relied upon to support the requisite weight. Man found that he could be carried up, easily and quickly, by means of electric elevators up, up, among the clouds. And so he climbed higher and higher upon the discovery that steel would do for him safely what other substances might not. Brace and girder, post and beam bore downward until finally they rested upon the solid rock foundations. Behold the modern skyscraper! It is man's invention for making heavily taxed land exceedingly profitable.

One who has watched the progress of a giant office building going up into the sky knows that the process is accomplished in an amazingly brief space of time. A few months, at farthest, will see the great bulk shutting out the light of heaven, a finished product, now the center of busy commercial life. For, while the rest of the city slept, laborers worked by the ruddy lights on the foundations. First the skeleton of steel was swung higher, higher, then the upper walls were sandwiched between, attached by brackets to the steel braces. From six to ten thousand tenants may dwell during business hours in one of these giants. The very idea of so

many people being enclosed within a single structure almost stupefies the imagination and makes one weary of it all. But this is the life of a big city in our modern day.

While the actual work of construction was going forward, harsh discordant noises grated on the ears of the pedestrians who went by. They hurried faster as they passed beneath the huge gray web, within and about which workmen came and went like so many alert spiders, each intent on his own particular task. They went on eagerly, quickly, that they might the sooner come to some quiet patch of brown or green about a churchyard where they might slacken their steps and listen to the murmur of doves in a steeple, a little remote from the wild pulsations of the City's restless heart.

In the building of character, there is the same process of construction. If it is to be a lasting edifice, something to be useful as well as ornamental, the foundations must be sunk deep into the soil. Then comes the lengthy process of raising one story upon another, of setting beams and braces so that they shall be strong to endure the buffeting of time and the storms that will rage against the soul of man. It is a work that requires infinitely more skill, patience and courage than the rearing of a skyscraper. It is a work vastly more artistic, more honorable, more enduring in its effects.

But this is a work that is done in silence. Even the exterior activities are seldom a faithful index of what is going on within. For, if the character be noble, there is every reason to believe that hid-

den depths of virtue exist which humility, true manliness is unwilling to reveal to others. A good man, we may conclude, is ever so much better in himself than he appears to others to be.

When the great Temple of Solomon, that work of stupendous beauty of perfect symmetry, of unparalleled artistry, was in process of construction, Holy Scripture tells us that all went on in perfect silence. No sound of hammer penetrated upon the stillness of the air. No commotion marked this gigantic achievement. And men said to one another, in awed tones: "Digitus Dei hic est." . . . The finger of God is here!

So, when we have heard the story of the upbuilding of a noble character, especially of one wholly devoted to charity and to its mission of zeal for souls, we feel how much more worth while it has all been, the labor involved, the suppression of self, the endurance, the determination, the generosity, than the upraising of the most magnificent monuments made by the hands of men.

We want to hear all about the process, to know what went on during that period of upbuilding so that we may model our own lives upon those heroic things. . . . It is not always possible to know everything, for God's heroes invariably seek to hide themselves, their interior life, from the eyes of the world. But what we do learn makes us ever so much nobler, ever so much more ready to sacrifice in the great work of our sanctification, more kindly disposed toward others and more severely critical of ourselves.

When, with timid feet, we approach a soul, we are on holy ground. It is God's stronghold, this sanctified place, and, like Moses on the Holy Mount, in spirit we put off the shoes from our feet and tread softly. Vere Deus est in loco isto . . . non est hic aliud, nisi domus Dei et porta coeli. . . . God is here. This is none other than His House and the very Gate of Heaven.

It is in this spirit that we trace the life story of His Eminence, Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, a truly great luminary in the ranks of churchmen of our age, an eminent leader in those noble works which conduce to the Greater Glory of God and the salvation and sanctification of souls, but first and foremost, a true priest of God, and a friend, even as was the Divine Master, of the afflicted and the poor.

This love of Cardinal Hayes for the poor of Christ, this charity for the social outcast and for the most neglected of the flock of the Good Shepherd, is the main reason for this humble sketch. It is meant to illustrate the mission of charity in the life of one who would appeal not only for funds to promote the works of charity but who would also most earnestly invite every man, woman and child to give personal service that each and all may be healed, sanctified and saved.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate bear constant testimony to this call of their Cardinal Father for service, for more and more service—yes, and for more and more recruits for service in the cause of God and souls.

To him who has so strengthened and upheld the humble endeavors of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, poor family missionaries, who are striving to rescue souls from sin and the long train of evils which follow in its wake, this little sketch is offered in grateful acknowledgment of many favors received at his kindly hands. It is a heartfelt expression of devotedness and fidelity to our beloved Cardinal, the voice, as it were, of all the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, speaking their tribute to him who is their best friend and most beloved Father in God.

His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, was born November 20, 1867, on the lower East Side of New York. His parents, Daniel, and Mary Gleason Hayes, had come from the Old Country, the Isle of Saints, and settled in a new land where opportunities awaited rich and poor who were possessed of determination and a strong will to succeed. But, above and beyond this disposition, characteristic of the immigrants from Holy Ireland to America, they had brought with them their beloved Faith, a priceless heritage for which their ancestors and even they themselves had suffered and sacrificed as had those First Christians in Pagan Rome when to espouse Christ was to smile into the face of Death.

The future Prince of the Church, our Cardinal of Charities, first saw the light in a modest dwelling in City Hall Place. Adjoining that favored dwelling was old Saint Andrew's Church whose history went back to the first seeds of Catholicism in the City of New York. It was in this venerable

church that Patrick Hayes was baptized the day after his birth, a date happily coinciding with the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God.

The building, afterwards dedicated to Catholic worship under the patronage of the Apostle, Saint Andrew, is situated in Duane Street. It had been built in the year 1818 as a Universalist church. Later its congregation had scattered, and the edifice was used for a place of public meetings. It was known as Carroll Hall, and within its historic walls a number of important assemblies had been held in the interest of Catholic Education.

It will be recalled that the school question occupied the forefront of ecclesiastical affairs in the Diocese of New York City at this troubled period. Bishop Hughes had arrived in the City on July 18, 1840, after a journey abroad, to find that conditions were in a most precarious state. The Catholic people of New York, determined to effect a modification of the common school system, had committed numerous indiscretions which were hurtful to the cause they represented. They objected to the tactics of the Public School Society as it was called, which professed to teach religion without sectarianism. Bishop Hughes' contention was that if all sects were excluded, Christianity was excluded and nothing but Deism was left.

Again, the textbooks used in the public schools at the time abounded in false and scurrilous passages alluding to the Catholic Church. The faith of Catholic children in the public schools was thus endan-

gered, and even without these false teachings such children imbibed only un-Catholic principles.

So, in every parish where a few dollars could possibly be raised through the sacrifices of the good people, a free Catholic school was opened. Sometimes this school was conducted in the basement of the church, sometimes in rented rooms, but always in a disadvantageous and poor place. But this was the best that circumstances offered, and clergy and faithful united in making the most of their meager opportunity. A small community of Sisters of Charity—far too few—looked out for the girls, but there was then no Religious Order to do the same for the boys. Of the nine to twelve thousand Catholic Children in New York City of school age at that time, but four or five thousand could be cared for in these Catholic schools. No more than three hundred of the others attended the public schools. The remaining children were left without education.

Meetings for discussion of the school question were held every fortnight in the basement of Saint James' Church . . . it was this church which became the place of worship of the boy, Patrick Hayes, when, deprived by death of his mother, he went to stay with an uncle and aunt who resided in Madison Street.

Prolonged and heated debates followed between the Bishop and his antagonists, numbers of them ministers of the various sects who preached in New York City at that period.

Archbishop Hughes died in January, 1864, just

three years before the birth of Patrick Hayes in the shadow of City Hall. The Archbishop's career had been far from peaceful, but gradually, out of the chaos of those early years of his administration, there had evolved better conditions for the Catholic priests and people. If, as his biographer says of him, Archbishop Hughes was a man "raised up by God, chosen as His instrument to do an appointed work, and strengthened by His grace and supported by His wisdom for the accomplishment of the work for which he was chosen and appointed," cannot the same be said of Cardinal Hayes . . . that he too, has been clearly elevated in the designs of Divine Providence, as the man best fitted in his day to work out the Divine plans? Surely those who have followed the inspiring story of his charitably apostolic career can reply in the affirmative.

In the early agitation regarding the subject of Catholic education we find an additional reason for the great solicitude and interest manifested by Cardinal Hayes in the schools, colleges and seminaries established in his great Archdiocese and functioning beneath his watchful care. It will later in this story bring added interest to follow the steps taken by His Eminence since his appointment to this grave charge to ensure to the Catholic youth of New York the very best possible conditions for their training and future vocations.

Under Bishop Hughes the old Carroll Hall became Saint Andrew's Church and was dedicated on March 19, 1842. Today the old residential district of the parish no longer exists, and the memory

remains green only with those who are familiar with its history or who may have been associated with it at some previous time in its career. In May of the year 1901 a Printers' Mass was inaugurated which has been celebrated at two o'clock each Sunday morning. Up to the present time of its existence the old church is largely frequented by hundreds from near-by offices and shops who come to assist at noonday Mass, an almost daily institution. Saint Andrew's holiest memory for us today is that which connects it with our beloved Cardinal, enshrining it in memory as the hallowed spot where God's chosen one received the sacred Seal of Baptism and was made a child of God and heir of His eternal Kingdom. Surely the early reception of this great Sacrament, and on the Feast of his Blessed Mother Mary, ensured a special grace for this predestined child, for we read in the lives of a number of God's heroes that they were privileged to receive the Sacrament of Baptism only a few hours after coming into this world.

As there was no Catholic school in Saint Andrew's parish the father of Patrick Hayes, solicitous for the spiritual as well as the educational interests of his son, sent him to the parish school of the Transfiguration, and here was fostered his earliest missionary inspirations for the spiritual needs of a big city. His home life at this time was most congenial and happy. His aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Egan, watched over him as if he had been their own child, and looked well to the interests of his soul and body. Fortunately for the fu-

ture of the boy, these good guardians were exceptionally strong Catholics, intensely devoted to their Faith, zealous, charitable, and intelligent in their conception of the upbringing of a young boy. They knew and understood the many dangers that threaten in a great city, and did all in their power to shield their precious child from them. Mrs. Egan, who was a true mother to the orphaned boy, lived to see Patrick Joseph Consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of New York and then Archbishop! Shortly afterwards she was called to her exceedingly great reward. But we may be sure that from Heaven she looked down, with a holy joy, together with the beloved mother of this favored child, upon that solemn and majestic scene enacted in the Vatican when he whom she had been privileged to train and to care for in those important years of boyhood, became a Cardinal Prince of the Holy Roman Church. Surely no greater reward could be given by Almighty God in recompense to His faithful servants for a work faithfully and carefully done, and such lives offer a splendid example to all Christian parents and guardians.

While living with his aunt and uncle, young Patrick attended Saint James' School, from which he went to old De La Salle Institute, conducted by the Christian Brothers. Here the noble illustration of lives consecrated to God and the Christian education of youth did not fail to attract the boy, naturally sensitive to good impressions, and of a sweet and lovable disposition.

Daily, in the classroom, he came in contact with

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men whose whole ambition was to crucify self and to put on Christ Crucified. While men of finance, men of fame and reputation for accomplishments of the natural order, toiled and moiled for the fickle applause of men in the marts of the great city, here were the ranks of Christ's hidden soldiers—apostles of education—daily fighting the good fight in the sight of their youthful pupils, striving to hold the Cross before the eyes of those who were then in the plastic stage, ready to be moulded one way or another, that, upon leaving school, they might not be dazzled by the false glitter of the world, but rather become more fitted to be heroic apostles of the Faith for which a God Incarnate gave His life.

Patrick Hayes never gave trouble to his teachers. He was serious, yet not without a strong sense of humor, not without affection. He responded readily to overtures of kindness, yet never sought favors. His was always a hidden nobility that does not seek to attract the notice of others, nor to win praise for its good deeds.

De La Salle Institute was located in Second Street. Doubtless the young boy noticed many examples of sorrow and suffering in the congested district through which he passed daily. Although at this date the sweeping tide of immigration from practically every foreign center had not so thickly populated the city as in our days, yet even fifty years ago there was sufficient indication of the vast extent to which this harbor metropolis was to develop. "The poor you have always with you," said Christ in His day on earth. So it has ever been.

They are always near at hand to bring the thought of God home to us. For the poor are God's in a peculiar sense, just as in a special way, little helpless children are God's. It would almost appear that they have more need of Him in their abandonment than others in the world. This thought, and the evident conditions of spiritual need all around his way, no doubt made an early impression on the soul of our future apostle of charity.

The care-free tourist who strolls through the tenement districts of any great city looks upon the great mass of inhabitants of these narrow, untidy streets with a very general feeling of interest. His very aloofness from their condition and his sense of contrast render this interest more acute. This is the reason why we have our "sob" writers for the great dailies. Their aim is to give the reader a thrill in enabling him to experience the emotional sensation of being something that he is not for the moment, then to lead him back, gradually, to the soothing sense of present reality.

But one who knows and loves the poor and who dwells, if not with them at least neighbor to them, knows only the immense pity for the lowly ones of the world. Doubtless indeed the youth, Patrick Hayes, in his school days with the good Christian Brothers, became deeply imbued with that pity for the condition of the poor which distinguishes him today and has distinguished him through all the years of his sacerdotal life. Even at this early day the boy realized, thanks to the strong Christian training which he had received from the dawn of

intelligence, that many miseries inherent to the poor came for the most part from ignorance or disregard of God's holy laws. The violence of the contrast between the purity and peace of the classroom presided over by the exemplars of Catholic manhood, the Brothers, and the squalor and turmoil of the back city streets appealed to a nature sensitive to spiritual and material beauty and impelled this unusual boy to lift his eyes to Heaven and to the things of God—yes, and to pity the poor neglected little children who did not share his opportunity at the time. As yet he did not understand the nature of much of this evil that he saw about him, for in those days youth was exposed to fewer dangers than to day. Knowledge of evil was then, happily, not included in the curriculum of the classroom in the public schools, and the children coming from those schools, and mingling with the boys and girls from Catholic schools, did not bear with them such a threatening contagion. But there was enough to rouse the zeal of the loyal Catholic boy and to stir mightily his best aspirations, and thus to develop them for better higher things.

CHAPTER II

GOD'S PRIEST

THE years of youth that seem so slow to him who travels toward manhood because they are replete with many happenings, also because as a rule they are free from care and the duty of choice, in reality pass quickly, as the man knows. In vain would he recall them in order to experience something of that freedom from responsibility, that elasticity and buoyancy which makes sorrow quickly fade away and burdens of little consequence. He cannot. It is his to go forward, to hasten his steps now so that he shall arrive in God's time at the gate of Eternity.

The boyhood years of Patrick Hayes were shadowed only by the little sorrows that all human beings must experience. On the whole he was tenderly sheltered from many rude trials and awakenings that come to children sometimes, although they seem no part of happy, innocent childhood. Modest, gentle of temperament, studious, a manly boy gifted with inherent sweetness of nature, the future Cardinal was at all times faithful to the lessons he had learned, first from a good father, then from his aunt and uncle, and later from the Christian Brothers at old De La Salle.

In the school of the Christian Brothers, then, Pat-

rick Hayes grew spiritually as well as intellectually, and he grew also in zeal for souls. The inherent goodness of his nature won him to admiration of the holy lives of those who stood before him in the schoolroom in the place of Christ, speaking words of wisdom and counsel. Just when did the idea of the priesthood come to the boy? Perhaps it would be difficult for him, as for us, to say. For generally speaking, if such an ideal flashes suddenly before the mind in some extraordinary moment, seemingly for the first time, there have been steps leading up to this dénouement. Many impressions recorded in the brain, many good thoughts, many whispered prayers, the unconscious impression made by the example of the good around one, and the like—all these may have borne the suggestion to the docile heart that it belongs to God, that it can never rest or be satisfied except in Him.

From De La Salle Institute, Patrick Hayes went to Manhattan College where he completed the course of classical studies, graduating in 1888. His youthful heart beat high with joy, for he knew whither his path tended. Many times he thrilled at the solemn invocation of the priest, standing at the foot of the Altar: "Introibo ad altere Dei." I will go unto the altar of God.

Then a moment came when the realization and conviction were suddenly acute; and, weighed in the balance, God's interests far superseded those of the fickle world. It is the Hand of God of which Pere Lacordaire spoke in that telling letter which he

penned when, for one ambitious, dreaming youth, God's hour had struck:

"My dear friend: All that I have to tell you might be said in very few words, and yet my heart tells me that I must write at some length. I am giving up the bar: we shall never meet there again. Our dreams of the last five years will never be realized. I am going to enter the Seminary of Saint Sulpice tomorrow morning. Only yesterday my mind was full of worldly fancies, although religion already had some share in my thoughts, while glory was still my daydream. Today my hopes are set higher, and I covet nothing here below save obscurity and peace. . . . When I look at the working of my mind during the last years, at my starting point, at the phases through which my mind has passed and at the final result of this long and difficult journey, I find myself astounded and feel impelled to adore the Hand of God.

"It is a moment truly sublime when the last ray of light breaks in upon the soul, and marshals into a single group all the truths which lie there, scattered and disconnected. So vast is the difference between the moment which follows and that which precedes it, between what we were before and what we thereupon become, that the word 'grace' has been invented to convey the idea of this magic stroke, of this flash from on High. One may picture a man groping his way blindfold: the bandage is gradually withdrawn; he has a glimmering of the daylight, and the very moment the handkerchief falls, he stands face to face with the broad sunlight."

"God's Hour"—it struck in Paris, in the springtime of the year 1824 for him who wrote the graphic words quoted above. His was a startling conversion to a high mission on earth. With the youth, Patrick Hayes, there was no such sudden experience, his was rather a gradual development. Happily there was never a time when his soul had not responded to the interior Voice, bidding him look beyond the terrestrial things to those that are enduring. But for him God's hour came, in course of time, and then, with single-minded purpose, he gave himself whole-heartedly to the lofty inspiration that it brought.

Now, like the priest who prepares by lowly prostration and humble acknowledgment of his unworthiness as man to approach the Eternal God, the young student, Patrick Hayes, entered upon the important period of preparation—immediate preparation—for the ascent unto the Holy Mount where not only would he be privileged to see Christ, hanging on His Cross, but where he was to lift Him up, the Eternal Son of God, in trembling fingers, where he would sup with Christ, Himself, at the very Table of the Holy Altar.

Fortunately, he had been born among the lowly; fortunately, we say, for not only did this circumstance provide an insuperable advantage in later years by enabling the priest to enter into the trials and needs of the poor, but it made him more like Christ, Who was poor in His birth, poor in His earthly parents and Who ever remained poor by choice; like Christ Whose ministry of zeal was for

the poor, the wayward and the lost. When dignities came, this true priest of God never forgot the real source of dignity, which reflects upon all men, of whatsoever condition or state they may be. He was a child of God and heir of a Royal Kingdom. Nothing else mattered.

At the Seminary, young Patrick Hayes was very retiring. By this we do not mean that he showed a disposition to stand aloof from his associates. Rather, as a seminarian he appeared to realize the gravity of his rôle. He was never boisterous, but was always ready, at the proper time, to enter into a spirit of fun or to encourage others at their sports and games. For himself, he was always the student, lover of books, particularly of those which directly expounded the Word of God.

The majority of the seminarians derived their principal recreation from simple games, played on the Seminary grounds, and from taking walks over the course which extended for about a quarter of a mile. Patrick Hayes enjoyed walking, and whatever the weather might be, took the customary recreation, so that he might preserve his bodily health for the great task which lay before him. His was always the sound mind in the sound body, a union of conditions which, sanctified by a lofty Christian purpose, has invariably resulted in making true heroes of men.

As a student of old Saint Joseph's Seminary in Troy, New York, young Hayes was popular with all his fellows. They looked on him, not only as a model student, but as a red-blooded man who could

be depended upon to live up to the high standards set by the Seminary at all times. His exceptional qualities of mind and heart endeared him to his professors, who loved him for his modesty, his humility and amiability, as for his mental alertness, his steadfastness in his work and the high place which he carried in his classes.

Perhaps the loftiest encomium that has been paid to the student Patrick Hayes, during his seminary course was paid by one who characterized him as a student who "kept the rule perfectly." It recalls to our mind the dictum of a great Pontiff in Canonizing one of the youthful Religious Saints: "Show me another who has kept his Rule perfectly, and I will Canonize him also."

At the time that our student entered Saint Joseph's, the institution was already overcrowded. So it came about that he, with certain others, was drafted for "The Barracks." Now "The Barracks" comprised four large barren rooms on the northern exposure of the building. In winter the young men who were quartered there suffered intensely from the cold. In the summer the rooms were correspondingly hot, so that, save for a short period in spring and autumn, the students who occupied these apartments were far from being envied by their companions in the Seminary.

Old Saint Joseph's, which has become endeared to so many generations of Catholic priests as their Alma Mater, or foster mother, had formerly been a Protestant Episcopal institution. Later it had passed to Catholic control. Its position on the

apex of a high hill overlooking the City of Troy made it a target for the chill winds that swept up from the Majestic Hudson in the cold weather. The Seminary was not too well equipped as to heating facilities at this time, and Patrick Hayes, with the other students, had to inure himself to many discomforts and inconveniences, amounting to real suffering at times. But it is the bearing of such trials and discomforts cheerfully that constitutes an important part of a spiritual probation. Young Hayes was never heard to complain of his surroundings, never even to mention such inconveniences, and we may well believe that his courageous endurance of hardships furnished a salutary example to his fellow seminarians.

It was a truly Spartan training, as one of the students of this period remarked. Many a morning in midwinter it was necessary for the young men to break the ice in the pitchers provided for their morning ablutions before it was possible to obtain the water. And then, it was not exactly pleasant to plunge one's hands into the ice-cold fluid and to feel the chill contact spreading to other parts of the body! But this was all a part of God's training of His very Own militia, and Patrick Hayes took it as such, and bore all the disadvantages of the old Seminary in cheerful silence.

Toward the close of his period of training for the priesthood, he was chosen by his companions as Moderator of the Sacred Heart Society, a signal mark of esteem, since this office was the highest honor which could be bestowed upon a seminarian.

Here was an opportunity to test the executive ability of young Hayes, as well as to obtain a more intimate glimpse of his ardent and sincere piety and love for Jesus Christ, Whose priest he was to be. The laws which he put into force in the Society of the Sacred Heart, the plans which he drew up and the reforms he instituted have remained in force, with little or no change, up to the present day. From this fact alone we can judge the merits of the youthful Moderator.

Today the Seminary is located at Dunwoodie, Yonkers, New York.

On September 8, 1892, Patrick Hayes was ordained to the holy priesthood. He had reached the goal of his youthful ambition. He was God's priest at last, and such he would remain forever. Happily the day on which this great grace was vouchsafed to him was the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world. As a boy, as a student at college, as a seminarian, Patrick Hayes had ever been a loyal and devoted servant of Mary. Upon his ordination day, he became Mary's priest; from this day forth it would be his sacred privilege to give Mary's Son to her children upon earth. And Mary would protect and guide him in his ministry of charity and zeal for the salvation of souls.

There was one in particular, besides the beloved father and foster parents of the young priest, who took pride and joy in the thought that a former pupil of his was now a priest of the Most High. This was Brother Edmund, who had taught Patrick

Hayes back in the happy days spent in De La Salle Institute. Years afterward, when his one-time pupil had been elevated to the high dignity of the Cardinalate, Brother Edmund recalled the assiduity and piety and the exceptional talents of the boy who had once obeyed his rule: "It required no prophetic vision," said this good Brother, "to see in Patrick Hayes' boyhood the gradual ascent that was to take place in his life. He studied for the sake of study; he disliked honors, and was devoted to the idea of a career in the Church.

"He once told me that the first thought of such a career came to him in this institution, while he was receiving the religious instruction which we gave. At eighteen he was convinced he had a true vocation for the priestly life.

"Patrick Hayes was an honor student. He excelled in classics and mathematics. He had two years of college work here, so he graduated from Manhattan in '88, President of his class and head of it, too, and President of the athletic association, which he saved from disruption when a troublesome clique tried to ruin it because of petty jealousies. He was always a popular boy, and his qualities appealed to his associates."

Now this remarkable boy was a priest of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and as such he was vowed to the most solemn and august duties that can fall to the lot of mortal man. With eagerness he waited for the hour when he would be placed in charge of souls, the souls so dear to the heart of every priest, the souls for whom every priest has

sacrificed a career in the world and has cut himself off from the natural and human things of life. Doubtless at this first solemn hour of priesthood the young man's thoughts turned to the souls of God's poor and needy ones whom he had known from his earliest years of boyhood and whom he yearned to bring to sanctification and peace and holy joy in the kingdom of His Master, Christ: Thy Kingdom come—thy Kingdom come—on earth—as it is in Heaven. Amen, dear Lord, amen.

The young student, Patrick Hayes, because of exceptional qualifications, received Ordination some months ahead of his class. But the time for which he longed, the time for entering whole-heartedly into the spiritual work of the priesthood, active work with souls, was deferred for two years, while he was furthering his studies, special theological studies, at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C.

As ever, he applied himself there with a diligence and devotion to the task set before him. But we may be sure that his soul rejoiced when the period of preparation was over, and he came back to his dear New York City where he took up his career as assistant at Saint Gabriel's Church in East Thirty-seventh Street, whose Rector was the late Cardinal Farley, the Vicar-General of the Diocese.

The intimate association with the eminent prelate then begun was only severed upon the death of Cardinal Farley on September 17, 1918. There is no unbroken record of these hallowed years from the time when the young priest first entered upon

the active duties of the sacred ministry at old Saint Gabriel's, to the present day. We are living too close to the events enshrined within those years to collate all the facts concerning them, or even a large portion of them. But from the many public utterances of His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, we can glean much of what must have been going on in that apostolic mind and soul during the early years spent in the priesthood.

In a luminous article on "The City of Catholic Charity," the Cardinal adverts to many phases of needs of the soul and body which manifest themselves among the poor of a large city. He speaks with intimate understanding and assurance of the distresses occasioned through long illness among the poor, of the little children, deprived early of a mother's or a father's care, of the pangs of cold and hunger suffered by those without the necessities of life. All these unhappy circumstances must have come frequently to his attention in those early years of his priesthood. Frequently must the young priest, with the sacred fragrance of his Ordination Day still clinging to him, have witnessed the havoc wrought by sin in the souls of his spiritual children. In the tenements he found it and pitied it and did all that he could to assuage it. In the confessional how frequently was he not pressed by the charity of Christ at the sight of the many hideous ulcers of moral order that were eating at the very core of immortal souls dear to him since they were dear to the Heart of Christ, his great Exemplar and Model!

In many utterances the great, kind Cardinal has betrayed the knowledge that must have come only from personal experience with the sick, the poor and sinful, the sad. For all of them he had then, as he has today, a father's heart. As such he pities the unfortunate victims of false social systems, of moral disorders, of their own vanity or foolishness, or of the sad circumstances over which they have no control. But to all he preaches Christ and Him Crucified, by example, and word, yes, and most magnificently by his kind and generous deeds.

"We have erected tabernacles of Divine Mercy in the desert places of sin and shame and sorrow; we have pitched tents of healing and compassion by running waters of Eternal Life. . . . For God's honor and glory we have toiled that Christ might reign in the hearts of all." "For God's honor and glory!" This is the echo of the Master's Voice, coming across the years that have not been wholly barren, because in all ages God has raised up "men of the times."

In the designs of Divine Providence, the future Cardinal was brought into close contact with another Prince of the Church, his first Rector and his never-failing friend, Cardinal Farley. It was the young priest's privilege to be closely associated with the saintly and learned Archbishop of New York whose place he was so worthily to fill. He became in very truth the spiritual son of the old Archbishop, and we can well understand that he was an unfailing inspiration and a solace to his great spiritual father in the heavy duties and responsibili-

ties that fell upon him in the charge of a great and cosmopolitan See. And God has rewarded this loyalty even here and now, for others have supported in like manner our faithful Cardinal Hayes.

Gracefully and modestly did the young assistant at Saint Gabriel's co-operate with his distinguished mentor and father in Christ for the good of all the souls in the parish and for the best interests of the Church in New York. His calm and discerning judgment made him a sane counsellor to whom the old Archbishop was later to turn in many exigencies that arose in his administration. Father Hayes was a close observer of all that might conduce to help him in rendering service to the Church and to souls. But his zeal never became indiscretion nor did he ever forget the respectful obedience due to his Superiors, that saving principle which he had imbibed from his early home and especially from his religious teachers during the formative years of young manhood.

With these simple facts in mind, we can the better understand the great advantages which accrued to the young priest in his new and rich fund of experiences in parish work. He had ascended the first rung of the ladder which led to great heights of spiritual exaltation. His was the persistent humble courage to go on, when like Jacob of old, he visualized God's Holy Angels ascending before him. Simply and modestly he would follow the Call when Christ said, as did the host to the humble guest at the banquet: "Friend, come up higher!"

CHAPTER III

FOR TIME AND FOR ETERNITY

ONE year after Father Patrick Hayes' appointment to Saint Gabriel's Parish, his Rector, Vicar-General Farley, was made Auxiliary Bishop of New York. Immediately he selected his young assistant, Father Hayes, as his Secretary. Great changes had been inaugurated in the affairs of the Church in the United States, and particularly in the Diocese of New York at this period, antedating by a short while the death of the third Archbishop of New York, the Most Reverend Michael A. Corrigan.

The character of the three Archbishops of New York who had preceded Cardinal Farley has been tersely indicated by the biographer of one of them in these significant words: The Most Reverend John Hughes represented courage, invincible courage, at a time when it was needed. Cardinal McCloskey represented marvelous prudence that won without fighting. Archbishop Corrigan might be regarded as belonging to the class of Cardinal McCloskey, yet when a principle was at stake, the lamb became a lion, and he was found fearless as ever was Archbishop Hughes.

Through the efforts of a zealous and prudent administration the Catholic body had increased to

a vast communion, assuming precedence over all other religious bodies. A Church school taught by devoted Religious Brothers and Sisters who exemplified the ideal Christian life had already produced fruits far more desirable than the schools where God's Holy Name never re-echoed and where the intellect was enthroned as king whose dominion was supreme over soul and body. Into this promising field the young Secretary, Father Hayes, entered with all the gifts at his disposal, a sound mind in a sound body, a beautiful soul that shone through a superior mentality and courage, and a trust in God that was truly his strong spiritual armor. Surely never before in the history of the great Diocese had there been such vast opportunity for winning the kingship for Christ!

A period of deplorable ignorance and prejudice, of malice and indifference had passed, and happier, saner times were at hand.

In 1902 Bishop Farley became Archbishop of New York. He took possession of his See on October 5. The following year His Grace was invested with the Pallium by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Falconio, in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, on August 12, a short time before the death of the illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII.

The new Archbishop understood and appreciated the excellent qualities of soul and mind of his young Secretary, Father Hayes. He therefore retained him in an office where there was opportunity to learn so much that was later to be a great advantage in the high post ordained for him by Almighty

God. Archbishop Farley had had an American training, and he possessed the American way of looking at things. Almost invariably he made use of American methods, with this exception, however, that he never acted hastily.

In 1903, Reverend Father Hayes was appointed Chancellor of the Archdiocese. This important office placed him in intimate touch with all the affairs of the Church in New York and clearly showed that the confidence reposed in this young priest by his Superior was not misplaced. In addition to this appointment, Father Hayes was made Rector of the Cathedral College and was brought into the sphere of active work among the young men. He organized the College and Preparatory Seminary, and became its first President. Soon followed the official recognition from Rome, and Father Hayes was made a Domestic Prelate.

Cathedral College, established under Archbishop Farley, was a recruiting ground for aspirants to the holy priesthood. Its student body increased steadily, so that at the time the Holy Father, Pope Pius X, made Archbishop Farley a Cardinal, there were three hundred students, all young men of the most exemplary character and of brilliant promise. During the regime of the Archbishop, the number of parishes had grown in marked degree. Such growth postulated an increasing advance in the vocations to the priesthood. It now became the work of Monsignor Hayes to supervise the training of these young Levites, and to keep in touch with every parish and with every priest in the great Archdiocese.

In responding to the addresses of felicitation made upon Cardinal Farley's return from Rome, as a Prince of the Church, His Eminence uttered the following prophetic words in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, in presence of a great multitude of prelates, priests and people:

"It needs not the eyes of a seer to forecast that we are at the opening of a new epoch in the history of the Church in our beloved city, and perhaps in the whole country. There are problems to be met and solved for the good of the people at large, into which the influence of the Catholic Church must enter. . . .

"We have been highly favored by God, and with Bishops, priests and people united in soul and sympathy for God's work; nothing can fail us! Our country has strong claims upon us for all that she gives and has given and will give; we cannot afford to disappoint this legitimate hope of hers. We have held and taught that the American Catholic who loves his religion makes the highest type of American citizen; and we can truly say that such an American citizen yields to no other citizen of the entire world in devotion to the highest and best interests of his country.

"That this hope may be realized in the lives of all, Bishops, priests and people, is my prayer this day, and the blessing I invoke upon you, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Did this venerable prelate visualize anything of the glory in store for his young helper in the ar-

duous work of the Master's vineyard? . . . Not worldly or earthly glory is that of which we speak, but the glory that reflects from the very Heart of the Divine Master, that Heart which planned and thought out, organized and brought to maturity God's desires for the good of all His children! . . . Perhaps he did. In any event we of today know how magnificently the words of His Eminence were fulfilled in the life work of our own beloved Cardinal Hayes, *the Cardinal of Charities.*

What were the problems of which the new-made Cardinal spoke on that memorable day of January 17, of the year 1912? The varied important activities of Father Hayes in solving many of these problems at the very beginning of his ministry to souls give evidence of the existence of these complications. He was known to be one of the most industrious and earnest priests in the Diocese, as well as one of the most self-forgetful. But a short time after his appointment as Chancellor, it was said on good authority that he knew every priest in the Diocese by name, his history, his progress, and his needs. In dealing with the clergy, the young Chancellor was kindness itself, and showed rare judgment in determining values.

While administering the affairs of Cathedral College with admirable acumen and true priestly solicitude, Monsignor Hayes still found time to devote to the secretarial work of Archbishop Farley, his Superior. He became known also as a contributor to ecclesiastical works of note, among them the Catholic Encyclopedia, the Catholic University Bul-

letin and the North American Review. In these and other magazines he covered many grave topics with remarkable valor and discretion. His work upon the interpretation of the new Marriage Law was accepted as standard judgment and left nothing to be desired in point of clarity, accuracy and terseness.

To illustrate the assiduity and also the modesty of this true priest of the Most High, we revert to the account of John, Cardinal Farley, published in "Catholic Historical Records and Studies" as a souvenir of the elevation of Archbishop Farley to the Cardinalate and of his subsequent reception by clergy and people of New York. The author of the account was the Right Reverend Monsignor Patrick J. Hayes, D.D. Immediately before the introduction to the subject in hand, Monsignor Hayes appends this explanatory note: "The writer wishes to acknowledge the help he received, in preparing this article, from the excellent brochure entitled 'New York's Cardinal Archbishop in Rome,' by the late Right Reverend Monsignor Richard L. Burtsell, D.D., V.F."

The note is self-explanatory. It is merely the writer's humble honest way of disclaiming the entire credit for something which he obtained, in ever so slight a degree, from someone else. It is one of the attributes, perhaps the foremost, that makes our Cardinal so greatly respected and beloved by persons of all classes and creeds. . . it is even greater than his generosity and tenderness toward the poor, for we know that many who give munifi-

cently to the poor are themselves very poor in a realization or perception of the real foundations of the Christian character, for some of the most important stones in this corner are those of a Christ-like humility, sincerity, and modesty.

To guard sacredly for God the interests of the souls dear to Him—this was the task to which the priest, Patrick Joseph Hayes, set himself. With this thought in mind he raised his anointed hands each morning at the Altar; with this thought he mingled with the Catholic youth, the flower of young manhood, in the seminary and college, and sought to win them by example and by his kindly words to an appreciation of the most sublime vocation with which Heaven had favored them. With a spiritual ideal ever foremost he conversed with the great ones of the world, and strove to impress upon them the necessity of placing first value upon the Pearl that is beyond all price, a faith animated and kept burning by the fires of true Christian virtue.

Our Cardinal Hayes was ever a firm believer in the necessity of solidly grounding the rising generation in the doctrines of their holy religion. His ingenuity in devising schemes for the upbuilding of this grand work knew no limits. On one occasion, as Father Hayes, he gave an Exhibit of Christian Doctrine work at Cathedral College. Those who visited the Exhibit, particularly the Religious, all agreed that this was a great step in the right direction, as well as a very ingenious one. The zealous priest had collected every object that could

possibly help to a pedagogical understanding of how to teach religion effectively. The objects collected were gracefully arranged on tables about the room. The Holy Bible, in particular, was illustrated by pictures of artistic and colorful design, by clay models and maps. The Holy Land, in relief map, was one of the most striking of the exhibits. Many written exercises of the students were also displayed for the instruction and edification of the visitor. Modern methods that made other subjects interesting were utilized to render religion more attractive. It seemed to be the one thought in the mind of this ardent Disciple of the great Teacher, Christ, how he might do more and more, and yet still more to extend the knowledge and love of His Kingdom in the souls of men.

During this period, as at every period of his life, Monsignor Hayes spoke little or not at all of himself. God and his Superiors received the meed of praise for successes when they came, as constantly they did come. In this respect he had the true religious spirit and impressed all with whom he came in contact as a "Man of God."

Many eminent achievements in his position were to bring him still more prominently before the attention of Rome, and to elicit words of praise from the Holy Father; but the young priest received the message of approbation calmly, simply, and gratefully, recognizing in this dispensation the Hand of God that so far had led him on, step by step, in his exalted calling, and he thought only how he

might use every opportunity to promote the reign of Christ.

The Hand of God . . . it was this Divine Hand, nail-pierced for love of men, that had rested on the head of the little boy in the parochial school in those early days spent within the shadow of old Saint Andrew's Church. It was the same Divine Hand that had conducted him, step by step, through his college course, his seminary days of preparation, that had sealed Him in the Holy Oils upon the day of his Ordination as Christ's very Own. It had rested on his shoulder through the first days of the priesthood, with its tremulous desires to win the world for *One Beloved,* with its hopes and yearnings for conquests akin to those of Saint Paul in his Kingdoms; it remained upon him when the call came to move on, to move another step forward. We shall see how this dear Hand of Christ, of Christ Whom His priest loved with more than the ardor of a Galahad, beckoned to a place apart from the great majority of men, even men consecrated to God, whose lives are spent in His sweet service.

When, in 1914, Cardinal Farley asked for the appointment of a new Auxiliary Bishop in New York, the Pope granted his request. The great honor came to Monsignor Hayes, and again he received it with childlike simplicity, with obedient acquiescence and with renewed desire to make this new consecration the stepping stone to further conquests for the God of souls.

On August 20, 1914, Pope Pius X breathed forth his beautiful soul to his Maker. Many triumphant

achievements for Christ had marked his reign, notably the issuance of the Decrees on Frequent and Daily Communion, the Early First Communion of children, and the Encyclical on Religious Instruction. He had loved peace and order as few have loved it, and he died broken-hearted over the frightful outburst of man's hate for man, and of man's greed for his brother's power and goods. The Pope of the Eucharist, The Children's Pope he was called, and justly, for Christ was ever the Lover of the Children, and Christ's true Vicar and Representative was like to Him in this. He was dead, and an entire world paused for a moment to take breath, and to recall that beautiful white life that had been so abruptly closed on earth.

Cardinal Farley and the young Bishop-Elect were in Switzerland when the Holy Father's death was noised abroad. Immediately the Cardinal, with his party, proceeded to Rome, where they assisted at the solemn obsequies of Pius X, and at the Conclave, election and coronation of his successor, Benedict XV. During these solemn and hallowed days, certainly Monsignor Hayes conceived many lofty inspirations and many blessings for his future apostolate in New York. There beneath the very sky which bent over the first Apostles, Peter and Paul, how easy it was to pray. How vivid the thought of them as they trod the martyrs' road to death, the kind over which Christ had passed on the way to His Calvary, the road of Crucifixion. The very dust told eloquently of the ruddy drops of the martyrs' sacred blood.

The consecration of Bishop Hayes as Auxiliary of New York and Titular Bishop of Tagaste took place in Saint Patrick's Cathedral on October 28, 1914. Twenty-two Archbishops and Bishops, fifty Monsignori, five hundred priests and five thousand of the laity assisted at the solemn and moving function. Every heart thrilled with holy joy and hope as His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, performed the sacred rites of episcopal consecration, giving them their own beloved friend and spiritual Father as a true Shepherd with still greater powers for blessing and doing good to all.

Cardinal Farley's request to the Holy Father had been made because His Eminence judged it fitting that one who had worked so tirelessly and so generously for the interests of the Church since the day of his holy Ordination deserved recognition. Needless to say, the act of the Cardinal was approved by the hierarchy and faithful alike, and all agreed that this elevation presaged very great things to come in a day not far distant.

In 1915 Bishop Hayes was made permanent rector of Saint Stephen's Church on East Twenty-eighth Street, succeeding Bishop Cusack, who had been appointed Bishop of Albany. Here his zeal for the poor and needy ones found free outlet. One of his priests has since told of his unwearying solicitude for the sick, the sad, the strayed sheep, the dying, and all those who were in pain of body or soul. He could, says this witness, scarcely sleep at night, because the "charity of Christ pressed him." The thought of the lost souls tortured him,

as it has tortured many other of Christ's Apostles. He could never do enough to plan for their reclamation, and the many whom he could not reach lay like a heavy weight upon his priestly heart.

With the priests of his household, the new Bishop was gentle as the Bishop of Geneva, but admirable in his rule. Those who lived with him, observing his fidelity to the duties of his priestly life, could not do otherwise than strive to emulate him and to attain a higher degree of personal sanctity and apostolic zeal. Thus he was an untold power for good, and, like the Divine Master, power went out from him to heal the wounds of society. Those who came under his watchful care at any time realized that he used his power, his personal magnetism, only to do more good in the world. In fact the great Catholic charities took rise in the priestly household of Saint Stephen's at this period. And just as those who came in contact with Saint Francis de Sales were wont to say that God must be very good indeed, since the Bishop of Geneva was so good, so all who knew Bishop Hayes or who came into his presence went away with the fuller realization of the beauty of personal holiness from which proceeded all of his other noble attributes.

If we were to take a voyage through the air in one of our modern machines, and, emulating the eagle, fly far above the city whose turbulence is stilled at such great distance, we might well imagine that the vast panorama was no more than a map whose physical features are all fixed in their own orbit and remain fixed forever. There is no hint of a busy

activity bordering on insanity, of strife and bustle and noise and glamour, and things being built and things being smashed to pieces by the modern craze for construction and reconstruction.

But if we were to fly very much lower, so that we would not be so far above the twin towers of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, then we would realize that our map is one great seething hive of human bees, swarming hither and thither, striving to accomplish their little designs in the quickest way possible at the least cost to themselves. We would pass quickly along our unnumbered roof tops where people are existing somehow, we do not dare guess how, and wonder at the hugeness of it all.

When we consider a great mass of human beings, grouped here and there by the thousands throughout a great city like New York, people of vastly different origin, pursuits, likes and dislikes, circumstances, and then imagine one lone, solitary, calm and judicious mind thinking of them all, planning for them all, trying to do what is best for every single one of them, from the woman of means who resides in her sumptuous stone front, to the ragged little urchin whose life is lived mostly between the fire escape and the gutter of some miserable alley—when we think of all the organizations of men and women, each wanting something very special in their own line and each intent upon proving that their project is the most individual and important thing in all the world, who look to this calm, solitary, judicious mind to arbitrate for them, to settle their affairs, sometimes even their exterior affairs—then

we can think of our beloved Cardinal Archbishop, who, in the paternal solicitude of his priestly heart, is thinking of every man, woman and child within the confines of his great Archdiocese and desiring for each the very best, both in this life and in Eternity. In return does not such a shepherd deserve the most devoted co-operation?

It is not hard to see Cardinal Hayes behind each one of his priests, thinking for them sometimes, always with them, upholding their hands, enkindling their courage, giving them an example of how God's work should be done "on earth, as it is in Heaven."

Our Cardinal Archbishop knows all about what is going on in hundreds of convents and monasteries, those "nests" as Pope Pius XI so beautifully puts it, where God's doves are hiding, living their quiet, self-sacrificing lives for His honor and glory. He knows how generously are the words of Holy Scripture fulfilled in his own beloved priesthood, ... "how beautiful is the chaste generation in glory. . . ." His heart beats with pride in this valiant army of Christ's Own militia, here in New York, one of the foremost cities in all the world. They are going forward, through the treacherous woods of this world, as the doughboys did over there in France, with bayonets fixed, intent and alert for the first sign of the enemy, who, camouflaged with the semblance of beauty, are waiting for the moment when they may pick off their victims in some vulnerable point. Fearless and true these priests are, and their great Chief is proud of them; also he is deeply concerned for each and all, for he knows

that one day he shall have to render an account of them to his greater Commander, Christ.

But he knows too . . . what goes on in miserable sweat shops, where men and women work long hard hours for a pittance, where they make cheap clothing and imbibe cheap ideals that gradually lead them away from the virtue and holiness of their youth. He knows all about the rookeries where dozens of people live together, "and each one is in the other's way," where evil conversation and evil deeds are the badge of fraternity, where the decent poor find that they cannot maintain themselves and remain decent—or at least think they cannot—all this is known to him and lies heavy at his heart. To combat sin and error, misery and vice, poverty and sickness, he sends his consecrated apostles, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, out into the highways of the great metropolis, armed with one watchword only: Christ. And, when he can muster a sufficient number of these consecrated ones, and sufficient power to uphold their hands, he knows that Satan slinks away at sight of them, that the most depraved once more look up through repentant tears to Heaven, and degeneracy and demoralization become a past fashion where God's Angels enter in.

So the noble life which we are considering, even in so imperfect a way—for history has not yet revealed the connected thread of the story—must inspire all of us with the realization that God's day is not past. That today, in our midst, we have His very Own servants Who carry out His wishes,

and thus bring comfort and happiness to Christ's yearning Heart.

We are all working for a happy Eternity. When, therefore, Cardinal Hayes performs so many notable works in the interests of Catholic charity, he is not thinking so much of the material assistance that money can bring. But he, the true Shepherd, is thinking much more of the spiritual alms which assure souls of something bright and beautiful beyond the Veil, where we no longer see through a glass darkly but Face to Face.

CHAPTER IV

THE ENEMY'S LINES

ON NOVEMBER 29, 1917, Right Reverend Bishop Hayes was appointed by the Holy See to be Bishop Ordinary of the Armed Forces of the United States. In this capacity it became his duty to supervise the activities of the nine hundred chaplains of the army and navy forces. At once His Lordship took up this great work with a vigor that was only equaled by his love for God and for humanity.

For a time the Bishop's thoughts and activities were directed into a broader channel than hitherto. America had entered the Great World War. A vast army of our boys was being trained for service at the front, and not only the possibility but the certainty of death for the honor of their country and the deliverance of the oppressed faced many of them. The dangers of the soldier's life were not few. Far from home and friends, from many sweet and salutary influences, intimate with the careless example of many who knew not God, living without the restraints of Christ's holy religion over them, was appalling. The great problem was how to ensure that they might win, not only the war with the external enemy, but far more important to win that interior warfare in which too often the Chris-

tian soul has laid down his arms and yielded to ignominious and unnecessary defeat.

Bishop Hayes knew the dangers that threatened these boys. His noble heart thrilled with pride in the ranks of the clean-cut, whole-souled Catholic youth of the land. Not only was he now the Spiritual Father of the youth of his own great Diocese; he had become the friend and guide of all the Catholic young men of the land who, with hopes raised high and hearts beating with exultation, were about to go fearlessly "over the top," to win for democracy its sacred, inalienable rights.

So it was that the quiet, dignified figure of the beloved Bishop became known throughout the length and breadth of the country, as he moved from one military training camp to another, leaving everywhere the impress of his manliness, his kindliness, his solicitude for all that concerned the welfare, spiritual and physical, of his "boys." To Bishop Hayes the great body of trained military chaplains looked for words of strength, of comfort, of wisdom in the trials which awaited them. They, too, had special needs in this hour, and they were not forgotten by their Father in Christ. As the great Saint Paul watched with unwearied solicitude over the interests of his dear disciples in distant places, striving to "carry on" in the face of many dangers, so did Bishop Hayes watch over each and all of these militant spiritual soldiers, over whom he had been placed as Commander-in-Chief. So, step by step, he moved from camp to camp, bringing the sunshine of sacred things where it was

most needed. And the strength and force of his words and example stirred the great army of his spiritual sons to achievements pure and noble.

Next to his love of God, surely this man loved his country! That was the obvious thought in the minds of many outside the Church who watched him during these trying hours and could not but admire the religion that was capable of producing such a fruitage. In ceaseless visitations, Bishop Hayes covered a great number of the camps scattered throughout the United States. His diocese, be it remembered, included not only the entire United States, but every section of the globe where there were American Catholic chaplains, soldiers and sailors.

When he was not actively engaged in this visitation of camps, the Bishop, with zeal unbounded, placed himself at the head of many lofty enterprises in his own Archdiocese that had been organized to win the Great War by assisting through money and supplies the men at the front. His name was also on the list of the four Bishops who composed the executive committee of the Catholic War Council. Here, as always, his words and works were sane, judicious and far-reaching.

For God and Country! With this motto the Bishop set himself, with might and main, to spur others on to the heights of his own great enthusiasm and love for these two . . . God and native land! He knew that the interests of the One were closely bound up in those of the other. It was his sacred duty to refute the false statements of those who

sought to imbue the world with the idea that the Catholic Church is inimical to the peace and progress of the country. And surely there never was a time when these false propagandists were so utterly put to rout as now, when to the defense of America and to the oppressed of other lands these young Catholic boys, merely boys they were, surged forward in a mighty army to join their brothers, "for God and the right."

Bishop Hayes, under Cardinal Farley, inspired and directed the great Knights of Columbus Drive for war funds, which reached the high water mark of nearly five millions of dollars. And, while actively engaged in many other zealous works in aid of the nation, His Lordship directed the Drive of the United War Work for $170,500,000.

Sacrifice was the watchword of these stirring times. But *Sacrifice* has always been the watchword of this great Shepherd of souls, our Cardinal of Charities. During the war he was constantly urging the ideals of sacrifice, the beauty of sacrifice, upon all classes of persons. His faith in the inherent goodness of men is constant; he forces them, as it were, to believe in themselves whether others believe in them or not. And on their part they know that their great Spiritual Guide believes in them, and nothing else matters!

Only one circumstance prevented the Bishop from sailing for France with the khaki-clad youth going from all over the land, and taking his place beside them when danger threatened. This was the illness of Cardinal Farley. The administration of the

affairs of the Archdiocese was now in the hands of Bishop Hayes. Duty held him and he must remain behind, although his heart was "over there."

In a striking sermon delivered at the beginning of the war, Right Reverend Bishop Hayes said:

"America today is a mighty giant, and that mighty giant is only stirring in her strength and power. She has not moved yet with the strides of her full prowess, nor has she yet struck with the might of her arms. Her blood within her is as yet only pulsating. Soon, however, that power will move; it will move restlessly. From the right heart of a nation of one hundred million people who have sworn devotion to a noble cause, goes up the prayer to the Great Father, that God will bless and consecrate our cause, which is just.

"We look back into years that have gone, we take account of the present, we peer into the future with the confidence that the Lord of Hosts, the God of Justice and Right, will stand by our country now and forever. America has put on the breastplate of honor, she has snatched from the very quiver of God Himself the sure and swift arrow of justice and right, which no armor of autocracy or brute strength can turn aside. Her feet have been shod to walk among the strong where the battle of the mighty goes on, and she feels today that she has a mission, not only to her own people, but to the people of future generations yet unborn."

As the War progressed and there came the sorrowful or joyous tidings to tell of defeat or of victory, there came, too, the knowledge that many

of those youths who had sailed away from New York and from the other American ports, would not return to those who had loved them and had given them generously, lovingly, to their country. Only to their country—or to God—could they have given them and, as always, there were those who gave generously. As the list of the heroic dead swelled to mammoth proportions, we may well understand what this knowledge cost the Bishop who had sent them away with his blessing and Godspeed, mayhap with a little regret that he, too, might not accompany them and share their perils and participate in their conquests. His great heart went out in tender sympathy to the parents and relatives of the dead, and also to the "unknown soldiers" of the Great War, those who left no loved ones to mourn their passing or to cherish the souvenirs of their bravery on far-distant fields.

"Over there," in the midst of the harrowing terrors of modern warfare, the Catholic chaplains, enduring countless hardships as were the common soldiers in the trenches, must have gathered untold comfort and inspiration in the thought that one was watching over them, praying for them, sacrificing for them daily at the Altar of God. He had trusted them with these precious souls, and they would prove faithful.

"Confidence." Our great Cardinal is the exemplar of this sterling attribute. His cheery optimism knows nothing of that dark and morose spirit of craven fear that tarnishes so many otherwise spotless offerings of men! Having set his feet to follow

the Beacon Light, he is not one to look back, as did the poor unhappy ploughman in the Gospel story. Ever on—forward and upward—until Heaven is reached! It is this wonderful magnanimity in the character of our beloved Spiritual Shepherd that has urged the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate to do all in their power to swell the number of spiritual conquests for Almighty God.

Their mission, too, is to participate in a warfare. But here the fight goes on in silence. Against the powers of evil, the cannon ball, the deadly gases, the sword, the gun, the knife are of no avail. Something stronger that mere iron or lead or steel or fire is needed when one goes into the spiritual enemy's lines, yes, over the top and faces him courageously, forcing him out into the open . . . he that seeks to take refuge in the dark and hidden places. But ever and always the Eye of God sees what is going on, and ever and always defends His own.

One day, in God's good time, the great and terrible World War came to an end. All the busy soldiers laid down their arms and burst into a triumphant pæan of joy because now they need hate no more, but only love. Many trophies they left behind them on the scarred fields of France, bits of broken and bent and twisted iron and steel, fragments of soiled and tattered garments, and something more. . . . *Something that had been men.* Once these misshapen masses of bent and broken flesh, these pitiful portions of a once glorious human body had worked together, like the perfect mechan-

ism of a machine that goes on and on and does its duty well and faithfully. From them had gone forth —somewhere—the noblest part of man, his soul, gone forth, like the weary bird to its shelter, to His Father's House.

Broken and bruised . . . the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have seen many, many human wrecks, but it is not the destruction of the body only that they are called on to pity and redeem. No. It is the dreadful destruction that has been accomplished in immortal souls. The body, done to death, torn apart and dismembered, cannot be restored. The soul dead in sin can be reclaimed, thanks to God's mercy, no matter how bruised, how broken, it can be healed perfectly and be made whole once more!

Someone must go over the enemy's lines, into the front line trench and face Satan, the ancient foe of man, and overcome him. So our beloved Cardinal has commissioned the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate to take his place, as it were, and to go where he himself is unable to reach because so many other duties hold him back. As he sent his Catholic boys away to win the fight in a foreign land, so he has appointed these consecrated workers, into the ways of sin and misery and want. Into their hearts and souls, through his kindly encouragement and spiritual sympathy, he has injected much of his own insurmountable optimism, so that failure is impossible and courage never dies out, no matter how hard the fight may rage!

In view of the magnificent achievements of

Bishop Hayes, "for God and Country" during his administration of the great Diocese of New York, it was not surprising to any that the choice of successor to Cardinal Farley, upon the death of the latter, should fall upon the Auxiliary Bishop.

Cardinal Farley's death occurred in September, 1918. The appointment of Bishop Hayes as his successor to the See of New York was made by His Holiness, Benedict XV, on March 10, 1919.

Not without special significance is the day and date of the installation of the Most Reverend Patrick Joseph Hayes as Archbishop of New York. Wednesday, March 19, the Feast of the Patriarch, Saint Joseph, witnessed the solemn and impressive ceremony in Saint Patrick's majestic Cathedral. On this happy day surely the four former Archbishops of New York looked down from a high place and regarded with well-pleased eyes the scene that took place within the hallowed and historic precincts.

The news of Bishop Hayes' appointment to the Archbishopric reached New York amid universal acclamation. A press dispatch from Rome announced the glad tidings to a people who rejoiced in the choice of the Holy See. Official notification of the great distinction to be conferred upon the beloved Auxiliary Bishop arrived from Washington, sent by the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Most Reverend Archbishop Bonzano.

At the time the Assistant Papal Secretary of State, Archbishop Bonaventure Cerretti, was a guest at the Archbishop's residence at number 452 Madison Avenue. Archbishop Cerretti was the first to

congratulate the Archbishop-Elect of New York on his appointment.

"I am extremely happy to have been here," said Archbishop Cerretti, "when the news of this appointment came. I know no better choice could have been made, and I am highly gratified that His Holiness has recognized the splendid qualities of this native New Yorker, whose fervor and piety have impressed all who come in contact with him. No better choice could have been made. I know that the people of the Archdiocese, who have waited so long to learn who was to be their Spiritual Director, will share with me in the joy over the wisdom of the final decision."

The new Archbishop received the news of his elevation with the characteristic modesty which has made him so loved and revered by all who know him. His countenance reflected serious thought . . . doubtless he was thinking of the grave responsibility in the care of souls which had come to him, and in his humility deemed himself unworthy of such proud distinction. But the Holy Father had spoken, and for him it was but to obey the Voice of God. "The obedient shall speak of victory."

"I fear it would be inopportune at this time for me to make any statement," he said simply when he was first questioned as to his thoughts on the subject of this promotion, "for as yet I have received no official notification from Washington to the effect that I have been appointed Archbishop of New York. The report came quite unexpectedly and I was, in truth, completely taken by surprise."

A genuine humility promoted this straightforward manner of speaking and dealing, and clearly evidences the Bishop's concern for God's interests rather than for his own. He strove to be an exemplar of the virtues which had adorned his two great Heavenly Patrons, Saints Patrick and Joseph. In his apostolic zeal he proved himself a faithful follower of the Saviour of Erin, and in prudence, humility and fidelity to all things, great and small, he was worthy to bear the name of him whom the Holy Scriptures call *the Just Man.*

The joyful news of the appointment was voiced throughout the city and indeed throughout the world. All opinions agreed that the Holy Father had chosen well, and all, particularly his own devoted spiritual children of the Archdiocese of New York, thanked God that He had raised up one who was trustworthy of such a high office, capable, gloriously talented, and who would face his tremendous new task with wisdom, courage and patience.

Surely no man ever entered upon his appointed works under better auspices than those which were the share of the new Archbishop. He had proved himself worthy of the trust reposed in him from the very beginning of his career. His Superiors had not been disappointed when they examined the record of deeds nobly done. As a priest, a leader, an apostle, a teacher, an organizer, a friend of the poor and the lowly, Bishop Hayes had shown his colors to the world. They were true indeed, and now all the world rejoiced in the honor which had come to him.

But, beyond all other considerations, the priest had not disappointed his great Superior, Jesus Christ. Faithful and loyal in little things, he had now been placed over great things in the all-wise Providence of God. As a young assistant priest he had preached Christ in his daily life to all classes of persons. As President of Cathedral College he had laid a solid foundation which already had effected great things in the formation of a valiant corps of clergy to minister to the spiritual needs of a great mass of people. As Chancellor of the Archdiocese he had met and wrestled with gigantic problems, calmly, meekly, but firmly and energetically, and his skilled treatment of them had resulted invariably in triumph for the Church. As Auxiliary Bishop he had become a strong support of Archbishop Farley, aiding him in the decline of his years as a dutiful son, affectionately and loyally, and working always for the greatest good of the Church in New York. As Chaplain General of the American chaplains who took up the cause of the Catholic boys in the World War, he lit in their hearts a spark of his own unbounded enthusiasm for great and holy things.

In a Pastoral Letter on "Charity" given on the Feast of the Resurrection Archbishop Hayes summarizes the whole mission that had been entrusted to him by Almighty God and his Superiors:

"The mission of the Church," he says, "is always the same—today, yesterday and forever—namely, to bring God to man and man to God, whether man be rich or poor, strong or weak, great

or humble, contented or otherwise. The Divine principles, law and perfection of Christian charity can suffer no change, though in operation it may and should vary in divers times and places."

In view of such sentiments as these, we can readily understand the joy that spread throughout the Archdiocese and reflected in many hearts when the glad news of Bishop Hayes' appointment had been officially confirmed. Not only did his clergy and religious look to him for new inspiration and new motivating power, but all his spiritual children, even the lowliest, lifted up their voices in one grand chorus of thanksgiving to God Who had so blessed them in their new Chief Shepherd. New and grave problems were arising every day, on every side. The times demanded a man who should be able to cope with certain difficulties previously unmet. The war had depleted many a treasure house of the material and the spiritual edifice, the world seemed to be speeding faster on its axis, and—*oh*—the children of the world seemed indeed to be hastening with more frenzied footsteps to their destruction.

There were many classes of people who would need the attention of their Archbishop. There were the little ones, unprotected and unprovided for and exposed to the heartlessness and the perils of a callous and sinful world. There were the sick poor, without means to supply their necessities, the unemployed, the wanderers, the aged, dependent upon the charity of others for their sustenance. There were the organizations for youth, the clubs, the religious societies, and many other projects reaching out to

exert their individual claim upon the time and effort of him to whom they now turned with hopeful hearts. And they were not to be disappointed.

Possibly it was the thought of all these that bore to the countenance of the beloved Bishop its serious expression, when he acknowledged that he was greatly surprised at his appointment, that he had had no previous thought or intimation of such a thing. But now, when the Voice spoke and the Call came, his first thought was . . . what God required at his hands for these thousands of souls looking to him for strength and example and assistance.

A story of personal experience told by the Archbishop which aptly illustrates his great soul for the needs of humanity is as follows:

"Never," said His Grace, "shall I forget an experience only a while ago when, as a Bishop, I came quite unexpectedly on a scene in a Catholic Home for the Incurable. An aged man, without home or friend, was in his last agony. An early autumn sun, before sinking to rest, played with the flickering flame of the blessed candle in his almost lifeless hand, and with searching light and shadow revealed what was once a human face, but now—a cancer. By the bedside knelt a nun, fair and young, with lips too close, science would say, to this putrid mass, while she softly whispered, 'My Jesus, mercy,' into an ear stopped forever, but also an immortal soul that heard the prayer and that shortly would be with God. Science, social service, philanthropy, human kindness had long since deserted that cot, but

Catholic charity stayed, served and loved until the end—that is—to eternity!"

Truly, "God is in His place" when charity rules supreme, when the "charity of Christ presses" the souls of His elect. "This is the mountain in which God is pleased to dwell: for there the Lord shall dwell forever."

Unto this holy mountain the new and beloved Archbishop had set his way, a way that was henceforth to be marked by a still greater abundance of munificent deeds done for the love of Him Who has said that even a cup of water bestowed in His Name will not go unrequited.

CHAPTER V

"FEED MY LAMBS . . . FEED MY SHEEP."

ON WEDNESDAY afternoon, March 19, 1919, the Installation of the Fifth Archbishop of New York took place with all the solemnly impressive ritual of the Church—the Spouse of Christ and the Guardian of His sacred interests. It was an hour of rejoicing, not only for the loyal and faithful clergy of the Archdiocese, but for all the Catholic people, young and old, of every social state or condition. The reputation of the new Shepherd of the Church in New York was known to all. . . . "Alter Christus" he was to the thousands who held his name in loving benediction. There was no higher eulogy which could be given, for the priest, aside from all his labors and achievements, his talents and his promise, is the one who of all the world walks apart, taking the place of Christ to the people of His household.

Approximately seven thousand persons from all walks of life attended the imposing ceremony of the Installation. Because of the fact that the date fell during the Lenten season the note of jubilation was somewhat subdued. But the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, of five Bishops of the Province, of scores of Monsignori and well over one thousand

priests assembled before the beautiful altars was a sight never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness it. The dignity and simplicity of the function reminded all forcibly of the dignity and simplicity of character of their new Archbishop, to whose care in the Providence of Almighty God, their spiritual interests had now been committed. Representatives of the Army and Navy, of City, State and Nation and, above all, of the Holy Father, testified by their presence at the ceremony to the high esteem in which they held Archbishop Hayes.

Shortly before the hour arranged for the Installation the rain began to fall, and a heavy storm set in which precluded the possibility of holding any part of the exercises in the open air. The out-of-door processional had, therefore, to be dispensed with. Priests and seminarians vested in Cathedral College, and promptly at three o'clock entered the north transept portico of the Cathedral. Here the procession was formed and moved to the Lady Chapel where the Monsignori joined it. The two Archbishops with their attendants met the long line at the private entrance to the Cathedral from the Archiepiscopal residence.

In the front ranks walked four hundred students of the Preparatory Seminary, and immediately after them three hundred seminarians from Saint Joseph's Theological Seminary at Dunwoodie. After these came four hundred and fifty priests of the Religious Orders, seven hundred of other diocesan clergy, the Very Reverend Superiors of the Religious Orders,

the Monsignori of the Archdiocese of New York and other dioceses of the Province, and the Right Reverend Bishops with their attendants. The somber robes of the Religious served to throw into more brilliant relief the colorful and majestic robes of the prelates and aptly illustrated her wisdom to those who looked on the wonderful composition plan of the Church Militant, and the dignity and beauty with which she invests the persons and characters of those whom she has dedicated to her service.

In Archbishop Hayes' section of the procession came representatives of the Army and Navy to do honor to him who had made their interests his own during his unselfish service as Chaplain General. Five chaplains in full regalia who had served under Bishop Hayes in the World War, and a number of distinguished officers from Army and Navy, directly preceded the grand central figure of this memorable ceremony, the Most Reverend Archbishop-Elect Hayes. Two of the Archbishop's close friends, classmates of seminary days, acted as his personal attendants.

When Archbishop Hayes reached the main portal of the Cathedral he was met and formally received by the Rector, the Right Reverend Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, who escorted him to the sanctuary. Meanwhile the choir intoned the Te Deum, and the mighty chorus of praise to God for His loving providence over the new Archbishop and his faithful people ascended far up through the vast

spaces, to be lifted and re-echoed by the Angelic Choir before the Throne of the Most High.

Upon reaching the sanctuary the Archbishop-Elect knelt in prayer, and so remained until the Apostolic Delegate entered the sacred enclosure. The two prelates embraced each other, after which the representative of the Holy Father conducted Archbishop Hayes to his throne.

Monsignor Bonzano then delivered a deeply impressive address in which he stated that in discharging this sacred duty of installing the new Archbishop, he was carrying out the wishes of the beloved Pontiff, Benedict XV.

The Delegates epitomized the events of seven years wherein he had enjoyed a close relationship with Archbishop Hayes. "It was in New York," said His Excellency, "that I received my first welcome to this country, and the cordial spirit in which it was spoken has greeted me again and again whenever I visited the city. Here, in the center of America's commercial and industrial life, I have rejoiced to see countless evidences of religious activity, of devotion to the Catholic Faith, and of loyalty to the Vicar of Christ."

Monsignor Bonzano paid tribute to the late Cardinal Farley and reverently touched upon the strong tie which had united the deceased Archbishop with his spiritual son and successor, Archbishop Hayes. "In the ceremony of today," said the distinguished Delegate, "we pay a new tribute to the Cardinal's memory. It was his wish that one whose merits he knew so well should assist him in bearing

the burden of the episcopal office. And now, by the action of the Holy See, his auxiliary becomes his successor—a significant approval of the choice that he made and a fulfilment of his earnest desire.

"How happy the first selection and how fitting the present appointment you need not be told—you of the city in which he has lived from childhood, who have known Father Hayes in the years of his priestly ministration, who have honored Bishop Hayes for the zeal and devotion he brought to his episcopal duties, who are here today to hail him as Archbishop and to pay him the reverence that is due to him and his exalted office. Were it needful, I, no less than you, could bear witness to his worth as a man, a citizen and a priest."

Presenting the figure of the new Archbishop to the great congregation, Monsignor Bonzano recalled to their minds the meaning of the sacred insignia with which His Grace stood clothed. This was indeed their great Spiritual Shepherd, they the sheep of his flock, ready to follow his leadership into the green pastures that lead to Eternal Life!

Archbishop Hayes, as said the Delegate, entered upon his momentous duties at an hour which, for America, was exceedingly critical. "In every department of life problems of the gravest character multiply day by day. Still trembling from its mighty conflict, the world is impatient to clear away its ruins and build anew the structure of society—law and order, individual right and national existence, science and civilization—all are involved in this crisis. Religion itself is not exempt—nor faith, nor

hope, nor virtues that have hitherto served as the basis of freedom—all are at stake, all dependent upon the issue to which events are rapidly moving."

What were the emotions, the sentiments, of him who listened to these thrilling words on this, the most eventful moment of his career thus far? We know what they were . . . they were those which fell from the purest of earthly lips when, for a little Maiden of Nazareth, came the hour of her elevation to the highest honors in the power of Heaven to bestow. . . . "Magnificat anima mea Dominum!" "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour! Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His Name!"

Refined in mind and soul Archbishop Hayes had no love for the limelight in which the world vaunts its willing votaries. His simplicity and earnest desire to serve God with all his powers were proof against the lure of ambition or the pride of state. Surely it must have been that something powerful within his soul responded instantly to God's disposition in his regard . . . the huge proportions of the work assigned him to do must have stimulated one naturally desirous of fulfilling the grave trust reposed in him by his great Task-Master, Christ. His love of thoroughness and care for detail, his intense devotion to souls, rendered him eager and anxious to put forth every effort to the work . . . the formation of a perfect priesthood, and the upbuilding of Christian character in the souls entrusted to his care.

Life is strange, indeed, and the plans of Heaven are far-sweeping. Little had the youth who crept up behind a pillar in the same sacred edifice years before, to witness the Installation of Archbishop Corrigan, dreamed that one day he would be sitting on the throne vacated by a succession of saintly and zealous men. But that day had come. Simply and confidently had the youth gone forward to manhood, to priesthood, to higher consecration, and now he had attained the heights. . . . "Magnificat anima mea Dominum!" It is the cry of strong and submissive souls, ever responsive to the Voice of God.

"With the Prophet of old," continued Monsignor Bonzano in his address to the new Archbishop, "I repeat: 'Lift up thine eyes about thee and see; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee.' From far and near, from the city itself, and from the uttermost ends of the earth, your people are gathered about you. They come to you seeking light and guidance and strength. They look to you in the spirit of loyalty and obedience, as children to their Father in Christ, as disciples who would learn through your word and work, all things whatsoever He has commanded, that He may be more truly with them, in their lives and their deeds, all days, even to the end."

This sacred trust our beloved Cardinal Archbishop has fulfilled, and has also passed on to the great army of the religious and to his clergy who are upholding his hands in the strife against Satan's hosts. Alone he is powerless, with the weight of

souls heavy on his heart. With loyal and generous helpers, nothing is impossible. "I can do all things in HIM. . . ."

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have received their humble portion of this sacred trust. Truly it is a happy succession, for theirs it is to labor and to suffer for the souls ever particularly dear to the heart of their Father in Christ—the poor, the outcast, the ignorant, the miserable, the sorrowing. These are the Parish Visitors' people —the "better part" of their choice and preference—the most miserable, the most abandoned, the most needy, those whom the world would pass by with a shrug.

To their great Cardinal Archbishop they look with grateful hearts for the approval of their labors. They know what it is that he wants, what he expects them to do for the least of his little ones. Rather than disappoint him, they are willing and eager to undergo any toil, to make any expenditure of effort; for to satisfy the desires of his apostolic heart is to satisfy the desires of the Great Heart of Christ Himself.

"In the Name of the Holy Father, I entrust these souls to you," said the Apostolic Delegate upon the solemn occasion which we have just described. "I give into your keeping their most sacred interests, their spiritual welfare here, their hope of salvation afterward. But, to say more truly, I give you to them. I commit you to their service in all things that appertain to God and to the Church of Christ. I lay upon you the duty of providing for their spir-

itual needs, of quickening their spiritual growth, of bringing them comfort in their trials, and protection in all danger and adversity."

This sweet task, again, His Eminence has shared in a humble degree with his spiritual daughters, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, and from his kindly hands they have received it as from the pierced Hand of the Divine Master Himself: "Feed my lambs!" The sacred interests of souls are very dear to these consecrated workers, so dear, in fact, that they have subordinated all other interests to that end. All personal considerations, all their natural inclinations, talents, accomplishments, are made to serve the end indicated by the Apostolic Delegate in the words of the preceding paragraph.

To their service—in all things—the service of the needy ones, especially of this great Archdiocese of New York, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate are therefore dedicated. Upon them devolves the duty of providing for the spiritual needs of those poor wretched people whom they come across in their apostolic journeyings through the back city streets, who are living in sin and misery, unknown to the priest, unknown to any but a forsaken and outraged God. To quicken in these poor souls the Spirit of God, to bring them strength and comfort in their trials, and protection in all danger and adversity is the work of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. It is a work of holy obedience, for their great Spiritual Shepherd has laid this solemn charge upon them. It is a work of love, for without a spark of the Divine charity to illuminate

them, humanly speaking, it would be impossible to spend, as they do, their lives at the foot of the Cross.

The closing words of the beautiful discourse addressed to the new Archbishop of New York by the representative of Pope Benedict are significant in that we who know the history of the years since they were uttered, know too how gloriously they have been fulfilled:

"Thus, Your Grace, with full confidence in your love of Christ and your devotion to the people of this Archdiocese, I look forward to the coming years in which your labors shall bear abundant fruit —in such wise that you may say of the faithful committed to your care: 'Behold my joy and my crown.'"

Those years of which the Delegate spoke have in very fact borne abundant fruit in every field of high and holy endeavor. But most especially have they brought to the Church in New York a rich harvest of charity, charity toward the poor, charity toward the wants of mankind, toward the sick and the suffering, but most of all, charity to the sick souls of men. Because of his magnificent works in the interest of Catholic Charity, our beloved Chief Shepherd has become distinguished by that most beautiful and touching title: *The Cardinal of Charities.*

One of the latest of his kind acts has been the encouragement and the spiritual support so generously accorded to the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, poor home missionaries, to the end that they may accomplish all that they desire in the vine-

yard of the Lord. Truly, no greater guerdon might they hope for during life than that bestowed by their Father in God when he deigns to commend them for their apostolate to the souls of the needy. Nothing further do they ask than that he whom they revere as a true Shepherd of souls, may be able to point to them, amidst his other loyal spiritual workers, and say: "Behold my joy and my crown."

At the conclusion of the address by the Apostolic Delegate, the Very Reverend Monsignor Gherardo Ferrante read the Latin Decretum or special dispensation whereby the Installation of the new Archbishop was permitted to be held previous to the arrival of the Papal Brief announcing the appointment. An English translation was afterward read by one of the clergy connected with the Chancery Office.

Immediately afterward the more than one thousand priests present in turn approached the throne and, kneeling before their Archbishop, kissed his ring in token of their happy allegiance to him as their Superior. When this touching ceremony was concluded Archbishop Hayes ascended the predella of the altar, and wearing his mitre, and with crozier in his hand, gave his first blessing to his people. Returning to the throne, he took off the episcopal robes and vested in the Cappa Magna of Archiepiscopal rank.

On behalf of the clergy of New York, Right Reverend Monsignor Mooney, Administrator of the Archdiocese, read a devoted address to the new Archbishop in which was stressed the high esteem

in which His Grace was held by his priests and expressing their united sentiments of support extended to him, also their heartfelt wishes for a peaceful and successful term of office.

"That, to you," said Monsignor Mooney, "a son of the soil of New York and a child of its schools, to you, a lifelong sharer in its nobler life and a master-worker in its most uplifting energies, should have come the call to preside over the spiritual fortunes of your native city, is a felicitous event of which your devoted clergy takes fullest account, and which has for them an interest as touching as it will be surely abiding."

All through his priestly life, and particularly in the great honors that have come to him, Archbishop Hayes has loved to look back to the humble days of his boyhood spent in the august shadow of the City Hall. His Divine Master had called Himself "the most abject of men," "poor, and in labors from My youth," and the disciple desired to classify himself in like manner.

"Mane nobiscum, Domine!" pleaded the new Archbishop in the solemn hour of his elevation to a sublime office. "Stay with us, Lord! Stay with *me* in my new and heavy duties, in my responsibilities, my solicitudes, my fatigues, my anxieties, my sorrows borne for my people! Stay with me, Lord, for if You stay I have sufficient help to carry me along to successful accomplishment for the extension of Your earthly Kingdom! Stay with me, O Lord, to direct and to govern all my aspirations, my impulses, my actions for Thy Greater Glory!"

"Mane nobiscum, Domine!" It is the cry also of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate who know that when God is on their side the powers of evil are helpless in the warfare against souls. In the cares and burdens of the apostolate of charity there must be hours when the "whole head is sick, the whole heart is sad." It was so with the Divine Master . . . it is so with His faithful followers. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Brain and blood grow sick and faint at sight of so much misery and sin, and the sordidness of Satan's kingdom on earth nauseates a pure soul. "Mane nobiscum, Domine!" While He stays it is not too hard to endure. While He stays there is certain hope of conquest, even though the obstacles to Divine grace seem well-nigh insuperable. Men wondered at His temerity in approaching the most hardened of sinners . . . would He not become a reproach on the lips of the just? But Christ was fearless where God's rights were concerned. "How can this man associate with sinners?" they asked, and shrank away from Magdalen when she entered the banquet hall. Jesus did not shrink, for He knew the power of holiness to overcome Satan's strength.

So the beautiful and majestic ceremony which we have endeavored to describe in humble way was not accomplished to illustrate the pomp or the pride of men or to pay honor as the world does to one who has deserved well of others.

It was all for souls. True, the Church makes use of all the magnificence and beauty at her command

when she celebrates some grand and impressive function or event. But all this is not only for the rich; it is also for the poor. The humble widow who steals in through the massive portico of Saint Patrick's Cathedral and kneels in some dim corner, there to commune with her God, is as truly at home as the daughter of affluence who comes thither garbed in the most costly apparel that fashion can devise. The beauty of ritual, the splendor of the altar furnishings, the glory of the Church's chant, all belongs to the least of God's children who finds here her own place and is here at home with God, her Father and her Best Friend.

So the Installation of the new Archbishop of New York was just for this purpose, the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. Now did he become doubly the Father in Christ of all the Catholics of the vast Archdiocese entrusted to him, all, even the most insignificant toiler, the most forsaken urchin in the street who had borne Christ's mystic seal in Holy Baptism, belonged to him by right of inheritance. And, since he could not reach out paternal hands by personal visitation to every one of them, could not listen to the recital of their needs and comfort them individually, generously he trusted this beautiful work to his spiritual daughters, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. "They not only pray," said Archbishop Hayes, in an address made at Marycrest in 1923, "but along with this prayer, their special work is to go out and search for those that are lost in the home itself! Their ac-

tivity is formed after the example of the Good Shepherd, who left the ninety-nine and went in search of the missing one. It is the Parish Visitors' special purpose to bring glory to God and salvation to souls redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER VI

THE PATH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

THE address of Monsignor Mooney to His Grace at the Installation ceremony was the united voice of all the clergy of the Archdiocese of New York, a profession of fealty to their loved Spiritual Chief, and the expression of the joy and hope which beat high in the heart of every one of those who had dedicated themselves to the service of souls in this section of the Master's vineyard.

A precious heritage, said the Monsignor, was that which had been handed down to the new Archbishop, "the fruitage of more than a century of prayer and sacrifice, a heritage that has grown from generation to generation of the children of the Church who have lived and died within the compass of the century's years."

Long ago, a little seed, tiny as the mustard seed described by the Divine Master in the Gospels, had been planted in the soil of New York. A mere handful of Catholics, staunch of heart and loyal to their Holy Mother Church, had drifted thither, for the most part from Holy Ireland, to populate a new and progressive land. With few of the helps and assistances which their descendants today enjoy, to strengthen and comfort them, this stalwart little band had persevered, faithful to the trust reposed

in them. They had grasped eagerly at the means at hand to support and continue their spiritual life; they had denied themselves, not alone the luxuries of life, but even the necessities, to add their hard-earned mite to the fund for the uprearing of churches where the Tabernacled Christ might reign in peace in the midst of His Own. Their followers, their children and grandchildren, had found the way smoothed for them, and the Church in New York had come, in the Providence of Almighty God, to be looked upon as a gigantic force for the uplift of mankind. True, bigotry still existed in some quarters, but it was not so pronounced, and the Catholic people were rapidly growing in numbers and prestige in the midst of their more affluent brethren.

"Watered and nurtured by the labors of the apostolic men who governed the Church of New York," said Monsignor Mooney, "the little grain of mustard grew up into the goodly tree, under the shadow of whose widespreading branches the children of many tongues and of many climes have found a refreshment and a resting place. Yes, a century ago and that heritage was but a fringe upon the shore of Manhattan Isle, but with advancing years it kept pace with the city's wondrous growth, in the marvelous march of the city's development; and, planting its shining cross upon every swelling height of the city's domain, reared this sanctuary in which we are today assembled within this temple of Saint Patrick, your Patron Saint, the grandest monument

reared by Catholic faith upon the virgin soil of a western world."

Over this great body of children of the Church, representatives of those who had come from many distant lands, and who spoke in many strange tongues, His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, was become the great Chief Shepherd, to watch over their interests as the interests of children dear to Christ, of whom he must one day give strict account. Surely, as the Archbishop listened to the eloquent words of Monsignor Mooney, his great heart swelled with gratitude to God, with a holy pride in his predestined heritage, and with the sublime resolve to be "all things to all men" that he might win all to Christ. Not only did he have charge over thousands of the faithful who spoke the English language and who were of his own blood and bound to him by special ties, but he was avowed to serve also the interests of the Catholics who came to these shores from all the countries of Europe, and even beyond. With vastly different thoughts and customs, as diverse as the languages which they spoke, they were here, hidden in the heart of the vast Metropolis, living out their lives for the same purpose as were those of their English-speaking brethren. Many were the influences at work to destroy the sacred flowers of faith and piety in their breasts. They were often at a decided disadvantage among those who were wiser in the ways of the world then they. The mad desire for making money was a snare which beset their path like some hellish demon, and they had greater need of the

minister of Jesus Christ and his protection and watchful care over them.

To provide for all these, for the Italians, the Lithuanians, the Armenians, the Poles, the Spanish, the Germans, for the children of practically every corner of the globe, the new Archbishop had been called by God, and surely we may say that he was equal to his gigantic task, as the sequence of events has amply proved. He loved the poor because Christ had loved them, and therefore the thought of ministering unto them was near to his apostolic soul.

Perhaps the greatest need of the times was among the youth who had been thrown into a state of fearful unrest in the aftermath of the Great World War. "The fountains of men's souls," said Monsignor Mooney, "are stirred to their very depths, and the elemental foundations of human society itself have been shaken to the verge of collapse, and men's minds are out upon a wild tempestuous sea of doubt and threatening despair about the things that were once held sacred and secure."

To furnish to a weary and thirsty society the Water which flowed from the Saviour's Fountains, to slake the fever of men's parched and dusty souls, is a Godlike work, and yet it has been entrusted to man. How great the purpose and how God-given the courage of the Apostle as he confronts the task assigned to him by his great Commander, Jesus Christ! The fact that Archbishop Hayes had passed his entire life in the midst of those to whom he was now called to minister militated

strongly in his favor. Perhaps never was it more true than in this instance, that he was the man of his hour, one raised up to accomplish a high purpose, and fitted supereminently, in the order of nature and of grace, for his task.

On behalf of the Army and Navy Chaplains of the Great War, Chaplain George J. Waring, U. S. Army, Military Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, addressed the new Archbishop, offering him the felicitations and homage of all the Catholic chaplains of the Army and Navy of the United States.

"It affords us special satisfaction," said the speaker, "to feel that the organization which you developed so wonderfully and so rapidly in the Diocese Castrensis, has largely contributed to demonstrate your ability to handle the complex problems which must necessarily arise in so large a diocese as New York. Your appointment has been made only after due consideration of your fitness and qualifications, as proved by your work as Chaplain-Bishop."

When Bishop Hayes assumed charge of the chaplains, a tremendous task had confronted him. Millions of men were being mobilized for service in this country and in France, and it devolved upon the Church to provide the adequate spiritual aids for those who were in special need of such in that distressful hour. The Government had called for a large quota of priests to look to the interests of the Catholic soldiers and sailors. Prompt action was imperative. It was nothing short of a Herculean

task to provide and assign chaplains where they would be most useful. Camps, hospitals and battlefields received them as messengers from that other World, yet that seemed so strangely near amidst the agonies of pain, the bursting of shells, and the deadly fumes of gas.

When the Armistice was signed, November 11, 1918, Bishop Hayes had the largest diocese in the world. Not only was it most perfectly organized, but it was operating in the most perfect order and symmetry. At that time there were three and one-half millions of soldiers and sailors in the service, and Bishop Hayes had fifteen hundred priests already serving in camps in America and Europe or awaiting their appointment.

The five vicariates of Bishop Hayes included the Philippines, Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, the United States, Panama, Porto Rico, Ireland, England, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany and Russia. When, because of the serious illness of Cardinal Farley, the Bishop found it impossible to visit the foreign sections, his Vicars-General performed that work under his supervision. Meanwhile Bishop Hayes made an extensive tour of the United States, inspecting the military camps and lending the strong support of his sympathy and encouragement to every work for the interest of his spiritual sons who had offered themselves in the service of their country.

"Those of us long familiar with military and naval affairs," said Chaplain Waring, "consider it to be a most remarkable achievement during the

War, that you had your hand constantly on the pulse of the work being done by your priests and Catholic welfare organizations in every section of your almost world-wide diocese. No wonder, then, that when I was in Rome recently, the Holy Father and the Cardinals in the Consistorial Congregation expressed to me in most glowing terms their admiration of your phenomenal power of organization and administrative ability."

In response to the addresses made in behalf of the clergy and laity, His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, most beautifully revealed the sentiments that animated his soul in this, the most important hour of his career.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord . . ." Archbishop Hayes said modestly that God had lifted him up "from among the most lowly," and had exalted him among the princes and rulers of His people.

In the opening words of his discourse, the beloved Archbishop voiced his gratitude to God Who had deigned to elevate him to so high a dignity among the prelates of His Holy Church. His next sentiments reveal the touching simplicity and humility of one who, in lofty station, has always remembered his lowly origin, thus furnishing us with a model that all, in whatsoever station of life they may be, might follow with benefit. In presence of that distinguished assemblage of men high in Church and State, His Grace did not hesitate to refer to the "great things" which God has wrought in favor of one who, in his Christlike poverty of spirit, deemed himself wholly unworthy.

"I am chastened," he says, "to the very depths of my soul, with the consciousness of my poverty, my unworthiness and my many limitations. I feel intensely that the Lord, in His inscrutable wisdom, has chosen but a weak instrument that His own Divine Glory, mercy and love, may be made more manifest to His children in this holy Church of New York, in that neither human genius nor human eloquence nor human learning nor human endeavor, can ever be as potent to secure God's blessings on the clergy, the Religious and the faithful, as having a Shepherd, simple, faithful, spending himself and being spent in a spirit of prayer, patience, and love of the children of men."

Pray always, counselled Our Divine Lord to His followers, the Disciples, who hung on every word that came from His pure and sacred lips. There is serious work to be done in the apostolate, and the Shepherd of souls must oftentimes sacrifice his own desire for prayer and meditation to plan and to work out the designs of God for his beloved flock. But, in the highest sense of the word, this work is all a prayer, and, because offered by one who is first of all devoted to His Master's interests, cannot fail of its desired end.

In recalling to the minds of his great audience the salient truths about prayer, Archbishop Hayes reiterated an axiom of the spiritual life that is of the utmost importance. Fearing the new and tremendous responsibilities laid upon his shoulders, His Grace revealed the source of his hope and confidence for his administration: "I do not fear, how-

ever, the ministry of days crowded, of trials many and constant, of labor unending, connected with the exalted office of the Metropolitan See of New York. For my consolation and my strength is that I lean on no unbroken reed, when my staff of support is the faith, piety and devotion of the clergy, the Religious and the laity of New York." By holy prayer this faith and piety and devotion are nourished and kept brightly burning in the midst of the unceasing round of great and little cares.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have drawn strength and comfort from the carefully treasured up words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their Father in Christ, which we have quoted above. Their days, in a humbler degree, are filled with the unending round of duties and labors. In their lowly sphere they are striving to enkindle the fire of "faith, piety, and devotion," in all hearts, but particularly in the hearts of those who are unknown and unnoticed by Christ's apostles whose work lies in other fields. It is their holy ambition to correspond, in fullest measure, to the wishes of their beloved Chief Shepherd, and to ease him of at least a little corner of the burden which must press at his apostolic heart.

They, too, feel with greater reason, their own unworthiness, but there is always the consoling thought: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." They, too, feel, with greater reason, that God has chosen weak instruments to advance the interests of His Kingdom on earth, but they are content to be of use to Him in that degree

which they may and which is pleasing to His Divine Heart. They rely not upon human genius nor eloquence nor learning in their campaign for souls, but upon unceasing prayer to Him Whose Ear is ever opened to listen to the plea of the fervent and the humble, and upon the petitions laid before His Great White Throne by their beloved Cardinal Archbishop, that God may bless and increase the harvest a hundredfold. It is their loving ambition that, amidst the many others of his loyal spiritual children who are striving to advance the Cause of the King of Kings, they may be a strong support to him during the days of his earthly life, and by faithful and constant efforts in the apostolate, may merit for him an added degree of glory in the Life to come.

"I have neither plans nor policy to announce," said Archbishop Hayes, continuing his address to the great throng who hung breathless upon his words: "except my ardent desire to keep before me constantly the ideals of the Good Shepherd, and to strive to walk in the footsteps of my revered, sainted and illustrious predecessors in this Metropolitan See. Their sacred ashes rest peacefully beneath this sanctuary, while their great souls look down from Heaven with benediction upon this scene. I pray that they may take me, their successor, into their powerful keeping, and walk with me in the sheepfold they loved, honored and blessed, in the spirit of heroic zeal, of fruitful labor and of saintliness of life that marked the days of their apostolic ministry."

What words more beautiful, more sublime could be uttered! May we not say that those who listened to the august words of their great Spiritual Leader, words truly inspired by the Spirit of Love and Truth and Light, were filled with new confidence in the future of the Church in their beloved Diocese? For here stood one, in the midst of them, representing worthily their Divine Master, Jesus Christ, truly speaking "with authority," as once the Jews said of the Messiah. The winning charm of personality of their Archbishop came, not from the natural gifts, although those were not wanting, but especially from that interior life of union with Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

"Dominus regit me. . . ." Yes, the Lord rules over His Own, and He had sent His Minister to stand in His place and to indicate His wishes in their regard. Happy the people who were privileged to work out their eternal destiny under the watchful care of such a Shepherd! Happy the Shepherd whose rule would be that of the Divine Pastor, Who Himself was led "like a meek lamb to the slaughter, not opening His mouth!"

Nowhere, we may say, are the marks of the Holiness of the Church more evident than in the lives of her devoted Spiritual Shepherds, for their task is one which calls for sternest courage, for unwearied labors, for continuous sacrifice of the things they would like to do. Duty follows upon duty, care upon care, perplexity upon perplexity in the charge of the thousands of souls entrusted to them. There is little time left to indulge in one's legitimate de-

sires, even for that wished-for intercourse with Christ in solitude where He speaks to the heart. And yet, He makes up for the loss when benefit to souls is being done, by an added refinement of the interior life and a continual drawing of the soul to Him, even in the midst of the most distracting cares and burdens of office. Jesus sleeps in the little boat, yes, but He is there, with His purity and His Divine peace.

In the active life of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate there is time for holy prayer. Union with God can be attained in the midst of the city street—climbing up the stairs of the poorest tenement one can commune lovingly and ardently with the Good Shepherd. The spirit of prayer, a spirit ever inculcated by Cardinal Hayes upon his loyal sons and daughters, is cultivated assiduously and intensely by these poor missionaries of the common way. The noble example of him whom they revere as their kindest Friend and Father in God helps them over many a rude turn in the road, and consoles them for the burdens which they are called upon to endure.

"Upon your new Archbishop," continued His Grace at the Installation ceremonies, "falls the grave obligation of spiritual leadership, in a place, and at a time, when leadership, never more needed, looms up, more than ever, fraught with terrible and far-reaching responsibility. There is a most emphatic call and demand for courage, wisdom, prophecy, prudence and hopefulness of a very high order. Strange, mysterious and dangerous are the currents

of thought, action, aspiration and policy, with undercurrents and cross currents, some swiftly rushing heedlessly on, here and there, others strongly and steadily setting in, the whole world over. Great movements may be for everlasting good if leaders in Church, State, scholarship and industry live, move and have their being in a realm founded on principles of justice and right, of sacrifice and unselfishness, of large sympathy and unbounded charity."

How sane and how safe our daily national and social life would become, were these Christlike principles observed by the majority, even, of men in high places! Desire for the amassing of material things at the expense of the spiritual—even of the moral—is a curse that has undermined the whole fabric of our modern life. In the mad rush for money and preferment, men become thieves, at least in the eyes of God, for they are stealing from Him what belongs to Him alone by every right. The word sacrifice has an unfamiliar sound in the realm of human society at the present day. . . . Oh, it is a pity that this is so! For sacrifice, if painful to bear, produces the sweetest, most wholesome, most satisfying fruits for men and women, in any station where they may be placed by fortune or circumstance.

Archbishop Hayes sounded the clarion call to that primitive simplicity which the early Christians, the first members of the Church, understood in its strictest sense. "See how they love one another!" was said of them. There is more need of love, of sympathy, of kindness in the world today than most

men dream of. It has been said that those who have the true Faith of Christ sometimes seem to take it for granted that they ought to furnish their neighbors with opportunities of practising patience. Those, they would seem to suggest, who know the value of the Cross, should be willing to embrace it at all times and on all occasions. While this is true, still the obligation of charity rests upon all men, and no one has the right to be unkind merely to test the mettle of his neighbor. Why? Because Christ never showed us an example of the sort, and He is our Model and Exemplar.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate wish to extend Christ's blessed, saving influence among men, according to the pattern proposed to them by their beloved Cardinal Archbishop. Their mission leads them through the haunts of sin and darkness. They know how great is the need of brotherly love in society today as few know it. They know from personal observation, from experience—which is the greatest and truest teacher—how the charity of Christ can infuse the light and the sunshine of Heaven into the most poverty-stricken household, how the lack of that charity can transform the most sumptuous mansion into an abode fit only for the demons of hell. They have innumerable examples before their eyes of the effective work which their Cardinal has done personally, and has directed others to do, in the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, that the peace of Christ may come in the Reign of Christ, according to the desires of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI.

"No leadership can excel, either in principle or practice, that of the Good Shepherd," said Archbishop Hayes in his memorable address on the occasion of his Installation. . . . "Christ, the Saviour of the World, Whose majestic stature, Divine teaching, and inspiring example live on through all the centuries that were, that are, and that can ever be. His is the way, the truth, and the life, that mark and bless with surety, safety and happiness, the pathway of human progress, both in time and eternity. Put aside that leadership, and neither nations nor individuals can long be leagued together without conflict, hatred and bloodshed."

It was barely four months after the Signing of the Armistice which marked the close of the Great World War of 1914-1918, that these significant words were uttered by the fifth Archbishop of New York. From close association with those who participated in that dreadful conflict of right against might, Archbishop Hayes knew whereof he spoke. Over the battlefields of France brooded peace at last, when, in a great reaction, men had grown weary of fighting and slaughter. Legions of Catholic soldiers bore on their breasts the medal of chivalrous loyalty, with their lives stainless in sincerity and devoted in heroic bravery. Thus had ended the World War of the national forces, but the moral conflict is never-ceasing.

The battle is still going on. Many noble generous souls are needed that the hosts of Satan be subdued and that Christ reign victorious. Under the Leadership of that Divine Shepherd, of whom

the beloved Archbishop spoke on that day of March 19, 1919, his valiant sons and daughters are enlisted to the end that Christ's desires may be fulfilled: "Of those whom Thou hast given me, I have not lost any one."

CHAPTER VII

"COME UNTO ME!"

WE ARE all familiar with that touching Gospel story of the Divine Master among the little ones, the choice lambs of His flock. He, Whose mission was so beautiful, so sublime, so tremendous in its import, Whose company was sought by the wisest and the most distinguished of His day, did not consider it beneath His dignity to attract to Him the smallest, and most helpless children, that He might sanctify their innocent prattle and gather them into His yearning arms.

Unless you become as one of these little ones, you shall not have part in My Father's Kingdom, he had explained in one of His instructions to those who waited eagerly to hear Him prophesy some material triumph for Himself and His followers, and who were not in sympathy with the claims of the little ones who toddled after Christ, won by the sweet majesty and kindliness of His Face and bearing.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," *He* said who is Purity and Loveliness and Truth. Through the ages these impelling words have echoed, recalling to the minds of men and women the salutary lesson which Jesus Christ de-

sired to teach. "Let those," He would say, "who have advanced to maturity and are immersed in the cares and perplexities, and who carry the burdens of life—yea, and who have been stained by the soiling dust of the wayside—look with respect and reverence upon those who, unsullied in body and mind, are the buds of My Father's earthly kingdom, and akin to the pure Angels who ever look upon His shining Face. Let them not despise them or think them of little importance, but rather desire to imitate them in their perfect guilelessness and stainless innocence. And if, unfortunately, these maturer, burdened souls have lost that pristine holiness by wilful sin, let them by sincere repentance and by a generous acknowledgment of their guilt to God's minister, once more set out upon the path embroidered with the fairest flowers of virtue and holiness." . . . Yes, the children teach us many helpful lessons which it behooves all of us, of mature years, to learn.

Those who are most like Christ are like Him in their love of little children. All through the years of his priestly life our beloved Cardinal Archbishop has demonstrated that he has an unfailing solicitude for these little blossoms in the garden of souls. He knows, unfortunately, that not all of his dear children have been blessed with good homes, with pious parents and with the material necessities that help to keep them from misery and want. It has ever been a labor most near to his fatherly heart to provide, so far as possible, for the spiritual and material needs of all the little ones of his great

Archdiocese. The task is gigantic, but he knows that there are willing hearts and hands to aid him, especially his zealous Priests and Religious whose particular duty it is to "feed the lambs" of Christ.

In his love and affection for the children, Cardinal Hayes resembles his Great Master, Christ Jesus. So it was not surprising to his people that his first thought, after his appointment as Archbishop, was of the little ones. His first Mass as Archbishop was celebrated for them, and in their presence. On the Sunday following his consecration, at nine o'clock, His Grace ascended the steps of the altar in his loved Saint Stephen's Church, and, assisted by the innocent prayers of the little ones, offered the Divine Victim for all his intentions.

What a touching sight that must have been! *There* were the children, of all ages and sizes, from every condition of life; children from the poorest of homes, and children from luxurious ones. Many of that childish congregation, scarcely able to walk, were led by their older brothers and sisters to the church so that they might have a share in the august event. We can imagine how pleased they were, especially those of older growth, to know that their own beloved Archbishop had thought of them first, had wanted them to be there, with him, at the foot of the altar; that he had desired to be with them, to speak to them, and to ask their simple heartfelt prayers at the beginning of his great appointed task!

"Sinite Parvulos! Suffer the little ones to come unto Me!" Surely the Good Shepherd looked down

with complacency upon that scene, and singled out, here and there in that audience, one or another whom He destined to follow in the footsteps of the newly appointed Archbishop. Who can tell what was the effect produced in youthful and pure souls by the sight of one whom they knew to be Christ's chosen minister, now elevated to a very high place in the Church, offering up the Spotless Host within a few feet of them, while, outside the door, the world rushed on its unthinking way, not even knowing that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by!

Let us dwell here, in sweet retrospect, on another less august incident, which, because it deals with the little ones dear to the Saviour, finds place here as indication of the solicitude which the Bishop entertained for those who were the most dependent and most needy of Catholic charity.

The children of the New York Foundling Hospital, at Sixty-seventh Street, Third and Lexington Avenues, present during the holiday season an annual entertainment for the benefactors and patrons of their institution. The year in which Bishop Hayes was installed as Archbishop of New York this event very fittingly took place on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, those little helpless babies of Christ's Own Country who were so ruthlessly slain at the instigation of a jealous King.

Archbishop Hayes honored the occasion by his kindly presence. Doubtless he would have stated the matter otherwise, would have said that he was honored in being permitted to come here where God's poor little ones found a refuge from the cold-

ness and the unkindness of life. The indebtedness on the institution at the time was very considerable, and Archbishop Hayes deemed it fitting to call to the minds of the guests there present the necessity of strong support of this, God's work.

With the increased cost of foodstuffs after the War, and the high cost of living in general, a deficit had been incurred by the good Sisters who had carried on their heroic work as usual, despite great obstacles. Only through the added generosity of individuals or organizations could it be continued with the proper efficiency, and the children supplied with everything necessary to their welfare and happiness.

The address of the great Archbishop was earnest, vigorous, and tinged with a kindly understanding of the present-day conditions under which the Sisters were working.

Speaking informally to the Religious and their good friends assembled on the occasion, Archbishop Hayes said: "It has been a privilege again, on this beautiful Feast of the Holy Innocents, to witness the joy and gladness of these little ones in Christ who are gathered here in this wonderful institution, the New York Foundling Hospital, in charge of the good Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul. And, while we have been smiling at the pleasure that these little ones have given us today, I have sat here rather with a tear in my eye, and with a feeling of deep sorrow in my heart, because I want to say right now that this splendid institution has failed to receive the appreciation it deserves from the

citizens of this great City of New York, and, I will add, even from our own Catholic people. It seems a land unknown to you."

The heart of the Archbishop, like the Heart of His Divine Master, had wept at the sad plight of the children, the innocent victims of sin and ignorance, of accident and misfortune which they could not yet understand. While the little ones had been engaged merrily in performing for the pleasure of their kind friends and benefactors, utterly unconscious of themselves or of the meaning of this presentation; while the simple gifts of toys and candy, mittens and the like, had been passed from the glittering tree into eager, loving little hands to be admired and enjoyed to the limit—this true Father of Souls, the Archbishop, had sat looking on with a great pain in his heart for these poor little ones. The meaning of it all was well understood by him, and in spirit he visualized many a sad story of which this entertainment was the aftermath. He saw how much was being done, but he saw, too, how much remained to be done for the love of God and of the souls created by Him for Eternal Life!

The incident reminds us of another . . . of Another One, sitting on a hillside, overlooking a City, and thinking on all the bitter wrongs of a stiff-necked and perverse people. And as He sat there, lonely and alone, thinking sad thoughts, a tear trickled slowly down His cheek, that cheek that His Mother had caressed and which tiny baby

hands had fondled when they came to Him at His invitation: "Come unto Me!"

"How often," He said, addressing that queenly City, "would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not?"

So the kind and good Archbishop Hayes recalled the needs of so many souls, many of whom he was powerless to reach, felt for them, wept for them, as His Divine Lord had wept over the City of Jerusalem.

"I would like to know how many of you women here today," His Grace continued, "how many of you mothers would be willing to take the offspring of someone else to your bosom, a child abandoned in the streets of this great city, and love that child, and give it everything you have; that is, your time, your life, your service, night, noon, and morning, day after day, and year after year. That is what these Christlike Sisters have been doing for fifty years. And it is not appreciated.

"Of course the War has created new difficulties and intensified old ones in the social service field. The day of reconstruction is at hand. It will be a day of extraordinary service, beginning with deep sincerity and closing with generous sacrifice on the part of all who would serve mankind."

In these last impressive words, the Archbishop visualized the work of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, who took deeply to heart the words of His Grace, for their field is a practically new form of the world-wide apostolate. Theirs is an ex-

traordinary service in the strict sense of the word, because it is somewhat out of the beaten path of the various other magnificent types of service to the souls of God's children. It is adapted in a special way to the needs of Society in the Twentieth Century. Its mission is to the home.

With deep sincerity these consecrated workers have taken up the burden of sin, for such it is, no matter what other name may be applied to it by modern enthusiasts and agitators of new doctrines. It is sin that has caused the misery and poverty and wretchedness of a large part of mankind. If there was no avarice in the world, no selfishness, how should the poor want anything? If there was no love of forbidden pleasure, how should its victims fall by the thousands and end by becoming spiritual paupers, living in their garrets, away from priest or Church or desire for the Sacraments? Poverty is not a real misfortune, nor is sickness, when they come from the Hand of God. Either, or both, may be blessings in disguise. But when allied with neglect of God, abuse of His sacred laws and rejection of His inspirations, then it is a most wretched thing indeed, and there is no incentive to its victim to believe, to hope, or to love anything in this poor world, or beyond it.

The day of reconstruction of which Archbishop Hayes spoke—what is it? It is a day when souls will be reconstructed, made over again, rescued from the black depths of despair where sin has cast them. The reconstruction of the individual, of the family, the preservation and safeguarding of the

little children—this is the portion of the work which their kind Spiritual Father and Guide has assigned to the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. Generous sacrifice is necessary to embrace such a toilsome life, but nothing great was ever done save by generous, detached and self-denying souls.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate see in their Cardinal Archbishop a Guide who leads the way. He does not counsel them to achieve ideals which he does not carry in his own apostolic heart, or to accomplish that which he has not first practised in his own life of loving labor. Time and again, words of commiseration, of sympathy with the needy and unfortunate, have fallen from his august lips, and all these words have been stored up in the souls of his spiritual daughters as an incentive to still more earnest, more zealous effort to reclaim "that which was lost."

Wonderful is the mission which God has entrusted to each of the Religious Orders. The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate love their own, and thank Him for it with full and grateful hearts. Experience in the apostolate has shown them that the fields are white beneath the ripening grain, and they pray hourly that the Lord of the Harvest may reinforce their numbers, for the "laborers are too few." They understand in special manner, the meaning of the tears that gathered in the eyes of their beloved Archbishop . . . he was weeping for lost souls, for sick and sad souls, for poor needy little children, for the sinners of the world. And

they weep with him, but not as those who have no hope.

They know from experience that many a poor soul has been brought back from the very brink of hell and despair, and inebriated with the plenitude of God's Table, where the good things reserved for those who turn to Him with contrite heart are reserved in full measure, even to overflowing. They have seen the light of hope glowing in the eyes of mere babes, scarcely yet able to take their first steps from the mother's arms, hope of something better than they have yet known in their poor little dwarfed existence. The coming of the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate has kindled this light of hope in childish eyes.

And oh, what shall we say of the flame that springs up anew, ruddy and strong, in the soul of one who has been separated from his God for long years, who has trod hard paths of defiance of God's mandates and who has found nothing but bitterness, and the worm that gnaws day and night in his heart! Words fail—are helpless here. Only into the eyes there steals a tear unbidden when one recalls the vastness of the mercy of our God, vaster than the sea, vaster than the seemingly illimitable stretches of the sky, vaster far than the miles and miles of rolling prairies of the West. It is sweet to contemplate God's great mercy and His kindness to those traveling "in a desert land, where there is no way and no water!"

"I plead here," continued Archbishop Hayes in his address at the Foundling Hospital, "as a Bishop

of God's holy Church, and as a citizen of this great City, as one who loves New York, and one who, having lived here all my life, knows every stone in the City; I plead with the citizens of this City, with the present administration, and I plead with you, Catholic people, to stand by this great institution.

"You would imagine, when you read the daily papers, that there was something new in the placing out of children in homes. This institution has been doing this work for a quarter of a century or more. It did not have to learn anything of that kind from modern day methods. . . . The only children kept here are those whom nobody will take—the maimed, the lame, the halt, the diseased, the dying —and the Sisters take them in their keeping and love them because they are so afflicted.

"During this Christmas time—when the Babe of Bethlehem comes to us as the Prince of Peace with the promise that we are going to have a better world, a better understanding between nations and peoples and individuals, so that men will realize and understand that they have something else to live for than this cold, miserable, short-lived world of ours; during this happy season when the Babe of Bethlehem is King, Master and Lord of the world—let us ask Him to bless this institution."

How happy the good Sisters were when that memorable day had drawn to a close! How tired and happy the little ones who had listened—for the most part not comprehending his words or their import—to their Father in Christ and their faithful

friend speaking of them and for them. It was a red-letter day in the institution, we may well believe.

Happy results followed the Archbishop's plea for the Foundlings. As an immediate response, a donation of ten thousand dollars from one worthy citizen came to the institution. Another public-spirited and charitably-inclined person gave two thousand dollars, and a large number contributed lesser sums of substantial size. With this timely aid, the Sisters were able to start anew, with gratitude to God and to their good Archbishop, and to bring the Hospital to a very high standard of efficiency.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament enjoyed the high privilege of an official visit from their Archbishop-Elect shortly after his appointment to the See of New York. His Grace accompanied the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Cerretti. For about twenty minutes Archbishop Hayes chatted simply and familiarly with the Fathers, who were thus the first religious body privileged to offer him their felicitations and auguries for success and happiness in his holy office. His Grace admired the drawings of the beautiful High Altar projected for the greater Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and while examining them, paused to relate, with child-like artlessness, how surprised he had been at having been selected for the elevated position he was soon to assume. "I have no title to lay claim to such a promotion," he said simply. "Doubtless the Holy Father took account of the modest efforts I have made to be useful to my country by fulfilling

as well as I could, my charge of Ordinary Bishop of all Catholic Chaplains for the American Army. Whether I should rejoice or cry, I know not. Indeed, the dignity with which I am invested is very great, but the burden it entails is very heavy. I rely on the loyalty of the clergy, and I know they are most devoted and sympathetic towards me."

"According to our judgment," said the Fathers, adverting to the sentiments of the Archbishop, "what especially justified the Holy Father's choice is the profound humility, the intense piety, the supernatural spirit and the sacerdotal dignity that characterize Archbishop Hayes. He has always impressed us as a true priest whose manner of action is ever inspired by the greatness of his dignity and the functions he fulfills."

A great and well-deserved joy came to another religious society of the Archdiocese on Monday afternoon, April 21. His Grace, the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, received the greetings and congratulations of his former teachers, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, at a reception and banquet held at De La Salle Institute, Central Park South, on that memorable day.

The Reverend Brother-Visitor of the New York Province, with over two hundred of his community connected with the schools of the Archdiocese, met the distinguished visitor at the door of the Institute and conducted him to the Chapel. Here the Brothers' Choir intoned the Te Deum in solemn and impressive manner. Then the entire assembly

proceeded to the spacious auditorium where an address of fealty and of congratulation was delivered by the Brother-Visitor.

Happily responding to this ovation, Archbishop Hayes said that this welcome home, from the members of the religious society so dear to him since boyhood, was especially pleasing and consoling. His Grace asked the prayers of the good Brothers for success in his undertakings for the Church in the Archdiocese of New York and said that he would rely upon them to obtain from Almighty God many great favors and assistances. A special joy of the present occasion was the presence in the midst of the devoted Brothers, of Reverend Brother Benjamin, now connected with Saint Patrick's School in Mulberry Street, from whom the Archbishop, as a boy, had learned the Catechism. Present also was Reverend Brother Edmund, Director of La Salle Institute in Second Street, who had been the faithful teacher of the Archbishop in those days now hallowed by olden and golden memories.

Among the many messages which Archbishop Hayes had received when the news of his promotion became known, was one that touched his heart most deeply. This came from the aged Bishop Henry Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, New York, who was president of old Troy Seminary during the time of the sojourn of Patrick Hayes as a student of that institution. The message closed with these words: "And I congratulate myself, also."

Archbishop Hayes was, as those who knew him best could say unreservedly, a man of prayer.

Surely in these glorious moments of spiritual exaltation, his mind traveled back, to dwell humbly upon the incidents and scenes in his early career, and lovingly recalled memories of those saintly men, living and dead, who had led him forward upon the path of the higher life. Teaching more by example than by actual precept, they had impressed their own heroic ideals upon his plastic mind. Today he had cause to be grateful to them, and he was grateful, remembering the counsels of Saint James the Apostle: "Hath not God chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him?"

Poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, were those who had set the feet of this predestined youth upon the paths of rectitude and had showed him how contemptible are the things of this world when placed beside those of Heaven! Remembering all the lessons, the examples of virtue which had happily come under his eyes, Archbishop Hayes could certify to the inestimable benefit of a Christian and Catholic education, and in the solemn hour of his elevation, he resolved, *for the dear children's sake,* to do all in his power to extend the rule of Christ in his great Archdiocese through the powerful medium of the Catholic School.

And those humble and holy men who had been privileged to act as God's instruments in the soul of His favored child—what of them? It was their privilege now to know that in his prayers and sacrifices their Archbishop would never forget them, that

they, in a particular manner, would share in all the good works which he would perform in his exalted capacity and office. They had rendered good things, and good things would be rendered to them in turn.

The famous preacher held forth in the pulpit, and the souls of his hearers were amazed at the revelation from Another World. They did not know how much of the power and grace proceeded from the simple, fervent prayer of the old lay brother who sat beneath the pulpit and pleaded with God for the success of this enterprise for souls.

So the new Archbishop, looking back upon the happy and hallowed past and visioning many calm and holy faces of God's humble saints—his friends—could say with Saint Paul: "I thank my God upon the remembrance of you."

CHAPTER VIII

"THE POOR HAVE THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO THEM!"

AT THE time of the accession of the New Archbishop of New York to his historic See, Ireland's cause was attracting the attention of all the nations, particularly of America, which had become the foster mother of so many thousand of the Irish race.

The Archbishop was always happy and proud to consider himself as the son of God-fearing Irish parents. He loved Ireland for what she had been, for what she was, and for what she had done for the Church of Christ. In a stirring address delivered before the members of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, His Grace took occasion to recall the glories of Holy Ireland, indissolubly bound up in the history of the Church in America.

"I appreciate more than I can say," said the Archbishop, "the very kind and sympathetic reception of the mention of my name, and I can assure you that I consider it a rare distinction to be called upon tonight to respond to the toast of 'The Day We Celebrate.'

"My Sacramental name, Patrick, and my sacred office of Bishop give me a peculiar right and title of being a spokesman at this dinner of the Friendly

Sons of Saint Patrick. My father, as a protest against the anti-Irish sentiment prevalent at the time of my birth, determined to call his first-born 'Patrick.' My mother, in an outburst of prophetic love, foresaw her babe a Bishop."

We can readily visualize the sturdy faith, the piety and the patriotism of that good father, who had cherished an undying devotion to his God and to the patron of his native land. Church and country—these were the twin loves of him who was predestined to be the parent of a Prince of the Church. And that holy mother—for such she must have been—was not the vision of her child's future career borne in upon her soul after the very manner that God's revelation had come to Anna, to Elizabeth, and to other heroic and holy women of a day long past? It is, therefore, no subject for wonderment that the Archbishop had risen to be what he was, and surely, as he spoke, his heart dimmed with tears at the memory of those beloved and worthy parents who had been chiefly responsible, after God, for his being and his exalted vocation.

"Here am I," His Grace continued, "Patrick, the young Bishop, a native New Yorker—on the Feast of Saint Patrick, Bishop and Confessor, the Apostle of Ireland—addressing what is perhaps the most brilliant and impressive gathering of Irishmen the world over tonight.

"It is good to be here for more reasons than one. I am heartened by this gathering of representative citizens of this community, who are not fearful of the bugaboo of Hyphenism, the ghost of which, I

trust, is laid forever. Wise or foolish I may appear in saying I am conceited enough to think that no better American lives than myself. Equally am I convinced that I am the better American because I am Irish, and the better Irishman, because I am an American. I believe that America has done more than we can possibly conceive to keep alive the best and holiest hopes of Erin. It would be a most un-American act, a most unholy thing, for us to be ashamed of our Irish ancestry in faith and race."

His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, was ever a fearless defender of the Faith. Wherever he raised his voice, whether on the public platform, through the medium of the press, in the pulpit or elsewhere, whenever occasion offered, he was always ready to say a word of loving and reverential tribute to the Patron Saint of Ireland, and the faith of his family, and of his race. First of all he saw Ireland as she has ever been, the faithful child of Holy Church through all the vicissitudes of time, through the mists of anguished tears, through tribulations and agonies of every kind. A great part of the Church in New York sprang from her red blood, and the healthy, religious life of her children bore out the sacred tradition of her firm adherence to the Old Faith through the changing scenes that have marked or marred history. So the Archbishop had reason to be proud of his faith—the faith of all nations—as he was of his exalted station.

Love for native land has always characterized

those who have distinguished themselves in the service of any other country. Loyalty teaches loyalty. Although the hearts of many of the immigrants from Holy Ireland have turned unceasingly, through long years, to the land that gave them birth, they have always considered themselves as true children of their adopted country, wherever it might be. They were always ready to promote the interests of the latter, as they had always been prepared to struggle and to suffer for their dear native land; the interests of the land of their birth and of the country of their adoption have been identical. To be ashamed of faith or country would, as His Grace said on this occasion, be "a most unholy thing," and utterly unworthy of Christian manhood or womanhood.

The contribution of America to Ireland, and of Ireland to America, was fittingly recalled to the minds of his audience by the next words of the Archbishop: "Especially is this true when we bear in mind that there has been a mutual and abiding contribution of all that is best and all that counts, from America to Ireland, and from Ireland to America. Neither things present nor things to come, neither height nor depth, nor might nor right, can ever possibly destroy the fact of this intimate relation. Because of this experience of history, this splendid assembly gathers at the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary dinner of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick, to salute the venerable flag of Erin and entwine it most reverently within the protecting egis and all-embracing folds of 'Old Glory.'"

There was no taint, the Archbishop reminded his hearers, in the loyal and undying allegiance of all present to the Stars and Stripes if they thus publicly proclaimed their reverence for the hallowed memories that cluster round the land of their forefathers.

In his high station in the watchtower of Holy Church, Archbishop Hayes could look out upon the country, and particularly upon the great city of which he was proud to call himself a native son. He saw on all sides factions divided into factions, each clamoring for a hearing in order to spread their new and alarming doctrines abroad among the great mass of the people. The old fashion was slowly passing away, like a light in a summer sky, and a new and startling fashion was replacing it. The greed for money had poisoned the holy wells of immortal souls and had driven God forth from His habitation, the place of His delight: "My delights are to be with the children of men." The most sacred traditions of the family and the home were ruthlessly being cast to the winds by the propagators of false and hideous doctrines. The Archbishop saw and heard all this, and, above the shrieking and grinding of the huge man-made machines that crushed men's souls and made them to grovel after material things, he heard the lonely cry of the dying Saviour: "I thirst!"

There was, happily, a brighter side of the picture. There were the loyal steadfast hosts of loyal children of the Church who clung fast to the counsels laid down by good old-fashioned parents—

those who would not barter their eternal birthright for a miserable mess of pottage. In these, his spiritual children, was the Archbishop's strength and hope for the future of Church and nation. They were stamped with the seal of Catholicity, and the glories of the ages of faith in the Land of Saints and Scholars clung about them like a fragrant aroma.

"The Day We Celebrate," continued Archbishop Hayes, "conjures up in vision the land of the Gael, not merely the little, sorrowful Emerald Isle of the North Atlantic, but the Great Erin, the land of the Celt's dispersion, measured by the four corners of the earth, reaching over the seven seas, unto continents and islands afar. This night and this day, in every clime, the children of the Gael and their children's children gather, by common and holy impulse, to hear and tell the story of Ireland's glory, to chant and lament her epic of sorrow, to pray and hope for her deliverance, for happier and better days."

The Archbishop then passed on to consider the great contribution brought by Ireland to the nations abroad. Her religious faith, first of all, had stamped her with a unique Catholicity. It had equally stamped her life, her character and influence. "On the stage of the world's history, Erin has played many parts. She has been, in the highest sense, saint and scholar, apostle and priest, sage and soldier, bard and poet, prince and prisoner, exile and martyr. The tents of her exiled children are pitched in every land under the sun. The rare

gifts and rich talents of her sons, denied opportunity on their own native soil, have found splendid and undying expression in successful and distinctive achievement all over the world. The stars at night keep eternal vigil unto the Resurrection Morn over the final bivouac of her warrior dead, heroes fallen asleep on nearly every battlefield of mediaeval and modern times. A French historian tells us that, within fifty years after the fatal 1691, four hundred thousand Irish soldiers died on the battlefields of France."

As he spoke, the Archbishop's heart glowed with a tender pride in this wonderful record. And yet, the exaltation was not unmixed with sadness, too. On the battlefields of France many of his own boys were now lying, with faces turned up toward the sunny sky, blanketed with poppies and the other field flowers that grow in abundance, they tell us, where the dead lie. Their Archbishop was proud of their unblemished record in the Great War, but his joy was tinged with melancholy, for his priestly heart felt the heavy burden of the world's pain and sin and woe of which this was the price.

To remove from the heart of his great Archdiocese the poisoned core that would gradually consume the untainted fruit, this was the great task entrusted to him by Almighty God. If, in times previous, the task had been gigantic to the Bishops of New York, today its weight and responsibility had increased a hundredfold, for the world seemed intent, more than ever, on rushing madly away from God.

"In every nook and cranny of Christendom," said Archbishop Hayes, "the footprints of Ireland's missionaries, saints, and scholars can be vividly traced by historic monuments of religion and civilization."

A pathetic figure, the Archbishop sees this little country today, the April of Nations, "smiling amid her tears, and weeping amid her smiles," her body broken, but her soul unseared and unscarred; affliction on her brow, but gladness in her heart; unconquered and unconquerable—"Ireland, I say—steps out of the pages of time, a pathetic figure—noble, unique, mysterious, spiritual and immortal."

Surely we can say that he who spoke these eloquent words loved Ireland, understood her, knew her story, and would glorify her faith in the eyes of the entire world.

But the noble spirit of Ireland, declared Archbishop Hayes, was neither dying nor dead, although to the world she seemed a mourner above the tomb of departed hope.

"It is through the soul of Erin alone," said His Grace, "that we shall comprehend, in a measure, the integrity, the perpetuity, the continuity and the sublimity of her national ideals. The world has seldom looked on the like before. Military might, mastery of the sea, conquest of commerce are not of her kingdom. To her they mean, as they have nearly always meant, tyranny, piracy, and a condition of servitude.

"The confines of this all-embracing Catholic spirit are coterminous with the bounds of the earth and touch the very precincts of Heaven itself. By

the North Star of faith in God and His all-wise Providence, Erin has fixed her course in fidelity and loyalty, and has never swerved. Under the Southern Cross, in exile and penal colony, her soul has been tried by fire, but has never been consumed. Wherever and whenever the rising sun of humanity and justice appeared among nations, Erin was ready to serve the cause of freedom against tyranny, no matter what the sacrifice. Her sons have valiantly gone and borne in large measure the burden of the day and the heats for others. Over the western ocean, in the crimson glory of the parting day, she has visioned the shores and gates of a land of promise, verily a city of God."

Only one who felt deeply, and who loved deeply the little green Isle across the far expanses of a mighty ocean, could speak in such an inspired manner of her anguish and her glory. Archbishop Hayes was ever a lover of justice—justice to God, the Creator and Redeemer of man; justice to the creature, especially to the poor of Christ; justice in every cause for which men have fought and bled and died. He had been able to enter into and to understand the mighty problems of the World War so much the better as the sense of every nation's wrongs had ever oppressed his kindly and sympathetic heart.

Neither dying nor dead was Ireland because her faithful spirit still survived, as strong and noble as ever. True, she had been plunged into an ocean of bitterness and sorrow, but she had emerged purified, with ideals and aspirations still more conse-

crated "to the sublime endeavor to actualize what is almost unattainable in a world and in an age that know not God and His justice."

The deep moral and spiritual sense of Ireland has led her to the appreciation of sacrifice, courage and fortitude. Not merely as a Churchman did the Archbishop speak on this memorable occasion. With his wide and diversified experience of national affairs and an extensive knowledge of history and the things of books, he knew that not only religion, but democracy, demanded the exercise of heroic virtue, grounded on an unquenchable faith.

"Reverence, patience and fortitude," said His Grace, "ennoble nations as well as individuals, and are virtues that leaven the mass of democracy and save it from anarchy, revolt and demagogy. No higher sanction exists than the spiritual, which touches the hidden and eternal fountains of man's very being."

The eloquent address of the Archbishop was widely quoted in the press, and everywhere it was agreed that the sentiments therein expressed in such beautiful terms represented the very highest terms of patriotism and Christian manhood. Only through the spiritual mood of the individual or the nation, the Archbishop had said, is it possible to arrive at any definite knowledge of men or events. Why? Because too often truth is concealed in this world under a mask of unreality. Not even death always reveals the truth about a man. It is only before the Great Judgment Seat that his real self

is clearly revealed, in the light that streams from the throne of the Lamb.

To get at the soul, therefore, is the great work of individuals as of nations. For the nation has a soul, as well as the individual. And this national soul—where shall we look for it? Not in vast engines that revolve ceaselessly, doing the work of thousands of men's hands with perfect regularity and uniformity. Not in the wonderful physical features that make one land different from any other on the face of the earth. . . . But we shall catch a fleeting glimpse of it in some song or hymn typical of the loves of a people—in "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," in "The Psalm of Life" and "Evangeline." Now and then we hear the pulsing of a strong unbreakable inner life and feeling that is drowned out in the mighty roar of the street or in the beating of thousands of weary feet crossing hard pavements.

"Sweet land of Liberty," we sing in that time-honored chant of our native land—and instantly we vision the perfect freedom of the bonds that hold man a victim so often in life. "Liberty"—sweet word that conjures up memories near and dear to us. Liberty, first of all, to worship God as we please, not in fear and in trembling as did our ancestors beside the Mass Rock and in the secret chambers. Then, liberty of action so far as such conforms to the Christian principles of living—liberty to work and to pray, action to recreate and to love as God wants us to! This is a real Chris-

tian democracy, and for this wars have been fought and lives and loves sacrificed.

A native New Yorker, Archbishop Hayes gloried in his American heritage, but he never forgot all that he owed to Holy Ireland. First of all, his faith. All the rest was secondary. So, during the years of his episcopate, every now and then he paused to turn lovingly and reverently toward that Little Green Isle set in the midst of the seas, where his forefathers slept in the peace of Christ. Every now and then, as opportunity offered, he took occasion to speak a word in behalf of that dear land, paying her the tribute of his heart's loyal and undying affection.

In his noble address, Archbishop Hayes had recalled the prophecy of the famous French agnostic, Ernest Renan, who had been an altar boy in the days of his early youth, but who had departed from his Christian training and had dragged countless other restless unsatisfied souls with him into the abyss of spiritual poverty and despondency. Renan had audaciously chanted the "Nunc Dimittis" of Ireland a generation before, writing of her these words: "Alas! It, too, is doomed to disappear, the Emerald set in the Western seas." "He could not enter into the soul of Ireland," said the Archbishop; "therefore he judged her cause lost." Whereas, those of her loyal children who knew the value of the spiritual element in any exigency, knew that Ireland was not doomed, that she was not destined to disappear, despite the melancholy statement

of one endowed with a master intellect, but lacking the spiritual instinct of a simple peasant.

But two summers before, said His Grace, he had knelt in a defile of the Apennines at the tomb of Saint Columbanus, an Irish missionary of the Sixth Century. "Trained in the monastic school at Bangor, in Erin, he was afire with apostolic zeal and with a passion for austerity and learning. He crossed to France, where he labored for twenty years. Then down over the Alps to Bobbio, in northern Italy, where he established one of the most famous foundations of monasticism and culture the world has ever seen. To this day, after 1300 years, Saint Columbanus is revered and honored by the Italian people of the north, from Milan to Genoa."

How many were aware of the fame of Ireland's monastic schools among those who scoffed at her? Evidently there were many who were ignorant of it, and ignorant of her justly acquired reputation. Surely, in that audience of the sons of Saint Patrick, there was none who did not realize that in the character of their own beloved Spiritual Leader, were all the virtues and qualifications that he enumerated in describing the heroic figure of Ireland's apostolic Son. He, too, had the apostolic zeal of the old monk, Columbanus; yes, and those who know him best, know that he has, too, his passion for austerity and learning, tempered according to the station that he occupies and the work given him by Almighty God to perform for souls. Piety, learning, culture—all these were happily combined in the Archbishop of New York, and fitted him to

be a leader among men in an age when piety without learning, and learning without culture, were judged to be of little worth in the eyes of the world. And to win the world to Christ—this is the aim of the Archbishop, as it has been the aim of every one of God's servants whom He has exalted to a high office of leadership in the Church.

True, among those children of the Church, representative of many nations, whom the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have been called by their beloved Cardinal Archbishop to seek out and to save, there are a few sons and daughters of Holy Ireland who, in a new land, and amidst adversities of all kinds, have proved unfaithful to a great trust. But they are indeed the minority; as a rule the Irish race have been found loyal and true, and have preserved their greatest treasure even until death has removed them sometimes from a condition of poverty and desolation that seemed beyond human strength to endure.

Truly Almighty God was blessing every step of the way the young Archbishop of New York trod, for everywhere he carried with him the impression of his zeal for God's glory, his earnestness in seeking souls, his piety, his deep love for the Church of all nations and of all peoples, and for the Roman Pontiff—his great heart for the poor, the sick and the sad. His love for his native land and for his birthplace, New York City, had already become proverbial, and furnished an example to weaker ones that they might follow. The not distant future had still greater things in store. God was pre-

paring His chosen one for that higher destiny: "The Cardinal of Charities."

There is a text in Holy Scripture which aptly illustrates the apostolate of Archbishop Hayes among his people. It is this: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." It was Christ who, of old, had preached to the poor, had loved them with a love of predilection, and now the Archbishop, following in the Footsteps of his great Captain, Christ, turned toward the poor, with heart wide-opened, and hands outstretched. "You will have a very hard time with the Archbishop of New York," he had said on an occasion which we have already recalled, "unless your pockets are very long!"

He did not want anything for himself, but for the needy ones—he would be generous and unsparing of himself. He has been, and is, the great exemplar of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate in their mission to the poor and needy of soul and body. Stimulated by his fatherly counsels and encouragement, they have entered into a neglected portion of the Master's vineyard, and have set to work with willing hearts and strong hands to sow and to till, hoping one day, through God's blessing, to reap a glorious harvest.

CHAPTER IX

A ROYAL HERITAGE

"HE ONLY is fitted to rule who has long since learned to obey," says the author of the Imitation. From earliest boyhood Patrick Hayes had proved himself docile to the voice of his superiors, and the practice of obedience was second nature to him. When the order was given him to perform any task, he had hastened to execute the will of those placed by God in authority over him. He knew the blessings that come from prompt, simple and loyal submission to lawfully constituted authority, and from this circumstance derived a strength of character and a sweetness that qualified him to command others when power came into his hands.

The new Archbishop of New York was a soldier by nature and by grace. In his college and seminary days, he had followed with the utmost fidelity the rules and observances laid down for the youth who were preparing themselves to fight the great battle of life, not alone for themselves, but also for others. As a young priest, Father Patrick Hayes had been admirable for punctuality and efficiency in the duties of his sacred calling. He was one of those men who can always be counted upon to be on time, never to be behind by any fraction of a minute unless some

unforeseen accident occur to prevent the keeping of an appointment.

He knew and appreciated the services of the American boys in the Great War, for, as Chaplain General of the American Forces, he had come very close to them. So we find him commenting enthusiastically on the home-coming of the American troops from foreign fields, and the great parade of the Twenty-Seventh Division that passed through the streets of the city amid the cheering and the acclamations of a vast concourse of citizens who turned out to greet the khaki-clad lines.

In a statement given to a newspaper, the Archbishop told of the joy and the gratitude and the pride that filled his heart at this soul-stirring sight:

"This is, indeed, an historic day," said His Grace, "that of the home-coming of our troops, rich in their wonderful achievement, but even more glorious in the hope and courage they give to the soul of America. The welcome accorded our New York boys stands unparalleled in military annals. Solemnity and dignity—the tribute of a profound, inexpressible and soul-searching gratitude—marked and moved the multitudes without number who vainly tried—and failed—to express externally the heart sentiment that stirred them to the very depths of their innermost being."

None more than their beloved Archbishop rejoiced over the fact that these boys, thanks to the merciful Providence of God, had returned to their homeland safe and sound in body and soul. Thanks to the indefatigable work of the Catholic chaplains

directed by their Bishop, the Catholic boys had kept close to God through the midst of the fiery ordeal of War. Many times they had faced almost certain death unflinchingly, fortified by the Sacramental Absolution imparted by the heroic priests who went shoulder to shoulder with them and shared their miseries and their dangers. Many times they had done brave deeds, stupendously heroic deeds, and today their parents, their native land, their beloved Archbishop, were justly proud of them. With heavy pain in his heart, their Spiritual Leader had sent them away with a blessing upon their hazardous undertaking. Today he rejoiced that at least so many of them walked through familiar streets once more and were generously and eagerly acclaimed by men, women and children of all stations in life. The War had made, for the time being, a democracy of the world.

But in this demonstration the Archbishop saw much deeper than did those who found therein only the symbol of exterior victory over a giant horde of the enemy, something to gloat over as a proof of superior prowess and strength. He saw a great spiritual triumph, because right had triumphed over might, and justice over greed and inhumanity.

"One would fall very short of the meaning of today's celebration," said Archbishop Hayes, "if it were regarded merely as the holding of a festive holiday to commemorate the return of our soldiers, victorious over what had appeared to be an invincible foe. Rather must we look on this day's return of our troops, and the majestic and superb welcome

to them, as a living and enduring symbol of the triumph of the high ideals of humanity for the betterment of mankind the world over."

The last words are significant of the entire apostolate of Cardinal Hayes. The triumph of the high ideals of humanity for the betterment of mankind the world over—this has been his desire and ambition at all times. The soul knows its own agonies—often they are secret pangs that eat out the heart, and there is none who knows to understand or sympathize. "I know Mine, and Mine know Me!" Christ, the Great Shepherd, had said. So the Archbishop of New York knew his own, understood the needs of all the souls—at least in perspective—in his vast diocese. He sought to inculcate the highest ideals, those of the God-Man Himself, knowing full well that the putting of these ideals into consistent practice would ensure the betterment of mankind and of society.

There were many ideals which agitated men's minds then, as now and always. Many of these were false standards beneath which a great procession of the unthinking ones were marching to the grave. The animating force of these men were purely material ideas, "carnal of spirit, and destined not to live beyond a passing span fixed by the canon of mortality," as the Archbishop said in a striking paragraph of his interview. For these poor deluded ones his heart yearned, but he saw himself powerless to help them, because they were of that class who, "having eyes, see not."

There is a martial ring to the words of Arch-

bishop Hayes that communicates itself to the listener. Every single word, every phrase is fraught with tense meaning, for the Archbishop was never a spendthrift of words.

"Our beloved country," he says, "has fought, bled and offered in sacrifice on the battlefield her very self, for liberty, justice, righteousness and civilization. Our three great wars could have had no higher ideals. The War of Independence was fought for the principle of self-government, self-determination for the right of a people to determine its road of destiny, progress and national aspiration. The Civil War led out of the bondage of slavery a race of human beings, and sealed a union of sovereign States, one and inseparable.

"The present war overseas drew our American soldiers into its awful vortex of suffering and death in order that no Government, no people, might be permitted by superior brute force to enslave another nation and deprive that nation of its right and opportunity for self-determination, self-growth and self-government; and that American ideals of national life and conduct and hope might not be threatened by an empire of blood and iron."

Here is the echo of an intense patriotism, the cry of a heart loyal and true to country, because loyal and true to God. One devotion postulates the other, and there never was a man who at heart was truly patriotic who was irreligious. The Godless man is always a coward. Why? Because he is afraid to probe the depths of his own soul lest he

should find there the Image of One stamped upon it, and that One a God.

"Surely," continued Archbishop Hayes, "our ideals and purposes have been lofty and spiritual. Our soldiers today were the embodiment of spiritual warriors; like the armies of Israel of old, fighting for the honor and glory of the Living God against idolatry and uncleanliness; like the soldiers of Constantine under the banners of the Cross, overcoming the barbaric hordes laying waste an ancient civilization and threatening to destroy the beginnings of one just born; like the Crusaders of old who humbled the crescent of the horrible Turk, menacing the very citadels of Western Europe."

The Warriors of the Old Testament had defended God's rights fearlessly in the face of fearful odds. They had prefigured Christ, the Eternal Son of God, the God-Man, and for their prophecies concerning His coming and His reign they had been put to death in manner so hideous that only the malice of demons could devise methods so barbaric and so fierce. Christ's Warriors, the Apostles and their successors, had defended His doctrine at the cost of their lives, and today, in peaceful times, another Archbishop, one of a long and illustrious line, was recalling to the minds of all the citizens of a great city, the real meaning of triumph, the real lesson of victory, the spiritual lesson that is taught in all the happenings of life, and the fruits that may be gathered from them.

Archbishop Hayes was a man of prayer, as we have seen. So he finds in prayer the secret of the

wonderful victories of the Allied Troops, for, if God was not on their side, what strength or valor might hope to win? "Washington, Foch, Pershing," he said, "have been spiritual men as well as military geniuses. They commended to Divine Providence in prayer, themselves, their soldiers, their cause. They realized that victory can only be immortal when the triumph is one of justice and right, blessed and sanctioned by the God of Battles.

"New York stood today at the Great Divide between time and eternity. Our mortal eyes saw the heroes that have survived the shock and shell of battle move along the world's greatest highway, under arches of triumph, amid the exultation of a grateful populace, under the balmy sun of springtime. Only our souls can vision those missing from the ranks whose bodies sleep peacefully under sullen mounds overseas, and whose spirits have marched beyond, over the eternal hills, unto everlasting glory and reward, to that land of happiness that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard of, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Archbishop Hayes set a high value on prayer, and he set a very high value, also, on devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. As the Great Father of all his children he had paid a memorable visit to Saint Joseph's Seminary at Yonkers, New York, and in an address delivered to the young men, the future priests of the Archdiocese, he stressed the great utility and the consolation which an abiding and deep love for the Eucharistic King brings to the soul.

From the example which was set by the Church,

Archbishop Hayes said, in keeping clean and spotless her altars and tabernacles, souls desirous of dedicating themselves to God should take every measure to cleanse the temples within them from sin, and to adorn them with every virtue. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament presupposes a large measure of Sacramental piety, which, said His Grace, must come in the days of youth if the priestly life is to be one of sacrifice for the Divine Master. "It is only through Christ, with Christ, and in Christ, that man shall find peace, temporal and eternal."

The seminarians at Dunwoodie who were privileged to listen to their beloved Spiritual Shepherd on that day were going to become soldiers, too, but spiritual soldiers, fighting the great warfare of sin through the power of Jesus Christ. It was their proud duty and assignment, not to win an earthly war, but to win the world for Christ Jesus. And, said their Father in Christ, devotion to the Blessed Eucharist is a powerful weapon wherewith to effect this end.

"The Eucharistic King must reign in the world," said Archbishop Hayes, continuing his address. "Though not of the world, He loved and does love the people of the world—those not so highly favored as we are with a priestly vocation. What an error to think that the Redeemer who came to save the lost sheep of Israel is to remain hidden in the tabernacles of our Churches! We must pray before our altars so fervently and intensely that our prayers may lead souls to the tabernacles of our parish Churches."

"To save the 'lost sheep of Israel'!" How those words thrill our hearts, for it is the duty assigned to the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, and happy are they who have elected to cast their lot with these favored Spouses of the Good Shepherd of Souls! For if there be a little bit of heaven upon earth, surely she lives within it who has known the bliss of leading back from the edge of the precipice or has rescued from the briars and thorns of life, one who is near and dear to Christ! Jesus loved and does love them all, each and every one, and the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate love them, too, for His sake. So that every word that was ever spoken by their revered Cardinal Archbishop during the years of his priesthood and episcopate, concerning the lost sheep, is carefully treasured up in faithful and loyal hearts as having been addressed peculiarly to them. And they desire to follow out the commendation, to the letter, so that their whole life may be devoted to this one special work, the reclaiming of the lost and the safeguarding of the faith and virtue of the little ones who, without special helps, would be lost to the Divine Master who loved them so. And it is through the Holy Eucharist that Jesus will reign in their hearts. And it is to the tabernacles of our churches that the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate must lead them.

Happy and favored group of young men who listened to the amiable words of their Spiritual Father on the occasion which we have just mentioned! For many of them, one or another of these thoughts expressed in manner so kindly, so affectionately, so

solicitously, was to bear fruit a hundredfold in this life and to be the cause of their everlasting crown!

The admonitions given by Archbishop Hayes to these fortunate seminarians received long before from his spiritual superior, had borne a rich harvest of fruit in his apostolic soul. "Now, dear friends," he said earnestly, "behold your opportunity. You are here in a response to a Divine call. You are here to be trained in piety, to be reared in virtue, to be educated in the sacred sciences. Prayer, holiness of life, and study are necessary to equip you for service in the Master's Kingdom of the Holy Eucharist. Correspond faithfully with the grace of each moment. Obey with alacrity, and listen with docility. Revere your teachers and directors."

Truly a beautiful admonition, this. Nothing more can be given by way of direction to souls who are anxiously seeking their sanctification and that of others. Prayer, holiness of life, and study, are necessary to make saints of us all. Not necessarily study out of books is meant—although, in general, such study is useful and may even be necessary. Study of Christ, study of His pattern book, the Assembly of the Saints, will help us all to become infinitely pleasing to God. Then prayer—prayer, always, as our Lord counselled—and holiness of life, weeding out the little faults and failings, and cultivating the fragrant blooms of virtue.

This advice may apply to us all and it is the serious task which the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have set themselves. They strive for religious perfection so that their service may be fragrant and

pleasing to God. They desire, in accordance with the admonition of their revered Spiritual Head, to equip themselves for their beautiful form of social service in the best manner possible, so that the results may be more far-reaching. Prayer, holiness, and study—with these threefold tools they chisel patiently day by day, trying to form models pleasing to the Master's eye.

To the fortunate youths destined to join the great Militia of the Church, her priesthood, Archbishop Hayes had words of most intimate unction and winning power. He felt himself peculiarly at home with those boys and young men who, like himself, had started out in the morning of life to follow in the Footsteps of the King of Kings. Their stainless hearts were free from the contamination of the city streets; they, thanks to a loving Providence over them, had been kept most carefully removed from the sordidness of life. Sinless, they were preparing to encounter sin, and their Spiritual Father knew that the best armor for their warfare was the spiritual arms of prayer, holiness and close application to the science of Heaven, and an intense Eucharistic consecration.

The Archbishop's paternal heart throbbed with quiet exultation as he looked out over the little sea of faces surrounding him, and thought of the great happiness in store for these youths in God's good time. He recalled, doubtless, the exaltation of his own Ordination Day, the day of his First Mass, and so on through the chain of peaceful, happy, blessed memories. Life had good things in store for these

happy fortunate youths. Their Most Reverend Father knew this, and thanked God for it.

So, when Archbishop Hayes looked out upon the great marching army of heroes of the World War, he rejoiced, too, for these youths had emerged victorious in a fierce encounter. But here was also a note of sadness, because he felt that those who had come through the fire, even let us say unscathed, had looked into the eyes of the greatest sadness life can know. They had drunk deeply of knowledge, and now they wanted only to forget. They had witnessed the dreadful effect of man's passions unleashed and engulfing all before them. Blood, and hate, and sin, and maimed souls and bodies had been the result of this conflict for peace. And was peace finally assured to the world?

Prayer, holiness, study. Men who pray do not cherish inordinate desires for the good things of earth. Men of holiness, men of spiritual conquest, have no desire to take up the sword. Why this waste of energy, this frightful orgy of madness and killing? The Archbishop understood, and his heart bled for what had been and for what still might be.

There were noiseless battles being fought and lost and won every hour in every nook and corner of the great Archdiocese which, in the designs of Providence, the new Archbishop had been called upon to rule. These were the battles against sin, the battles against discouragement, against poverty, sickness, disappointment of one kind or another, the battles wherein spiritual valor alone could ensure that the soul come through safely. Presently we

shall see what measures Archbishop Hayes took to provide for all these exigencies in human lives and to ensure the betterment of the family and of society—to extend the Reign of Christ in His earthly kingdom.

It was only one year later that the valiant organization known as the *Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York* was organized, with His Grace, the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, as its President and Treasurer. We shall see therein the fruits of the earnest thinking and planning, and the prayers of the new Archbishop directed to the Most High for help in his tremendous undertaking.

On Thursday, May 8, 1919, less than two months after his installation as Archbishop, the Most Reverend Patrick Joseph Hayes was solemnly invested with the Pallium, the sacred symbol of his authority over the great See of New York. The ceremony took place in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, with a notable gathering of prelates from all over the country, many priests, and a large gathering of the laity, assembled to witness the impressive scene.

The Pallium is a circular band of white wool of about two inches in width, having two pendants, one worn in front and one behind. It is placed outside the chasuble over the shoulders of the wearer. The wool of which it is made is supplied partially by two lambs offered yearly as a tax by the Lateran Canons Regular to the Chapter of Saint John on the Feast of Saint Agnes. This wool is solemnly blessed on the high altar of that Church in the Eter-

nal City, after the celebration of Pontifical Mass, and then offered to the Holy Father.

Six small black crosses worked into the Pallium, one on the breast, one on the back, one on each shoulder, and one on each pendant, give a striking beauty to this hallowed symbol, and a number of precious stones attached to the clasps scintillate with brilliant lustre, so that the effect is most artistic and impressive.

It is customary for Archbishops to petition the Holy Father for this insignia of their rank. When they have received it, they may wear it only in their own dioceses and there only on special occasions, as the great Feasts of the Church, the conferring of Holy Orders, and the like. It is a symbol of the union of the wearer with the Holy Apostolic See, and dates back to the Fourth Century of the Christian Era.

Monsignor Bonzano on this occasion officiated at this imposing function. The outdoor procession, consisting of the Most Reverend Archbishops, Bishops, priests, seminarians, Religious and laymen started on its way to the Cathedral at promptly ten o'clock. It was practically a replica of that which had formed but a few weeks previous on the occasion of the Archbishop's Installation. It was a glad and joyful day for those who were privileged to witness the beautiful ceremony and to listen to the august words addressed by the Delegate of the Holy Father to the beloved recipient of this additional honor.

On the evening of that memorable day, Arch-

bishop Hayes was the honored guest at a great reception held at the Catholic Club in its spacious and well-appointed Clubhouse in Central Park South. The affair was particularly brilliant, and the guests included the dignitaries of Church, State and City who had been present at the solemn religious function in the morning.

The modesty of the Archbishop never for a moment permitted him to attribute to his personal merits the high honor which was being paid to him by his loyal and devoted friends and subjects. On the contrary, those who knew him best understood that he would have greatly preferred to dispense with such demonstrations were it permitted him to do so. But he accepted all gratefully and simply, and offered to God the homage of appreciation and filial gratitude.

He alone is fitted to receive high honors who does not crave them, who knows how to bear them, and who makes of his success a stepping stone to still higher and more devoted achievement. Archbishop Hayes bowed to the dispensations of Providence, but we can readily understand that, the greater the authority that was entrusted to him, the more did he yearn to extend the influence of Religion by word and work and example. Jealous for the interests of his Divine Master he was, as the sequence of those works prove. "For I am jealous of you with the jealousy of God," said the great Apostle of the Gentiles to the Corinthians whom he loved as his little children in Christ.

The shepherd of souls is always jealous lest the

enemy of souls steal from him any least opportunity of doing God's work. So the Archbishop of New York entered upon his sublime apostolate with that "simplicity that is in Christ" inculcated by Saint Paul, "preaching the Gospel of God freely." His was not a nature that could brook things done by halves. He would go the whole way, as the generous servitor of his Master has always done.

CHAPTER X

NOISELESS BATTLES

ALL the Catholics of New York strove to show their veneration and affection for Archbishop Hayes, their newly elected Spiritual Head, offering their prayers for the success of his new work, and honoring him through their various splendid organizations by testimonials of one kind or another.

The Archbishop had always loved the great work of Christian Education. So we are not surprised to find him, shortly after his installation, in the midst of a group of members of Saint Gabriel's Academy Alumnæ at their annual breakfast, May 10, 1919, at the Hotel Commodore.

His Grace was the guest of honor on the occasion and entered into the spirit of the welcome accorded him with his characteristic charming simplicity and warm cordiality.

When the privileged persons were seated, the President of the Association, Miss Mary Dooling, delivered an address of welcome to the distinguished Spiritual Head of the Alumnæ.

"Today, Your Grace," said the speaker, "we offer you our heartiest congratulations on the great honor which has come to you—and it is a great honor to be the Archbishop of this wonderful Archdiocese of New York. It is an honor, richly merited, which

has been bestowed upon you in recognition of your unquestioned ability and your untiring service in the priesthood, as well as your constant and unfaltering fidelity to the many tasks assigned you by our dear friend, the late lamented Cardinal. Moreover, your war work in behalf of this, our glorious America, has earned for you the admiration of the nation and has placed you in the foremost ranks of the patriots of the land.

"But great honors carry great responsibilities, and we desire to manifest the sincerity of our good wishes to you by our willingness to assist in lightening your heavy burdens. At no time in the world's history have women served in such varying capacities as they do today. So we hereby pledge to you the co-operation and support of the alumnæ of Saint Gabriel's Academy in any field of endeavor in which we can be of service.

"And now, Most Reverend Archbishop, we assure you of our prayers for your success in the new paths which lie before you, and we beg God to grant you length of years that you may continue to lead the Church in America on, and on, and on."

After presentation by the toastmaster, Father Thomas J. Lynch, spiritual advisor of the Alumnæ for many years, Miss Mary E. Brennan gave a delightful sketch of the career of the beloved Archbishop from the time of his coming as a young priest to Saint Gabriel's Parish.

With exquisite pathos, the speaker depicted the lives of the simple people who, living in the midst of the congestion and the din of a great and popu-

lous city, found peace and comfort and strength for spirit and body in God's Holy Temple of Sacrifice and Prayer. Here, in a dim corner of the basement, a little group of children and old people would be found gathered in a small knot about one of the confessionals whose curtains showed that they had been in their hallowed place for long years. Suddenly down the aisle comes a boyish figure clad in soutane . . . "scarce more than a boy in years, but with such sweet serenity of countenance that the little stream of age and youth which presently begins to issue from behind those faded draperies, reflects the very essence of his holiness."

We recall the lovable figure of Daddy Dan in "My New Curate." It was his joy that the old people and the little children used to come to him for Confession, leaving the youth and the men and women of middle years, those who felt the lure and the thrill of life most strongly, to go to his New Curate. The little ones and the old people came to him because they were not afraid, for infancy and old age are sensitive lest they be not received with kindness. But once assured, then how sweet, how confiding their trust! Happy the man who has power to win them! So the young priest, Father Patrick Hayes, had won them, and they loved him with all the ardor of pure and guileless hearts.

Again, after the passage of years, the Bishop comes, Bishop Hayes, to old Saint Gabriel's, to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to many of those same little children who, years before, had stolen with beating hearts into his confessional to

whisper for the first time their little story to God and to His priest. It is a beautiful picture, and we who see it again today are thrilled with the majesty and glory of it.

In response to the toast, "Our Guest," another member of the Alumnæ Society, Miss Mary Neville, delivered an address which was a tribute to the qualities of mind and soul of the Archbishop of New York.

"With many of the works of this Archdiocese," said the speaker, "our Guest has been associated, but I have selected for my white rose, symbolic of things spiritual, his presidency of Cathedral College. We are jealous, oh, so jealous, of our priests. We want them to be all things to all men, and the one chosen to hear the call, 'My beloved one, come to Me!' must be possessed of rare qualities indeed. Did not our Guest nobly fulfil his position? Look around you at the young men, now priests of God, who with no regret for the fair glad world have answered:

'I only know I heard Thee call
And behold! My Love, I am here!'

"What words of mine could add to the praise bestowed by His Eminence, when, of all his priests, he selected our Guest of today as President of Cathedral College? How well our Guest fulfilled his trust only the angels know, but we may assume from the number who today raise the Body of the true God-man in consecrated fingers and perpetuate

the Sacrifice of Calvary, that the choice was a wise one, blessed by Almighty God."

The closing address was given by Right Reverend Monsignor Livingston, Pastor of Saint Gabriel's Church. His words were an eloquent and stirring renewal of the promises of loyalty to their beloved Spiritual Head made frequently by the members of Saint Gabriel's Alumnæ. In particular, their pastor expressed the desire of the members to aid their Archbishop in helping to promote the many charitable enterprises which he had at heart.

Archbishop Hayes was deeply moved by these testimonials which brought him back in spirit to the days of his young priesthood. Tender and hallowed were the memories woven about the old parish church where he had ministered at God's holy altar. Today, in the thought of all that the years had given of grace and spiritual elevation, the Archbishop was so deeply affected that he found it difficult to speak.

Only that morning, said Archbishop Hayes, he had confirmed over four hundred little children within the sacred portals of that holy House. The sight of the venerable temple where he had ministered for happy years had recalled loving memories. Adverting to his work at Cathedral College, His Grace said that this ministry had been very dear to his heart. Only the day previous he had presided at a banquet to the Chaplains of the World War, given in the very room where he was now speaking. It had been a glorious experience to meet all the generous priests who had volunteered their

services to go with the Catholic boys to a foreign country, and to face death with them in order to keep God close to their lives.

All great souls are lonely souls. So the Archbishop but reflected the beauty of his soul and its spiritual ideal when he admitted that he had been very lonely upon leaving dear old Saint Gabriel's and entering for the first time the somber rooms of the episcopal palace on Madison Avenue. When he bade farewell to Saint Stephen's and re-entered the same palace as Archbishop, this loneliness returned with deeper intensity. This same sense of loneliness had struck his heart, when, but a short time before, he had knelt at the feet of the Apostolic Delegate and received the sacred Pallium. And it was so when he stood up to address the multitude that were waiting eagerly to hear what he would say to them.

Archbishop Hayes showed himself to be no mean master of verbal description, particularly in regard to the loveliness of nature that is spread, like the open pages of a book, before the eyes of all the world. He compared his "home-coming" to old Saint Gabriel's on this occasion, to the return of the traveler to his white cottage set at the end of a little lane, with its trees and flowers and the welcome light shining through the windows. Although the Archbishop had never known this kind of home-coming, because he had been born and bred in the very heart of a great and busy city, yet he could visualize the peace and beauty of the quiet country, and enjoy in perspective what he had never been

able to enjoy in reality. His was one of those rare, sweet souls whom hard pavements and rows of dull bricks and blackened smokestacks cannot petrify or hedge in, whose spirits know no limiting or narrowing material horizons, but who find their rest with God in the inner sanctuary of thought where, as Saint Augustine tells us, there are many unexplored and marvelous labyrinths waiting to reveal all of their priceless treasures to the questing soul.

So the beloved Guest departed, leaving great joy because of his visit—sadness, too, that they could not always keep in their midst, him who had brought such glory on their humble parish.

An incident of the Archbishop's boyhood which we have already mentioned was told by His Grace with a naïveté truly delightful, to the members of the Catholic Club of New York at the reception given him on the evening of the day when he was invested with the Pallium.

"I have been the victim of many emotions," he said, "during the past few months, and this reception tonight adds another thrill to these crowded moments. I am very glad to be here this evening, and I feel very much complimented by the addresses delivered by Mr. Farrell and Mr. Talley.

"I used to think that I was brave, but I must say I was very much frightened when I realized that I was to be Archbishop of New York. The Archbishopric looks nice from afar—and that reminds me of an incident that occurred when I was a boy which perhaps had something to do with the formation of

my career, or at least served to presage what was to come.

"I was at old De La Salle Institute at the time, and George Lavelle, who was also at De La Salle and who is present here tonight, gave me a ticket for the installation of Archbishop Corrigan at Saint Patrick's Cathedral.

"I went to the Cathedral, and, American-boy-like, I kept going forward until I found myself just behind the throne. I was ambitious, it seems, even then, because I remember climbing up a little on the pillar behind the throne, so anxious was I to get a view of the Archbishop; and it was a glory to me to have the privilege of getting so close to the Archiepiscopal throne. I don't know whether the spirit entered into me then, and helped me along the road, but I feel I ought to thank George Lavelle for giving me that ticket to the Cathedral!

"I was so close to our late Archbishop, Cardinal Farley, that I thought I knew something about being Archbishop, but when the nomination came, I discovered that I had been only a dweller on the threshold. It seemed to me that I had been only looking in through a window of the Archbishop's residence. I didn't know its troubles or its shadows. I look back now and realize that, although I was in the house with the Archbishop, I never sensed his responsibilities. As soon as I found myself Archbishop, I was very much frightened, until I began to realize that Almighty God had given me a loyal clergy and devoted people, and found on every

side expressions of loyalty and affection and real cordiality."

Here we have a powerful light thrown upon another phase of the Archbishop's character and personality. He had already confessed that there were times and occasions when loneliness oppressed his soul. And these sufferings found their explanation, first of all, in that, like all Christ's close followers, he felt the pains of exile. Saint Paul had longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. There are times when every human being feels that way, although unhappily the feeling does not always come from the desire to be with God, but rather because things do not go well with them here below. When persons are perfectly satisfied in the fulfilment of all their desires, then they forget to sigh after Heaven and to remember that they are sojourners in a strange land, a desert land, "where there is no way and no water."

The childlike and beautiful soul of the Archbishop responded to the call to higher things always. In the midst of high honors and successes in the priesthood, his heart always turned, like the sunflower, to the shining Source of all light and comfort and peace. But, even though the cares and responsibilities of his exalted office at times must wear upon his spirit, he would not cast them off because he realized all of Christ's meaning, when He said: "Feed My lambs! Feed My sheep!"

Now His Grace confesses that the sense of high responsibility "frightened" him. This is only another way of saying that in his heart he cherished,

together with an ardent love, a salutary fear of God and of His imposed responsibilities. This is always the foundation stone of true humility and lowliness of spirit and it singularly beautifies and adorns the human character.

His Grace never lost an opportunity of pleading the cause of Christ's needy ones. "I want to assure you tonight," he continued, addressing the members of the Catholic Club, "that I am going to keep you to your pledges. There is a mission here in New York for everyone who loves New York and America. Here we find enemies, men and women, trying to tear out the very life of our country, and we who are loyal to the flag, must work for America first, last, and all the time, for by helping America, we help the entire world. If I say that this is the duty of every citizen of New York, it is especially the duty of the Catholics of this great Archdiocese, for we know that the Lord God has given to us the light and grace and the power to penetrate and to understand the things of God, and above all else, to appreciate the blessings of our country, those blessings which can only come from God Himself to those who recognize that He rules the world.

"We have serious duties ahead of us. We thought we had a great job before us to finish the War. That, however, was a material undertaking accomplished by our army and navy and all who assisted our soldiers and sailors. . . . But America now has another big task confronting it. We have a great duty to perform. I am not a pessimist, but I can see, looming up in front of us, conditions that

will require our most serious thought and effort. It will require every man, woman and child who is blessed with the good things of Faith to reach out consistently and generously to aid and instruct the many, many others who are not thus favored."

The serious words of Archbishop Hayes are understood by all who realize that vast and insidious forces are at work against religion and morality throughout the country today. During the last decade these forces have tightened their deadly grip upon the souls of men, and nothing short of God's grace and a far-flung crusade of apostolic workers can turn the tide of battle and win to Christ the indifferent and the lukewarm.

His Grace referred in his forceful discourse to the loyalty of his devoted subjects, particularly those who had joined arms with him in sowing the good seed in the fertile soil of souls. Never more than today are consecrated apostles needed to protect, to readjust, and to preserve the integrity of the family and the home. In this beloved country of ours, it seems to be the home that is deteriorating, that is vanishing. The modern apartment, the automobile, the moving-picture house, the dance hall and a hundred other institutions that have either sprung up or have already assumed gigantic proportions in our day, have all contributed to do away with the sweet and salutary influences of the old-time "home." Today, upon the walls of these so-called "homes" we do not see the old-fashioned motto, "God Bless Our Home," neatly framed and hung in a conspicuous place upon the wall or above the

door. Instead, there is a display of so-called "art," some of which is considered beautiful and inspirational—but a large part of it is debasing. There seems to be little room for Christ, and certainly He cannot be the Head of such "homes."

Where Christ knocks in vain at the door without, peace and virtue do not long dwell within. The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have been invited by their Cardinal Archbishop to help him by assisting the Reverend Pastors in the readjustment of the home. Sacred the trust imposed upon them and beautiful the work of restoring the ruins, tottering upon their foundations, or even lying low in a heap of charred and blackened ashes. Homes can, thanks be to God, be built up again. Souls can be regenerated, no matter how soiled and broken and bloodstained they may be. God's grace is all-powerful, and the element of kindly nature is still responsive to the sincere appeal to conscience.

To aid His Eminence, their beloved Cardinal, in restoring the broken homes in his great Archdiocese, to restore to his care and loving protection the strayed lambs of the flock—is a task that calls for great generosity and still greater fortitude. Cardinal Hayes has already blessed and praised the humble endeavors of these, his lowly children in Christ. It is easy to carry the burden beneath his watchful and paternal care, and his prayers and sacrifices for God's poor and needy ones are an inspiration to those who would follow as closely as possible in his footsteps.

Archbishop Hayes knew the heart of his people,

when he continued in his memorable speech to the Catholic Club members:

"The Catholic Club, like other associations, has pledged to me its loyalty and its support, and I want to say here, publicly, that I accept the pledge. I love the Catholic Club, and you may be sure that I am thinking what kind of a project I am going to give to the Catholic Club. The easiest thing you can do for me is to bring me in Three Million Dollars next October, for charity and reconstruction, and the only way you can improve on that is to make it Five Million Dollars.

"I am inspired to talk along these lines by the excellent addresses of Mr. Farrell and Mr. Talley. I come to you with love for the Catholic Club, and I hope and pray for its continued success. I thank you with all my soul for your kindness, loyalty, and devotion to your new Archbishop."

At the dinner given His Grace by the New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus, Dr. Harry P. Swift, Chairman of the Chapter, said in part:

"The Knights of Columbus of the City of New York are gathered here tonight to honor His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, and to congratulate him on his elevation to the exalted office of Archbishop of New York. The Knights of Columbus are proud to honor His Grace. The Archbishop has honored us by becoming a member of our Order, and I can say tonight that there is no more loyal Knight of Columbus in this city or country than our distinguished guest. We who are workers in the ranks realize the

true friendship that he has for our Order. He is ever ready and willing to sing our praises and to advance our interests.

"There are assembled here tonight, a most distinguished gathering. Men of all walks of life, Protestants and Jews as well as Catholics, have come to join with us in honoring our beloved Archbishop. We welcome you all and we believe that the spirit of unity which your presence here typifies, is but emblematic of that existing among all the people of our city."

Other addresses were given, and the speakers, while taking occasion to laud the wonderful work done by the Knights of Columbus, particularly during the Great War, congratulated the Archbishop of New York on his election to his exalted office, and promised to him who had been appointed as their Spiritual Leader and Head, loyalty and zealous service on the part of the organizations which they represented.

The response of Archbishop Hayes was brief, but gracious, and fraught with serious thought to those privileged to listen.

"I am not going to tell you that I am going to be brief," he said, "and then not keep my word. I intend to be very brief as the hour is late and you have been favored tonight with eloquence of a rare order.

"I must confess that I am somewhat bewildered at the magnificent reception tendered to me tonight. Of course I rather expect, as a right, that every Catholic of New York be true to the Archbishop.

That is fundamentally Catholic. But one of the most gratifying things to me is that so many non-Catholics have so cordially paid me a tribute as a good American. Of course I am expected to be a good Catholic. Recently a very prominent man, a Jewish friend of mine, said to me: 'I want you to realize that I and all my friends are going to stand behind you. Thank God, we now have a Catholic governor, a Catholic Mayor, and a Catholic Archbishop!'

"Now, remember that I accept all these compliments paid me since I was nominated Archbishop, not only as Archbishop, but as an old-time New Yorker."

His Grace always took occasion, whenever possible, to recall the fact of his birth and upbringing in Little Old New York—so dear to those who have been privileged to live their lives in the midst of its hallowed and untarnished traditions. In so doing he wanted, too, to recall to the minds of his audience the fact that God so often chooses the lowly ones of earth for His high purposes. To those who can accept what comes, in a spirit of submission to the Divine Will, with humility and with the determination to do all in their power to merit such exalted honors, all things work together for good.

In the Christian life, there is only one real aristocracy, and that is the title to the heritage purchased by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. For . . . "you were not redeemed with corruptible

things, as gold or silver . . . But with the Precious Blood of Christ." (1 Peter I:18-19.)

For He so meant that every little doing of today should have its definite niche in His great Purpose. Aimlessness of life is surely not worthy of those who call themselves His servants and followers. And let us not despise those tiny lesser things. He loves them. A casual courtesy to a stranger, a picked-up book—dropped by aged hands—a flitting smile which may have comforted a crying child in the street—He has noticed all of them—and accepted them, too, as done to Himself.

Again, the newer method is to pass through our allotted todays, as though they were so many burdens—one heavier than the other. But Jesus teaches us the sublime lesson of discovering His hidden joys in this world's sorrows, and this is a great grace. Does not this lesson explain the serene peacefulness amidst zealous activities gracefully made manifest in the life and work of THE CARDINAL OF CHARITIES?

CHAPTER XI

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

CONTINUING his remarkable address to the Knights of Columbus and their guests, Archbishop Hayes said:

"Seriously, I must confess that the sentiments I have heard have been a revelation to me, a revelation of loyalty and of warm affection, not only on the part of the clergy and the laity of this great Archdiocese, but also on the part of the American Hierarchy, who came from all parts of the country to pay tribute to the new Archbishop of New York.

"I shall never forget the press of this great city, which seems to have gone out of its way to say a word of congratulation and praise to me as an Archbishop."

Cardinal Hayes has always been a warm supporter and an ardent enthusiast for the good press. While he has invariably deprecated the evils of "yellow journalism," he has taken every opportunity to extol the great mission of the printed word which has such far-flung power to contribute to the moral and civic uplift of humanity. These words, then, uttered so shortly after his elevation to the See of New York, were a sincere tribute to those members of the press who, through their efforts, had aided the grand work of the Church by making her

better known and more understood by those without her fold.

"This demonstration tonight," said Archbishop Hayes, "is a tribute to Almighty God, to religion and to our country—paid, through me, by the Knights of Columbus. The work of the Knights of Columbus all through the war was inspired by the highest ideals that any citizen or group of citizens could entertain. They were working for God Himself, as were all who worked with them, and if during the war I myself tried to serve my country, I had but one thing in mind, and everything else gave way to that—it was 'America first, last, and all the time,' and I serve notice here tonight that if there was anything else dear to my soul, either my family or my race, it had to stand aside until America should win the war."

There comes a time in the lives of most men when that which they hold most dear in life has to be sacrificed in one way or other. In the Great World War sacrifice was the watchword. There was sacrifice—real, stern, heroic sacrifice—on the part of those youths who went away from home and family and friends and from their loved native land at the call of duty and loyalty to country. So there has to be sacrifice when a young man answers the lofty call to the sacred priesthood. He gives up all, in a sense, and in a manner more profound, more deep, and more heroic than those who, separating themselves only in presence from their own, can still cherish the thought of a time when they shall return to those beloved ones and enter into the tender

and intimate relations which of old they knew. Not so the priest. Although in his heart he cherishes the image of those near and dear to him, he walks apart, in a higher sphere, for he now belongs to all Christ's children, and for them he must forego the sweet delights of family life, his own home, and the joys that are the portion of most men.

As Archbishop, the Spiritual Head of the New York Diocese expressed in heroic terms his high sense of the duty incumbent upon one who takes the place of Christ in His Church, and who is in special manner called to keep and to govern the great body of the faithful. Everything, said His Grace, had to stand aside when the call of duty came to one in such an exalted and responsible position. God and country had to be served, whatever were the circumstances of that service. In this the Archbishop showed himself a true citizen and an exemplar for all his devoted people.

"This demonstration," Archbishop Hayes continued, "is a tribute to our dearly beloved land, a land that God has blessed beyond all other lands. It is a tribute to our chaplains, our Knights of Columbus, and all other organizations that labored, toiled and sacrificed to help America win.

"It is also a tribute to New York City. I did not think that New York was provincial, but I know that I was broadened very much as I traveled over the country from cantonment to cantonment, and from camp to camp. Yet I came back loving New York better than ever. I was born in New York; I have lived here without interruption except for

the few years that I was away pursuing my studies; and I love New York with all my soul. I want to assure you, Mr. Mayor, who watched over our city so wonderfully during the time of stress, who watched over and protected the soul and body of our soldiers and sailors—I want to assure you tonight that the city has no more loyal servant or more devoted friend than the present Archbishop of New York. And I wish to say further, that whatever I can do through my exalted office, or whatever the Catholic Church can do for civic betterment, will be done cheerfully and willingly, because I feel that in serving New York we are helping the entire United States."

Certainly there was no need for the Archbishop to demonstrate or to reiterate the declaration of his loyalty and affection for the city of his birth. All present knew that in their Archbishop was a fearless and vigorous ally of the best and highest interests of that dear city which was first in the loyal affection of everyone who, like His Grace, had been born in that privileged spot. There was no need of such demonstration, but Archbishop Hayes delighted in giving voice to the like sentiments in public or private, whenever the opportunity presented itself. As the old axiom says: "Where there is true affection, there is no room for oblivion." He never for a moment forgot the interests of his natal place, but they were always present to him, intimately and sacredly bound up in his love for his Holy Mother Church. And for this reason, he was a true citizen and a real patriot, for he who loves

and cherishes his birthplace as something sacred, loves also and cherishes his country with all the ardor of his being.

In closing his address, the Archbishop, in simple, moving words thanked those who had made this happy night a reality:

"And so, my dear friends, I want to thank you tonight with all my heart and soul for this demonstration—not for myself, personally, but for the great office which I hold. I want to thank you for your expressions of loyalty, and I assure you, members of the Knights of Columbus, that I will have a big job for you soon, and unless your hearts are true and your pockets are long, you will have a terrible time with the new Archbishop of New York."

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Hayes, showed his deep and abiding interest in all the associations banded together in the name of the Church and working for a good end. He gladly, therefore, accepted an invitation to be present at a luncheon given in his honor by the Catholic Actors' Guild on Thursday afternoon, May 26, at the Hotel Astor.

Nearly one thousand men and women engaged in the theatrical profession attended the luncheon, among them being many non-Catholics who welcomed the opportunity to greet the distinguished head of the Church in New York. Many who had singularly elevated themselves in the eyes of the world by their histrionic ability were there to meet Archbishop Hayes and to listen to his eloquent and paternal words.

When His Grace rose to speak, he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers and hand-clapping which continued for some time. It was evident to the most casual observer that the Archbishop felt quite at home and that his mood corresponded to the occasion. All felt certain, even before he began to speak, that they were about to listen to an inspiring message, for Archbishop Hayes never spoke unless to transmit some lofty and helpful thought to his audience.

"When," said His Grace on this occasion, "I promised the distinguished Catholic Actors' Guild that I would come to this day's meeting, I did so under the impression that I was to address only those of the dramatic and operatic profession who are Catholics. Now I find that this large and splendid assembly has been turned into a tribute to myself not only from the members of my own flock, but also from many not of the household of the Faith.

"My purpose in coming was to congratulate the Catholic Actors' Guild for the spiritual and social work accomplished during the past year. I am comforted beyond expression to know that hundreds of the profession have been brought nearer to Christ, and have found in Him the peace that passeth understanding. I am also pleased to learn that the Guild has been busy, in the Name of Christ, with many errands of mercy, charity, counsel and protection, in a variety of instances where such were much needed."

The Archbishop understood the great utility and value of the lay apostolate in aiding the mission of

the Church. Just as the great saints and leaders of the past were often recruited from unusual avocations, where one would least expect to find them, so, in these latter days, Christ's leaders frequently arose from the ranks of the workers of the world. The members of the theatrical profession did their part in providing recreation and intelligent entertainment for the great mass of people, and many times their talents became conducive to the elevation of human character. When they failed of this achievement, it was because the standards and ideals inculcated by the Church were not followed. The Catholic Actors' Guild strove to do its part in uplifting and purifying the stage, and to make it an influence for great good in the country.

His Grace on this occasion praised the charitable accomplishments of this splendid body of men and women who had given freely of their time and talent in the great cause of Christian charity. When such efforts were directed, "in the Name of Christ," as said the Archbishop, then they were well and wisely directed and the work of the Guild became of incalculable importance to the world.

That Archbishop Hayes possessed a very clear conception of the needs of those who followed the theatrical profession was evident from his paternal words: "It is not my mind to discuss the stage, its mission, its success, its failure, its sins or its virtues. I am concerned for the moment with the men and women whose fortunes for weal or woe, in time and eternity, are dependent on the spiritual ideals to which they hold fast, or ignore, or reject.

"Whatever of encouragement you have received from the interest I have shown in this movement, it is due to the fact that you are God's children, that I am your Shepherd, and that I feel my responsibility for your immortal souls. I am not of those who would reproach you because of your profession. If you ennoble your profession, you are worthy of the highest commendation. If you lower your profession or permit it to lower you, guilty do you stand convicted before Almighty God."

We can but admire the perfect honesty of the preceding words. It is doubtful whether the members of the Guild had anticipated that their Archbishop would take this occasion, when so many non-Catholics were present, to give Christlike counsel to those whose profession was surrounded by so many pitfalls to faith and morals. But they rejoiced that he did so, because here was an exceptional opportunity for helping spiritually many who possibly had never come under the like influence before, and who could not but cherish the kindly words uttered in their behalf by one who earnestly wished to be their friend in Christ.

"Your President," Archbishop Hayes continued, "has spoken of the aloofness existing between the Church and the stage. This was well illustrated today when one of your prominent guests, not of our faith, and myself met a few moments ago. I never saw one seemingly more abashed and frightened than he when he approached me; on my part, observing his embarrassment, I never felt more ill at ease. We, however, soon found ourselves, he find-

ing me quite human, and I finding him profoundly reverential toward the exalted office I occupy. You know how the Master Himself scathingly condemned some who thought that they were very, very good, and that others were very, very bad."

And then the Archbishop went on to illustrate how large a heart Holy Mother Church has, and how she is never really aloof from the children of men; that she desires to share all her treasures with those who will give her the opportunity to do so. Of old, the philosopher Plato speaks of those wise men under shelter who, looking at the multitude out in the rain, wondered why they did not seek shelter, too. And being minded to go out and tell the poor people to come in, they remembered that by so doing they themselves might get wet! "Now I think you have been out in the rain long enough," said Archbishop Hayes, "and I have ventured to invite you into the warmth, the peace, the happiness that Christ's roof-tree alone can provide.

"In the serious play of life itself, should not the actor and the actress learn the lesson from their own profession that God has appointed to every man and every woman a part in the unfolding of the sublime drama of human existence and of human destiny, and that we all must make our entrance and our exit, study well, and act faithfully our part, in accordance with the Divine plan of creation, redemption and salvation? Let the stage itself teach you lessons of preparation, industry, obedience, of

faithful portrayal in serving and loving the Creator and the Saviour of mankind.

"To every man and woman is appointed a part in the unfolding of the sublime drama of human existence and human destiny," said His Grace on this happy occasion. To some men and women, highly privileged, God has appointed a prominent part in this sublime drama—to train and drill others in the rôle they must play on life's precarious stage. For many, be it remembered, have forgotten their "lines," their "act,"—if ever they had learned it perfectly. Many souls have fallen away from Christ's sweet service because they neglected to practice their little part in the great Play.

In their allotted portion of the mission field the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate come across many poor abandoned men and women whose day before the glittering lights of Life's stage has come to a close. Once, it may be prosperity and success smiled upon them, but a turn of fortune came and they succumbed to the miseries which came thick and fast. In the darkness they let go God's guiding Hand—and then came black night. The Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate knows what is necessary in order that these unfortunate ones be set right again, and encouraged to go on with their act, even though the plaudits of their great audience, Society, be lacking this time and there be only the stimulus of knowing that they are doing the Will of God. So many times the play that started out to be a delightful comedy of pleasant things ends in doleful spiritual tragedy! Hope dies out of the

human breast, even friends fall away, and the soul is left staring into its sin-swept and despairing depths.

It is then that the Visitor-Apostle of Christ comes and lays a gentle hand upon the shoulder of such a one and bids him take courage and go back to his Father's house where a loving welcome awaits him. Although men have jeered at his performance, yet God has only pity and sympathy and forgiveness for the repentant sinner who sincerely desires to become reconciled with his Best Friend.

With the other words that have issued from the kindly lips of their great Spiritual Father, the Parish Visitors take this word for themselves, for they know that he relies upon them to do their part in mending tangled and broken threads in human lives, and in leading the stray ones back to the welcoming arms of their Father.

The closing paragraphs of the Archbishop's forceful address to the members of the Catholic Actors' Guild are a personal plea to each and every one to do his or her part in bringing about the moral and spiritual elevation of society. This end, said His Grace, can only be achieved by the personal sanctification of its individual members. A grave responsibility rests upon those who follow the theatrical profession, particularly upon the Catholic actors and actresses. The world looks closely upon them and observes what sort of influence they exercise—whether it be for good or for evil.

"Has it occurred to you that the greater your

professional gift of imitation or portrayal on the stage, the larger your personal responsibility for its use? You know the Parable of the Talents, spoken by the Master. When you stand before His judgment seat, after life's fitful fever, He will ask you to render an account of the talents He has given you. It will serve you but little that, with mask and costume, and with dramatic genius and technical skill, you have made historic figures and classical heroes live in the flesh. The Master will ask you whether you have imitated Him, whether you have put on His character, in your heart, mind and soul. The imitation of Christ is our very plain and essential duty during our mortal life."

Certainly those who were privileged to listen to the serious words of the Archbishop bore away with them lessons that would be helpful during the entire course of their after lives. Not the world, but the Master must be pleased with the performance, else it were worse than vain. "If you love your calling," said His Grace,—"and I know you do —then why not bring it a blessing by your own personal sanctification? Rest assured that a movement like the Catholic Actors' Guild will do more for the dramatic and moral betterment of the stage than condemnation and censorship of the stage. The stage is a human institution, not to be destroyed, but improved, developed, and protected, especially against its enemies behind its own curtain —against writer, manager and actor whose ideals are not based on the good, the beautiful, the pure, the just and the right. Real reformation in every

human agency comes from within, though exterior stimuli may be needed to urge it. No amount of pressure from without, however, can stay the operation of the law of decay and death, if the source, the force, and the power of the drama be not above low and degrading instincts.

"May the prominent and the influential dramatists, managers, and actors gathered here today ever have the vision and the courage to place the American stage before the world as an example of the highest ideals that will command the respect of God-fearing men everywhere; that will hold public opinion for the right; that will brighten the firesides of our wonderful people; and that will inspire the youth of our land to loyalty and service for God and country.

"May Our Heavenly Father bless you all!"

So closed one of the most memorable of all the addresses made by the Archbishop of New York. The beautiful lessons of love for God and country which he illustrated and urged, the Christlike admonitions to charity toward one's fellowman, the admonitions toward personal sanctification, all gave proof of the high spirituality of him whom all classes of men looked to for an example of fearless leadership and of exalted virtue. Nor were they disappointed in slightest degree, for the Archbishop always brought with him to every gathering and upon every occasion, an atmosphere of real piety, of solid understanding of the dangers and temptations in men's lives, and a childlike yet manly enthusiasm to enkindle in the souls of others that fire and that

light which glowed within his own. One of the salient factors in his great success with men, apart from holiness of life and prayer, was the fact that he loved everything created by God, and with Horace could say at every moment: "I think nothing that is human remote from me."

Were the wise words of the Archbishop to the Catholic actors and actresses, the managers and the dramatists, to be heeded, even in one city, in their entirety, what a consoling regeneration of a great force in men's lives would result! Today, as never before, our children are endangered by the evil productions offered by many unscrupulous and avaricious producers and managers. The very advertisements on the billboards outside many of our playhouses, in their offensive wording and their indecent portrayals, are a menace that is feeding its evil flame upon the innocence of the little ones, especially the children of the streets. Does the great public have to have this rottenness in order to find its necessary meed of pleasure? Surely not. One of the great sources of evil today is the stage and the moving-picture house, for while they exert an influence for good on a limited scale, their influence for evil is unlimited, as it seems. What prophet shall arise and shout the disgrace from the housetops?

The Archbishop, ever vigilant for his spiritual children, did his part. He did not mince his words in regard to such a grave matter. And those who listened honored him for his fearlessness, as men always honor one who is strong for the right and who is not ashamed of it, even though at times they

may not seem to agree. Fortunately, he had for his audience a select group of those whose influence would be far-reaching in this great crusade for good morals. We feel that the beautiful address that His Grace gave on this occasion did the maximum amount of good. Only God knows how far that influence extended or what seeds of virtue and renewed spiritual strength were sown in the souls of individuals. Surely it went very far.

The Archbishop realized the trend of the time. The popular desire for recreation and amusement was known to him, as well as was the distaste for serious work, for study, and especially for meditation upon serious truths. So he recalled to the minds of his spiritual children the fundamental facts of their life on earth, bade them remember that, though the Play be ever so successful, there comes a last act—Death—when the final curtain is rung down. And then the actor appears, not upon the platform to receive the grateful and admiring acknowledgments of a pleased audience, but to place himself in the Presence of His Great Manager, Jesus Christ, for judgment of his work.

Then it will be well for him if he can say that his influence upon others has been clean and pure and thoroughly good, that no dark stain of shame has marred his presentation while it was his hour to strut upon the stage. For then, and then only, shall he hear from the Master the eagerly-awaited words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Knowing as he did the power of the stage for

good or evil, His Grace gave a large measure of thought and expression to this momentous opportunity. Some philosophers have said that drama rules the world—and to a great extent we know this to be true. How excellent, then, was the occasion when the great-hearted Archbishop Hayes could guide by his high appeal for the best standard, the very rulers who ruled the stage!

CHAPTER XII

A FRUITFUL BLESSING

WHEN Cardinal Farley had visualized as far back as 1914 the pressing needs of his growing Archdiocese and had realized that he had need of additional assistance in order that he might employ himself more unreservedly in the work of administration of the Church in New York, he looked to a certain young priest under his charge in whom he recognized the qualifications necessary for the episcopate. In a significant sermon preached in Saint Patrick's Cathedral after his return from Rome in the autumn of 1914, he said:

"When, kneeling at the feet of the late Pope Pius X, rendering an account of my stewardship last spring, I presented to him my request for another assistant Bishop because of the great growth of this diocese, explaining to the Sovereign Pontiff that there was need for more than two bishops in New York in order that I might give myself more entirely to the duties of administration, His Holiness granted my request.

"Then, at the request of the Pontiff, I presented to him Monsignor Hayes. Pope Pius X laid his hands on the head of Monsignor Hayes and blessed him as Jacob blessed his son Joseph. The Holy Father prayed that the new Auxiliary Bishop might

live long and that his episcopate might be a great blessing."

The first part of the wish of the sainted Pius X, that Bishop Hayes live long, has yet to be fulfilled because the Cardinal Archbishop of New York is still comparatively young and in all probability has many years of useful activity still before him. The last part has already come true in the Providence of God, for the years since the prophetic words of the Holy Father were uttered have been replete with priceless favors and graces carried to a loyal and faithful people from the beautiful life and deeds of him whom they venerate and esteem as a very exemplar of the spirit of Christ Himself. What a rich benediction did the saintly Pope Pius X bestow, and with what abundant fruitfulness has it been fulfilled! Although only a few years have gone by since that auspicious day in Rome when the choice of Auxiliary Bishop was so wisely made, yet even this brief time has more than justified the election, and brought a blessing to priests and people, but especially to the poor of Christ.

His priests soon came to know Archbishop Hayes as a staunch and unfailing friend and an ally in all that is noble and apostolic. In every exigency of their lives and work he was at their side, and they knew that they could look to him without fear of disappointment or rebuff. Never too busy to listen to a tale of woe or to straighten out a difficulty, His Grace was approached by all in a spirit of confidence and trust, and showed himself a true spiritual father. A pertinent paragraph which appeared in

one of the big "dailies" at the time of his elevation to the Cardinalate, reviews these intimate personal relations with his clergy during the years of his administration as Archbishop, in the following words:

"When Archbishop Hayes sleeps is not generally known. If one of his priests has to go to the hospital suddenly, before he is settled in his room there is a soft tap on the door and in walks the Archbishop. When death takes away a mother or a father, a sister or a brother, while sorrow is the sharpest, a gentle hand is slipped quietly into the mourner's, and a tender voice whispers in his ear: "Remember, 'He giveth His Beloved sleep.' Remember, 'they are in God's Hands.' "

It was no little task to keep thoroughly informed of all that pertained to the welfare and happiness of the thousand or more priests in his diocese. The Archbishop knew them, every one, by name; he knew their characteristics, their likes and dislikes, and their needs. Best of all, he knew their hearts and how to gain lasting access to them. Whatever difficulties came, whether spiritual, financial, or whatsoever they might be, they knew that a talk with the cordial Archbishop Hayes would set them on the right path, and they never hesitated to seek him at such times.

When the Archbishop could not be found in the house on Madison Avenue, his priests usually knew where to locate him. In some dim uncushioned pew in the rear of the great Cathedral, he might be found kneeling in silent absorption with God. His slender figure leaning slightly forward, his hands

clasped in reverential attitude, his soul removed for the time being from the things of the world and time—there he talked with God, as did the Prophets and Saints, of the great things of the spirit, the needs of other souls, and of his own.

Certainly, in those prayerful moments, the Archbishop of New York was laying before the Omnipotent Creator of all, the necessities of the unnumbered souls in the great city that roared and seethed just outside the door. He was remembering the needs of the lost ones, the erring, the wayward, the sick, the sad, the poor. Ah! When we come to that last word, we have found ready access to the heart of the Archbishop. He loved the poor then, and today, and always, because his Divine Master loved them. He knew their heavy sorrows, the drabness of the lives that often turned to sin as a means of drowning out the pangs that could not be satisfied. They forgot Christ, so many of them, or they did not know Him Who was so pure, so gentle, so refined, so thoughtful of those in want during His earthly life! They did not remember or understand that the Bishop is the Captain of Christ, working to carry out His wishes; that he, too, is charitable and kind and gentle and compassionate.

While the enthusiastic members composing the Catholic organizations of the Archdiocese of New York were offering their heartfelt tribute of welcome to their beloved Archbishop Hayes, and while His Grace was responding in words of cordial benediction, there was going forward also under his

direction another most significant and stupendous undertaking. This was the Official Survey of Catholic Charities and Social Work in the Archdiocese of New York.

Archbishop Hayes had been attending many public functions given in his honor by various local organizations, but His Grace was doing more, far more than merely attending them, or even offering words of encouragement on their purpose, and receiving the congratulations he so richly deserved. He was training, through the most exalted and most appealing exhortations to charitable endeavor, the members of these organizations, the very leaders in Catholic and Civic life. What wiser and abler method could the Archbishop employ than to utilize the occasions for the promotion of Christlike charity when the dispositions of these his spiritual children were at their very best?

And so with manifold wisdom the future Cardinal of Charities inspired and trained his faithful Catholics, his more favored Catholics, to mercy and compassion for the less favored: for the widow and the orphan, the wayward and the erring, the homeless and the outcast; and while doing this noble work His Grace was also directing with charitable heart, with business acumen and social understanding, a most far-reaching and comprehensive Survey in the great Archdiocese of New York.

Perhaps there is nothing more significant in showing evidence of the lovely character of the Archbishop of New York than this very remembrance of the lonely, the poor and the needy ones in the

year of his greatest exaltation. The rich man feasted and forgot Lazarus at his gate, but Archbishop Hayes, the spiritual man, went to public assemblies of rejoicing to make his people remember the poor and the outcast. And so one hour found Archbishop Hayes amid the plaudits of his most loyal Catholics, and the next hour saw him poring over the details of a report from the Orphan or Protective Home and planning wherein he could make his poor children happier and more comfortable. Blessed life indeed, and worthy of the gracious Master's words of commendation: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (Matthew XXV: 40.)

Only those actually engaged with the leadership of a great work can realize the immensity of its ramifications. The first group of women who afterward formed the nucleus of the Parish Visitors' Religious Community were volunteer-assistants among hundreds of others who assisted as visitors, secretaries and compilers in the service work of the Survey; they are still living, thank God, and present among us. They can speak therefore as appreciative participating witnesses, of the Charitable and Social Survey of 1919, and they say truly that they can never forget the wonder of it all in the value and extent of its comprehensive scope and its marvelous results.

The following outline, A SURVEY AND ITS AFTERMATH by the Reverend Robert F. Keegan, M.A., Secretary of Charities to Archbishop Hayes, is an interesting and illuminating paper read

at the National Conference of Catholic Charities, September 1920, at Washington, D. C.

"Lest the title of my paper as printed in the program might mislead you into thinking that I am to speak of the various surveys that have been made of Catholic Charitable work, I want to state that I shall confine myself to that with which I am best acquainted, namely: the survey recently made in the Archdiocese of New York, of Catholic, charitable, social, and recreational activities. For the sake of clearness, I shall endeavor to limit my remarks to three points, namely, the problem, the survey, and the program for the future.

"First, with regard to the problem: The Archdiocese of New York includes both Rural and Urban Sections. Including three of the five boroughs of New York City, the Diocese extends on both sides of the Hudson River, some 85 miles, and comprises seven large Rural Counties dotted throughout by towns, ranging from 5,000 to 100,000 in population. There are approximately 1,400,000 Catholic people in this territory and they are grouped into 301 parishes and served by 1,100 priests. Bent upon doing God's work, but unguided by any single unified plan, groups and communities of Catholic people have succeeded during the last one hundred years in building up charitable works of all descriptions. These works have proceeded independently of one another without any central supervision. In fact, prior to last year, it would be difficult for any person in the Archdiocese to even name all the Societies,

Agencies, and Institutions engaged in charitable work. The Archbishop himself, born and raised in New York City, laboring for ten years as an assistant priest in a crowded east-side parish and for fifteen years after that as a Diocesan official, as Chancellor, as President of the Preparatory Seminary, and as Auxiliary Bishop, stated that he himself did not fully know the field of charity in New York and did not understand its problems, its limitations, its splendid points, or its unoccupied areas. When he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop, he determined that it was his duty to know this immense field which God had committed to his care, to know it thoroughly before attempting to organize it. Accordingly at the annual Diocesan Retreat, the Archbishop announced to the Clergy that he intended during the fall and winter months to undertake a survey or study of the charitable and social activities of the Archdiocese. On September 1, 1919, he directed that the work should proceed, and he asked for the services of Dr. John A. Lapp, already famous for his survey of old age pensions and social insurance in the State of Ohio.

"Through the kindness and co-operation of the National Catholic War Council, the services of Dr. Lapp were loaned to the Archdiocese. In order that there might be no mistake as to the motives and method to be pursued, as soon as the preliminary plans had been formulated, His Grace called a meeting of some 400 people who were in charge of Catholic works. This gathering included the Superintendent of Catholic Agencies, Institutions,

Hospitals, Clubs and Day Nurseries, the Presidents of all Saint Vincent de Paul Conferences, and many others actively engaged in the field. At this meeting, he outlined the purpose, the scope, and the spirit of study. He emphasized the fact that it was to be undertaken for constructive purposes rather than for criticism. He requested every agency and institution to receive the workers sent out from the survey office as his personal representatives, and afford them every opportunity to learn the full scope of the work carried on, the methods used, the limitations felt, and the improvements desired. Only when such a full statement as this had been secured could a constructive plan of development of Catholic Charities in New York be evolved. The Archbishop stated that the last thing he intended was to discourage workers; on the contrary, he felt that a study such as this would aid them to meet their problems more efficiently, would prevent whatever overlapping existed, and would open up new fields for Catholic endeavor. One cannot emphasize too much the effect of this speech on the leaders of Catholic charitable works who were present. From that moment they realized that the survey was something very personal to His Grace, that he was vitally interested in its success, that he would permit nothing to stand in the way of what he believed to be for the best interest of the Catholic people of the Archdiocese, and that he conceived the survey as a great co-operative movement in which all the Catholics of New York were asked to participate in order that God's afflicted and destitute might

be served to the full ability of the Church, their Mother.

"By November 1, 1919, an experienced staff was brought together and the field of charity was laid out into six separate divisions: Hospital, Child Care, Relief, Delinquency, Recreation and County Activities. In each division, detailed questionnaires were drawn up touching on every point of importance in each type of work. These questionnaires were formulated after intense study of those used in surveys in various parts of the country. After mastering them thoroughly, the workers in each division were sent out to visit the varied activities falling within their field. For example, the workers in the hospital division examined the 26 hospitals of the Archdiocese along every line important in hospital management; locations, buildings, equipment, finances, adequacy of staff, laboratory, and dispensary facilities, training of nurses, as well as dozens of other important points. In each division the same procedure was followed.

"Perhaps the most interesting and novel work was accomplished in the Rural survey which entailed the study of the problems of our priests in the seven up-state counties of the Archdiocese. In every county a priest member of the staff not only visited all public officials in the county, but also the representatives of all private agencies. Other priests visited every parish in that county, and learned at first hand its problems and possibilities.

"A separate report was submitted for every institution and agency and parish studied. The detail

included in some of these reports may be realized when it is stated that the report of one Children's Institution (by no means the largest institution) included 182 typewritten pages, and there were 32 children's institutions studied. After these reports on individual institutions had been handed in, the Chief of each division of the survey prepared a divisional report setting forth the general condition. Finally these six divisional reports were completed by the addition of a 200-page general report compiled by the directors of the survey. This general report, together with the divisional reports, were submitted to His Grace on February 15, 1920.

"I know that you are vitally interested in the findings of the survey, but, of course, the time at our disposal tonight is too brief to permit any detailed description of these findings. The further we went, the more institutions, agencies, and societies we found working, many of them almost unknown to the Catholic people at large. We found our charitable activities represented an investment of twenty-nine millions of dollars and called for an annual expenditure for operation of eight millions of dollars.

"The survey of these various works made plain that while an immense amount of excellent work was being accomplished, there were three principal weaknesses:

(1) Lack of co-ordination or understanding between agencies operating in the same field.

(2) In a great many places there was a lack of

sufficient funds to carry on the work according to the ideals of those in charge.

(3) In every division the reports showed that there were great uncovered areas where Catholic charitable works were needed.

"It was to meet these three great weaknesses that the recommendations of the divisional reports and of the general report were formulated. To overcome the lack of co-operation between Catholic agencies it was recommended that there be set up immediately a central organization with the Archbishop as its president, his secretary for Charities as its secretary, and working under him six divisions, each with a full-time director and assistants. The divisions were to be those of Children, Families, Health, Protective Care, Social Action, and Finance. It is the duty of each of these directors to supervise every charitable and social work falling in these divisions; to bring together the heads of these works for conference; to raise the standards of operation; to utilize the service of its various splendid committees organized by the Ladies of Charity; and to arrange for the establishment of new agencies where most needed. To remedy the weakness of insufficiency of funds where most urgently needed.

"The Archbishop approved the findings and recommendations of the report and lost no time in setting in motion the machinery to accomplish what was recommended. He planned immediately for an intensive campaign for funds whose principal aim was the building up of a strong dependable body

of some 25,000 lay people to be known as the Archbishop's Committee of the Laity.

"It was the duty of this committee during the week from April 18 to 25, 1920 to accomplish the secondary purpose of the campaign, namely, to secure from at least 100,000 Catholic people pledges to contribute annually for three years the sum of $500,000. No attempt was made to solicit others than Catholics. The campaign was remarkably successful. Instead of $500,000, approximately one million dollars was subscribed to be paid annually (for three years) and this sum was collected from the pledges of 233,000 individuals. The enrollment campaign finished on the twenty-fifth of April and on the first of May, 1920, the new central organization, known as 'The Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York,' took up offices and began to function.

"To speak briefly of the more prominent features of the program in each division: In the Division of Children, it is planned to set up immediately a central reception bureau and home. This bureau will receive all dependent and neglected children above the age of two and hold them long enough to study their condition and needs, and treat them for noteworthy defects and finally assign them to institutions or agencies especially qualified to meet their needs. It will afford the opportunity for the establishment of one of the finest psychiatric clinics under Catholic auspices anywhere in the world. It will insure for the children the kind of care they most need and it will give the workers a

thorough understanding of those under their care. Institutional standards are to be improved through the universal adoption of the small group system with separate living rooms for each group, a formulation of dietaries by trained dieticians, the introduction of community stores and individual earning and spending; uniform history, medical, and school records, standard requirements for the training of teachers, and the extension and development of the vocational training now given.

"Complete reorganization of the work for the protection of unmarried mothers is contemplated, in order that we may cover all Catholic, public, and non-sectarian hospitals in the Archdiocese, and make provisions for both mother and baby in a manner consistent with the needs of both and the principles of justice and charity.

"Our program for the improvement of the day nurseries of the Archdiocese is already in effect. It is comprehensive, thorough, far-reaching, and it is the intention of His Grace, the Archbishop, to undertake the immediate construction of four or five new nurseries.

"Next summer will witness a tremendous expansion of the free fresh air charities. It is planned to give thousands of Catholic children the care and freedom which they can enjoy only in summer homes conducted under Catholic auspices.

"The Big Brother and Big Sister Organizations are to be consolidated and extended to cover the needs in which their work lies.

"The Division of Health aims to co-ordinate and

standardize our Catholic hospitals and aid them in securing proper staff organization and laboratory facilities of the standard of the American College of Surgeons. More clinics are to be developed and a system of visiting nurses and hospital social service workers inaugurated to follow up cases brought to light in the hospitals and dispensaries. It is the Archbishop's intention to build a Catholic maternity hospital at once in which mothers in poor or moderate circumstances can receive good medical care.

"The Division of Families has for its task the extending of the helping hand of the church to all our co-religionists who find themselves in temporary spiritual and economic distress; the extension of the work of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul in every parish in the Archdiocese, and the appointment of trained Parish Visitors to labor in the more important city parishes. In this connection it may be of interest to note the establishment of the Fordham School of Social Service, which bears the cordial endorsement and the active co-operation of the Archbishop. This school provides a comprehensive scientific training of two years for Catholic workers who are engaged in or who intend to take up the service of charity in the various parishes or in the other fields of social work.

"The Division of Protective Care has under its direction all Catholic work relating to crime. The Catholic Protective Society has already greatly extended its work in order that our needs in this field may be adequately met. This division exercises supervision of our institutions for delinquents. Its

protective work in the General Sessions, Domestic Relations and Night Courts has created for it an enviable record.

"The Division of Social Action embraces all club work for boys, girls, young women, and young men, so as to take care of the recreational needs of our people at the earliest possible moment.

"The Finance Division has for its principal task the supervision of the collection of pledges made during the charities enrollment campaign, and the planning for the renewal campaign which is to take place every spring.

"The striking thing about the Survey and the resulting new alignment of Catholic Charities in the Archdiocese of New York, is the fact that no secular, Jewish, or Protestant constituency has brought any greater amount of scientific knowledge to an understanding of their problem than has been brought to ours. The Archbishop has consciously drawn everything that Social Science could contribute. But at the same time no one work of the Church in America was ever so thoroughly impregnated with the unchangeable principles of our Holy Faith. The foundation stone upon which the great edifice of Catholic Charities rests is the basic truth that Catholic Charity begins and ends in God."

When the reader has gone through this brief report let him try to visualize what it meant in the way of management and responsibility to Archbishop Hayes to have all this Survey made by personal visitation to Pastors, Directors of Institutions, and public officials, not only in New York

City where transportation is comparatively easy, but also in the distant and more difficult rural Communities even to the utmost limits of the great Archdiocese. And when the details of this Survey are enumerated our readers might also profitably reflect on the depth of motive and the administrative ability of THE CARDINAL OF CHARITIES, and try to realize more vividly, step by step, how well the title given here is justified.

CHAPTER XIII

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY"

AFTER reading the scope of the Survey as directed by His Grace, Archbishop Hayes we became interested to learn more regarding its actual results, and also what the Catholic Charities could do to co-ordinate, improve and extend the efficiency and beneficence of the various charitable and social works. From the quantities of informative material collected the problem would seem to be how long it would take to collate and file the various papers so as to make the research findings available to the various departments. But the Catholic Charities not only sorted and classified all material, but set to work in 1920 and put their activities into positive operation. It is true there was not much time left for developing and issuing official reports, but from the statistics published later we get an idea of the work begun in 1920, and carried forward to success. The following brief statements are full of significant meaning.

WHAT CATHOLIC CHARITIES IN NEW YORK HAS DONE

1. Catholic Charities in one year served 146,320 persons in some direct way;

2. Catholic Charities has united in one unit the disjointed efforts of over 175 Catholic institutions and agencies;
3. Catholic Charities has secured greater recognition and assistance from state, municipal and private charities;
4. Catholic Charities has represented Catholic charitable interests at national, state and city conferences;
5. Catholic Charities has organized 13,790 men and women in the field of charity in the Archbishop's committee of the laity;
6. Catholic Charities has strengthened the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, improving its condition to the worthy poor;
7. Catholic Charities has raised the standard of our Catholic hospitals and agencies;
8. Catholic Charities has secured adequate relief for thousands of cases of destitution, delinquency and distress.

The State Board of Charities complimented the Catholic Charities on the high standard maintained and the efficiency of its methods.

The Department of Public Welfare of the City of New York gave also the most cordial and sincere commendations through their Commissioner, the Honorable Bird S. Coler, on several occasions, especially at the Conference of New York City Workers held at the Hotel Pennsylvania, on September 20, 1920.

The following are the remarks of the Reverend

Robert F. Keegan, Secretary of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, who represented Archbishop Hayes on the occasion.

"It is my privilege to represent at this distinguished gathering, His Grace, the Archbishop of New York.

"In our own circles—circles of Catholic charitable activity—we have felt the need of co-operation and co-ordination. One of the first things to engage the attention of the new Archbishop of New York was a complete study of all those agencies and activities that care for the distressed, the poor and the afflicted of his own household of the Faith. When he began that study he himself said that despite twenty-five years as a priest of God—ten years of that time being spent in fruitful ministry in a crowded East Side parish, and the succeeding fifteen years as an official of the Archdiocese of New York, as Chancellor, as President of Cathedral College, and as Secretary to his late Eminence Cardinal Farley—he himself did not know the ramifications and extent of the charities over which he was called upon to preside. We have but recently completed a survey of the field in our circles, and the three great weaknesses which manifested themselves are well on the road toward remedy. A duplication and overlapping of effort, an insufficiency of funds, and a failure to cover unoccupied territory were the three great weaknesses that developed. To meet these weaknesses, His Grace instituted what all of you perhaps read about in the papers last spring—a great co-operative enterprise, in which he called to

the attention of his sons and daughters of the Catholic Faith their Christian duty and obligation to come to the support of the charities under his jurisdiction. He did not inaugurate what was commonly called a 'Drive' for funds; in fact he only asked for a realization on the part of every family making up this great Archdiocese of the obligation of the charities under the Archbishop's control. 233,000 people answered his summons to duty, and pledged him the sum of $1,000,000 annually to carry on his work.

"Immediately after the completion of that Campaign, the Archbishop inaugurated an organization called 'THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK' under which corporate title are co-ordinated each and every activity of our jurisdiction. And if we have found a great need for co-ordination and co-operation, what must be that need on the part of the great City of New York?

"Archbishop Hayes bade me tell this distinguished gathering that he stood behind the Commissioner of Public Welfare in his appeal for co-operation; he bade me say, and to give to him and to you, the traditional methods of the Catholic Church down through the ages—one of complete, entire and thoroughgoing lawfully constituted civil authority."

In May 1920, Archbishop Hayes instituted indeed a wonderful organization within the membership of the Church, an organization which we have reason to believe is unsurpassed by any similar or-

ganization in the world. This was THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK. The original method employed by the Archbishop to ensure a continuous revenue for the two hundred different Catholic charitable activities in New York was the division and subdivision of each of the three hundred and twenty-five parishes, wherein were developed zealous committees working under their good and devoted parish priests and superintended by sixteen managers for that number of districts in the Archdiocese. This meant the enrollment of approximately twenty thousand individuals and one thousand of the clergy in this great work of the Church.

That the Archbishop had always loved the poor has been attested by those who knew him intimately during the various stages of his career. But from the time of the organization of this magnificent Catholic organization in the interests of charity, of helping the souls and bodies of the needy ones of the New York Archdiocese, it would seem that the activities of His Grace for those so dear to Christ, because like to Him in suffering, increased beyond bounds.

In the year 1920, the very first year of its wonderfully active life, the Catholic Charities, organized by His Grace Archbishop Hayes had amply fulfilled the hopes and the aspirations of him who conceived it in the inspiration of a truly Christlike charity for the needy of all classes and of all conditions. In this connection the Archbishop expressed his satisfaction and gratitude to Almighty

God who had made such achievement possible, and to the loyal priests and people who co-operated with him to the end that Catholic Charities might widen and increase its magnificent sphere and so hasten to bring peace and prosperity to the great mass of the people.

"One year has passed," said His Grace in reviewing the first year's accomplishments of the Catholic Charities of New York, "since the Catholic Charities was organized, and as I look over the remarkable results accomplished in so short a period, I find that they are truly amazing. I am grateful to Almighty God, to you," (the pastors of the Archdiocese) "and to your people for this magnificent work.

"But what we were able to do last year only shows what we will be able to accomplish next year and in the years following if I continue to receive the loyal support of you and your people."

Many pressing needs had been revealed since the foundation of the work, said His Grace. These needs embraced and included every form of charitable endeavor and touched every class and age. "As a result of Catholic Charities," continued His Grace, "the love of Christ, the service of Christ, has reached nooks and crannies of the Archdiocese never reached before.

"Saint Thomas said: 'From charity arise four things; first, reverence for God; second, love of neighbor; third, helping the afflicted; and fourth, correcting the erring.'"

In these words of Saint Thomas, His Grace,

Archbishop Hayes, set the exalted religious standard of Catholic Charities. So beautiful and comprehensive was the meaning embodied in this standard that there could be no higher or better one given. With such a standard the Catholic Charities was bound to be a success and to grow in value and efficiency as the years went on even to Eternity.

The organization of Catholic Charities, said the Archbishop, had created a profound impression in Rome. Since that time its record had fully borne out what all had predicted of it, that it would be a stupendous force in the moral and social order for the regeneration and alleviation of the miseries of mankind.

Realizing the needs of the growing generation in an age when faith and morals are exposed to many grave dangers unknown to former ages, Archbishop Hayes encouraged and aided the workers in this valiant band in every undertaking for the welfare of youth.

To this end a splendid club for Catholic girls was opened at Yonkers, a modern three-story brick building being purchased for the purpose. The surrounding grounds were beautifully laid out with shrubbery and flower beds, and Catholic Charities made a generous appropriation to complete the furnishings and conduct the club for one year. Many of the members were young girls and women who were obliged to live at a distance from their homes because of their avocations. Others had no parents and were working in the midst of a large city, under peculiar disadvantages, previous to the institution

of the club. It will readily be understood what a great advantage and safeguard the innovation was to the many who hastened to enroll themselves in the club membership, and how such a splendid institution should readily become a potent force for good in the community.

A new nursery accommodating sixty little ones was opened at about the same time in Elizabeth Street, in the very heart of a congested Catholic district. The Sisters were placed in charge, and Catholic Charities furnished a substantial amount to carry on this beautiful work of caring for the little ones.

Under the supervision of the Division of Social Action of Catholic Charities, the Association of Catholic Boys' Clubs was formed—an important factor in training a large number of youths of the Archdiocese to become model members of the community, useful to themselves and to society, and an ornament to their Holy Mother Church.

Of all these good works the Archbishop was the heart and the life, and followed each undertaking with the keenest interest and sympathy.

In the fresh-air homes established for those of frail health and with no means to provide for its recuperation, thousands of Catholic children from New York City were tenderly cared for during the summer. From time to time new houses were opened for this worthy purpose, and Catholic Charities donated five thousand dollars to the priest in charge, for the upkeep of a summer camp at Hackettstown. New Jersey, about sixty miles from New

York. In a single summer, over six hundred children were received at this camp, and the following season well over a thousand. Catholic Charities also gave funds to the Saint Agnes' Day Nursery on Charles Street, where the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary mothered the little waifs abandoned, or robbed by the hand of death of their natural protectors.

Under the Division of Social Action, the Girl Scout Movement made rapid growth in the Archdiocese during the early period of the existence of Catholic Charities. To provide healthful recreation for the young girls, and at the same time guard them from the insidious forces of evil around them on every side, was the important work of this movement. Sixty-seven new Catholic troops were organized and forty-two new Scout centers opened in churches, schools, settlements and convents. Even the afflicted children were not left out of the magnificent scheme, and troops were organized at the Institute for Blind Girls in 209th Street where the little ones were taught to drill and do first aid work, and received instruction in both economics and health preservation. In the summer many of the Scout members were taken to summer camps, and the movement proved to be a wonderful means of strengthening the souls and bodies of these young girls, the future mothers of the race.

Physically defective children were looked out for through the Catholic Charities. Dependent and neglected children were placed in suitable homes. Delinquent children were dealt with in the most

efficient manner, to the end that, under wise and kindly supervision, they might get a new outlook on life and amend their ways. Through the efforts of Catholic Charities, physicians looked out for the health of the children in every department, and needy mothers obtained advice and relief in their necessities. These are but a few of the magnificent works aided and strengthened through the generous efforts of Catholic Charities, working under the watchful and zealous charge of the Archbishop of New York.

Again His Grace made a stirring appeal for renewed vigor and zealous co-operation on the part of all working in this section of the Master's vineyard. "The Catholic Charities," said the Archbishop, "appeals through the Archbishop, to the clergy and faithful of this diocese, with a confidence begotten of a work done—and remarkably well done—for the cause of Christian charity.

"In view of what has been accomplished, we may now look back with satisfaction to the survey of the diocese in 1919, which forced plainly and bluntly on our attention the imperative need of organized and enlarged effort to meet conditions, not of the diocese as it was twenty, or even ten years ago, but of one of the largest Catholic centers in the entire world, verily a Pentecostal City of God in a modern Babylon, growing by leaps and bounds and creating in its onrushing development pressing problems, both many and new, as well as difficult and conflicting."

Having detailed the work of Catholic Charities

since its inception, and the great achievements which have characterized every step of the way, His Grace continued: "What I plead for is a continuance of the same splendid spirit of faith and sense of co-operation. The appeal for the Catholic Charities has not proved a burden to anyone. It is the many in the diocese giving a mite that has made the success. The average contribution from each person was not much over three dollars, paid at the convenience of the donor. The important thing that I cannot urge too strongly is the creation and the maintenance of the organization. This makes for united effort, corporate strength, and large results. The aim should be to increase the number of subscribers to the fund, not merely for their contribution, but to make every Catholic in the diocese a real, live and earnest friend of Catholic Charities, and therefore a better Catholic in the highest and best sense of the term.

"My fervent prayer to the Charity of God and the God of Charity is that blessed, yea, a thousand times blessed, may be the faithful of this diocese who, pure of heart, clean of conscience, and rich in the deeds of charity, walk daily before the Lord in the way that leads to Love and Light Eternal."

Catholic Charities embraces all those who suffer. "Come unto Me," said Jesus to the weary, the sick and the sad of heart. It is the sweet portion of the charity worker to lead these souls to Christ, Who wants them so that His dear Heart is almost breaking when they do not come. Catholic Charities embraces the little, helpless foundling, the poor

little defective child, the weary worker who can scarce earn enough to keep body and soul together, the jobless man whose shoes are worn out and whose garments hang in tatters, who is almost on the verge of ceasing to care.

Christ wants, oh, how much to give them a chance. Another chance—even though it may be that they have abused His graces and opportunities in the past. He will always give "another chance" although the world may refuse to trust and help again. So Catholic Charity will always find a way to help, for while there is life in the body, however weakened, however weary, however mistreated in the past, there is hope of eternal reward. To fight for that reward with these poor weak and discouraged ones is the part of the true apostle of charity who can never be content with winning his crown alone.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PARISH VISITORS

WE HAVE given briefly in previous chapters the various phases of the apostolate of Catholic Charity which took on a new and more vigorous life in the Archdiocese of New York under the guidance of His Grace, Archbishop Hayes. We shall now consider in detail the relations of one group of religious workers, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, with their beloved and honored Spiritual Chief, the friend and patron of their work among the needy and the strayed sheep of the Saviour's precious flock.

When, in 1920, a little group of zealous Catholic women, who had quietly been doing missionary work in New York City for a period of fifteen years, asked permission of Archbishop Hayes to organize formally and live together in community, the Archbishop, realizing the acute need of such work at the present day, gave the desired permission, on the condition, however, that these workers should prove self-supporting, and "that they should minister, according to their purpose, as Parish Visitors to families in need of their services, as catechists, missionaries and social workers."

For a period of three months, then, these women lived in an apartment kindly provided them as a

residence by a charitable friend, and to make preparations for a permanent convent home. After this period they purchased the house at 328 West 71st Street, New York City, as their permanent abode. Although the Archbishop left these courageous souls "to work out their own salvation" as it were, nevertheless he was fully aware of the progress they made as the days went on and of the devoted work that they were doing in his Archdiocese; and we may be certain that his heartfelt prayers were offered for the perseverance and success of the new foundation.

So pleased and satisfied was the Archbishop with the results attained that, six months afterward, he gave his approval to a simple Rule of Life after the members of the new community, by experience, had found that it was practical and admirably suited to their purposes. His Grace also kindly gave permission to the Superior of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate to take the necessary steps toward the formation of a corporation, with the Right Reverend Joseph F. Mooney, V. G., as President, and Reverend William F. Meehan, Vice-President.

Archbishop Hayes heard with increasing satisfaction of the excellent results attained by the Visitors after a very short period of missionary work. Through the glowing accounts given by the Reverend Pastors who had engaged the Visitors to work among the people, the Archbishop learned various intimate details of this unique form of charitable service in the Church, and knew that his trust in the enterprise had been well-founded. For instance,

His Grace ascertained that, during the first year of their apostolic life, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate had made a most thorough and intensively active visitation to four thousand families living within the confines of two large and congested parishes of the city. They had also given religious instructions at the parish centers and at their convent home, and at Christmas had staged and presented a Nativity Play at Saint Matthew's Parish Center, recruiting the cast from the Public School children attending the catechetical classes conducted there under their direction. Such an exceptionally propitious beginning gave promise of a glorious future for the new Community, and, needless to say, the heart of their Archbishop was overjoyed at what had already been done, and at the bright promise of the future.

THE PARISH VISITORS' MISSION SCOPE

Uniting every apostolate, as it were, in one, the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate goes into the homes of the city, intent on doing good wherever she can. Here she finds her Day Nursery, her Old Folks' Home, her Hospital, her Recreation Camp for Youth, her jobless man, her undernourished mother, her juvenile delinquent. They are all grouped before her, and she has but to single them out, each for such special ministration as she understands how to minister to souls.

Often she finds—almost always we may say—that the jobless man or the weary and discouraged

mother have lost heart because they no longer have any spiritual prop to inspire and renew their confidence. For a long time, perhaps, neither father nor mother has assisted at Mass. The latest comer, the baby, is unbaptized. . . . They have drifted along without God, and at last they have forgotten that He exists; that He expects and wants something from them even in their wretched plight; that He must have it, or one day a fearful penalty will be exacted for the omission. They are spiritually starving, these poor people, for they no longer think to partake of their Daily Bread. They are far removed from the Tabernacle, wandering in the desert of sin, too despondent to seek a way out.

Yes, the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate has all in one—father, mother, son, daughter, little children. The sinner and the sinned against are hers, the hopeless and the strayed sheep, the ignorant and the sorrowful—all, all belong to her as her special portion when she finds them assembled together in the "home."

Which moves her maternal heart more tenderly —the plight of the unhappy adults of the household, or that of the helpless, almost abandoned little ones who have never learned to lisp their prayers to the Divine Giver of every good? It is difficult to say. . . . Perhaps it is the children, because she understands that they are innocent of evil and that their tender loving Saviour yearns over them and longs to fold them to His breast.

Yes, the cry of the children surely rings loudest in the ears of the Parish Visitor of Mary Immacu-

late, that cry which the poet has so well described for us:

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?"

The soul of the singer who inscribed those lines was moved by the pitiable lot of those who, as mere babes, were condemned to a life of hard toil in mill or field. The apostolic heart of the consecrated worker is wounded, not so much by a recognition of the lack of material necessities—although she knows that these, too, are needful and must be supplied—as by the realization of their spiritual poverty. She wants to ensure that these children, belonging to Christ, shall grow up in His love and service, that their whiteness of soul shall be preserved, and that no foul, lurking evil shall blot the stainless garment laid upon this child in holy Baptism.

"Belonging to Christ." . . . This is the only reason that she cares so much. She wants to give *Him* all that belongs to Him as her holy Institute bids her strive to do. "Of those whom Thou hast given me, I have not lost one." This is what she longs to be able to say to Him, her beloved Saviour, when one day He receives the reckoning of her apostolate of love!

Yes, we want enthusiastic consecrated workers, as well as a valiant body of lay workers who shall carry Christ out into the highways and the byways to His own. Nobly, silently, the magnificent work goes on beneath the vigilant eye of the Archbishop,

and thanks to the Divine aid and the generosity of individuals, every day it grows more powerful and effects more magnificent results.

Catholic Charity sees Christ everywhere. It sees Him in every shining human face, in every tear that glistens on a cheek, in every word of pleading uttered by those who sorrow and suffer. Jesus is there, standing on the tenement stairway, standing patiently outside the closed door from whence sounds of quarreling come forth to disturb the air. He is there, on the pavement of the city, looking with wistful eye out over the long line of human beings surging by. . . . They jostle Him and do not know who He is. They are immersed in everything else save Him.

Catholic Charity sees Christ in the sunken eyes of the blind, in the dull eye of the spiritually blind. . . . Oh, it sees Him there, even where the reflection is faintest because sin has stamped another image over His.

"Time passes," said Saint Bernard, "and our pains pass with it. But the glory that comes after these pains does not pass: it is eternal." There is a glory that comes, even humanly speaking, to one who ministers to a soul in pain. One does not have to wait for another life to experience the fruits of Christlike charity. Even here they are ripe to the hand of one who will pluck them and taste of their delicious sweetness.

The Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate knows, with other apostolic workers, how sweet to the palate of the soul is conquest won for the Beloved.

There are earthly joys that come and go, leaving us desolate because, just when we had learned to lean upon them and to enjoy to the fullest their refreshing solace, they were suddenly removed. Even the purest of earthly joys sometimes brings the utmost desolation because one may not always enjoy them when he would.

But the joys of Christ do not go away, even in this country of our exile. They stay, inundating the soul with the purest, sweetest and most satisfying unction. They embalm the soul and body with quiet peace and joy such as nothing on earth, not even a mother's caress, can bring. God has said that He is Love, and beside Him all lesser loves pale away and fail to satisfy.

WHAT RETURN SHALL I MAKE TO GOD?

Love of God postulates return on the part of the beloved. "Quid retribuam?" . . . "What shall I return to God for all that He has done for me?" the eager soul cries, lifting up yearning hands to heaven. God can fill those hands, fashioned for His high purposes. He can fill them with that most satisfying treasure that will count, beyond all other, for eternity.

"Quid retribuam?" "What shall I offer to God?" asks the consecrated apostle. And the answer comes, as it came to Xavier long ago, treading the halls of learning in Paris: "Give me souls!"

This, after all, is the whole mission of Catholic Charity—to give souls to God. Those, therefore,

who work for the mere perfection of the physical life, thinking that in this consists a perfect man, err sadly. Criminals, we are told, are generally men of splendid physical powers. Many of them are perfect specimens of humanity. But they are very imperfect in the eyes of good men. Why? Because the soul was not trained, was uncared for, while the body was given every possible thought and consideration.

When, therefore, the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate comes into the family circle, she eagerly scans the faces of those in the little group. Generally she can read the whole life story written there —the face is an index of the soul beneath. She has been trained to read this difficult language under the tutelage of her Divine Master, and her textbooks have been charity and prayer.

The sweet and majestic mission of Catholic Charity is always the same. It follows after the swift Feet of Christ as He went about the streets of the towns and villages lying beside the sea, or climbed the purple hills whose undulating peaks seemed to touch His Father's Home. It goes with Him into every nook and cranny where a human being is, and whispers of peace and joy and hope, even in this life which is only exile. With Him there goes one, a majestic Lady, His Mother. She loves all those who are devout to her, who have once been hers, even though they may have drifted far from her. Mary's help never fails.

The Parish Visitors have dedicated their apostolate of Catholic Charity to her, to the Immaculate

Virgin, the little Maid of Nazareth, in whom there was no spot nor stain. Pure she is, and yet her tender heart is all sympathy for the repentant sinner, no matter how low he may have fallen or how abject his state. With Mary's powerful help, her devoted spiritual children, the Parish Visitors, hope to accomplish great things for God and for their beloved Cardinal Archbishop. They desire to fulfil all his hopes, and even more—to surpass them by the magnitude and beauty of their spiritual offering.

"Rose of the mystic bloom,
Whose golden petals bright
Sprang from the lowly tomb,
In pearls of glowing light;
Breathe on our night of life,
Thy magic sweetness pour,
We, in our deadly strife,
Thy grace implore.

"Star of the midnight gloom
Whose pure and silver ray
Pierces beyond the tomb,
And lights the eternal day;
When in God's sunlight,
All dangers safely past,
Opens in portals bright
Our home at last."

(Canon Sheehan.)

Quiet the priestly hands that penned those touching lines to His Immaculate Mother some few years

ago. In a green corner of Holy Ireland rests this lover of His Heavenly Queen who wrote so sweetly of the virtue of Charity, whose great heart embraced every living human being, most of all those who had sinned and suffered much. His beautiful lines the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate make their own, because Mary is their special Patroness and Advocate in all they aspire to do.

They ask their Heavenly Queen and Mother to lean down from her glorious throne beside her Son and to illumine the dark ways over which they daily must tread. They have no fear of darksome places where evil lurks because of the presence of their Queen with them. Breathing her magic sweetness, the Immaculate Mother enters with her spiritual children into the desolate, the unkempt, the sin-weary homes, and graces the meanest hovel by her presence. Her pure and silver ray lights up the pathway to eternal life, and elevates to their heavenly home the drooping souls of those who had erstwhile forgotten her. On her the Parish Visitors rely to help them in their most difficult and disheartening cases, when human efforts seem to be futile and courage almost fails. Then Mary comes, pure and serene, inspiring confidence, bringing the issue to success, and snatching from the deadly strife between good and evil, the souls dear to her Son.

In the great apostolate of Catholic Charity, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have their own proud place. Proud, because they rejoice with exultation at the thought that their beloved Father in Christ, the Cardinal of Charities, has trusted them

with a portion of his vast field, that they may till and sow and reap it in the harvest time. Confiding in the help of their Immaculate Mother and Patroness, they hope for holy perseverance and renewed courage in doing good, that from the serried ranks of sin and unhappiness, they may draw apart many a poor soul to sit once more, with clean and shining garments, an honored guest at the Banquet Table of the King.

ARCHBISHOP HAYES VISITS THE PARISH VISITORS

It was not until July of 1921, that Archbishop Hayes greeted for the first time the Parish Visitors at their convent on West 71st Street, New York City. A happy day, one forever memorable in the annals of the Community, this was for all, from the Mother in charge down to the newest comer to the Society. Hitherto they had worked valiantly, relying only upon God for the outcome of their apostolate and for fervor and perseverance in the work they had undertaken for Him. But always, we may guess, there had been the yearning for a personal word from one to whom all looked as the Exemplar of the Divine Master and as their Ecclesiastical Superior and Captain in the mission to souls. This personal word was now to be spoken to them by their beloved Archbishop, and their courage and determination to do great things for God was to be strengthened a hundredfold by the words ad-

dressed directly to them by His Grace for their encouragement and sanctification.

Kindly considerate of others at all times, His Grace did not arrive at the Convent unexpectedly. Rather did he send word before the day of his visit so that all would be prepared to meet him and that none might be missing on that happy occasion. On the date, therefore, of July 14, all the Visitors were assembled in joyful expectancy at four-thirty in the afternoon when the Archbishop arrived at the Convent accompanied by his Secretary, Monsignor Dineen.

What a happy moment that was, never to be forgotten by the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, when they found themselves in the august presence of their Archbishop, who conversed most graciously and affably with them and showed a paternal interest in everything that pertained to their lives and work!

Afterward Archbishop Hayes went to the Chapel, where he blessed the new altar, the sacred vessels and statues, assisted during the impressively beautiful ceremony by Monsignor Dineen. Since that joyful hour the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered in this hallowed spot. From Christmas 1921 there has been reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, and so, the Parish Visitors, from the beginning to the end of their arduous day, have the sublime privilege of communing at frequent intervals with the Beloved of their souls, Jesus in the Most Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. Happily the name of the Chapel is that of one of the special patrons of

His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, for it is called Saint Joseph's of the Sacred Heart.

The Archbishop during this visit also granted the sacred privileges for the canonical erection of the Stations of the Cross. After the blessing, His Grace inspected the entire house and commented most favorably and enthusiastically upon its complete, albeit simple appointments.

Returning to the Community Room, the Archbishop addressed the privileged little group of his spiritual daughters on the high vocation bestowed upon them by Almighty God and urged them to continued and still greater effort for the honor and glory of Him whose servants and co-workers they were.

ARCHBISHOP HAYES GIVES AN IMPRESSIVE CONFERENCE

"I am very glad," said the Archbishop, "to make this little informal visit to the home of a great work. In one way it is not altogether a new work, for it has been thought about and talked about for a long time. I have talked much about it, and heard far more than I talked, so in God's plan the work has been many years in spiritual formation. But in one sense it is new, that is, in its getting under way only recently, and I am glad to say it has started very happily. From the praise I hear on all sides from priests, Sisters and people, the work has the blessing of Almighty God upon it."

The Archbishop understood, perhaps more than

those who listened to his words realized, that such a noble apostolate of Christian Charity had been conceived and brought to maturity only through heroic self-denial, heroic patience, heroic trust in God's beneficent Providence. Only the utmost confidence in God and dependence upon Him, a great distrust of self, with a surpassing love for Him, could have accomplished the seemingly impossible. And yet it had been accomplished, and a new religious institution had been added to the Church.

His Grace adverted to the retreat of the clergy at Dunwoodie a few weeks previous to his visit to the Convent, saying that the Reverend Pastors who had employed the Visitors in their respective parishes had come to him and asked him to speak to the pastors assembled for retreat of the great work done by the Community. Those who had benefited so largely by that apostolate for souls wanted others to become familiar with it so that thousands of others might be helped spiritually and the good work go on increasing in extent and measure.

"Surely the work is necessary," said His Grace. "The homes make the Church and the Nation, and if the homes are good the Church and the Nation are prosperous. Your aim is to make Christ reign in every family, even in those who seem to have forgotten His existence and His everlasting love."

Then, very touchingly, His Grace went on to tell of his own feeling in regard to the new foundation, and his words rejoiced beyond expression the hearts of those who listened and felt themselves inspired to accomplish great things because of the confidence

which their Archbishop reposed in them and his deep interest in whatever pertained to their welfare. "I have deferred the time of my visit because of many other pressing appointments. Besides, I was not in a hurry to come. God's works are permanent. The Catholic Church is immortal: 'Ave Roma immortalis!' How often we have heard that expression, and how many times the truth of these words has been strikingly verified in times of crucial test! But I have not forgotten you. And now today, I have come here upon a very beautiful feast—that of Saint Bonaventure. The meaning of the word, 'Bonaventura,' is significant of great success in God's work, and I think that my coming on this day is a Providential augury of still greater blessings. I give you my fullest approval, as far as it lies in the power of your Archbishop to give approval. Indeed I do wish you every success: I wish it from my very heart."

His Grace stressed the beauty of true poverty and detachment. The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have chosen this holy poverty and detachment for their privileged portion. They have elected to become the servants of the poor, and they care nothing for the grandeur or luxury of appointments prized so highly by the world. They wish to share willingly the little that they have of this earth's goods with those who have less or nothing, and, above all, they desire to pour out upon the spiritually needy all the treasures stored up in apostolic and Christlike hearts.

Archbishop Hayes loved the poor, and his sym-

pathetic heart bled for their sorrows and their sufferings. Yet he loved poverty itself because Christ and His dearest ones had been poor. "Christ said," His Grace continued on the memorable occasion of his visit: "'If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come, follow Me!' And so you have poverty and detachment. You have your Bethlehem. This is your Bethlehem. The angels have come to Bethlehem—I think I hear them singing. And the shepherds have arrived, too. Even the Wise Men have all been here to your Bethlehem. And last of all comes the Archbishop! Yes, the Archbishop is last to come, but not the last to remember you. I pray God to grant you all the virtues of Bethlehem, that in all the trials of life you may take everything to the feet of Jesus."

From the piety and simplicity of his great and childlike heart did the Archbishop speak to his beloved children in Christ, and his countenance, beaming with goodness and affability, expressed in lively manner the sentiments that animated his soul. In picturesque and exquisite language, then, he portrayed that little court of adorers of the Infant King at Bethlehem. It was easy for those who listened to his inspired words to realize that all this was not merely a pretty picture to the Archbishop—it was all very real, very vivid to his great heart and soul. To the apostolic workers who listened, his words opened a new vista—a greater vision of the joy and peace to be found in their chosen "Bethlehem." Henceforth, with increasing reality, they would see in every little helpless abandoned child, the Child

Jesus in His manger; in every poor and weary mother, another Maiden who long ago held a little Child to her breast in a rude cave among the hills of Judea; in every poor hard-working, patient father of a family, Joseph, the pure and just man; and they would find joy and consolation in working still harder to help every poor family, every unhappy family—especially every family where one or more of the members needed to be set right with God.

Archbishop Hayes also granted to the Visitors the privilege of celebrating the Feast of the Visitation as the particular feast of their community life.

HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP HAYES, RENEWS HIS COMMENDATION

In 1922, the Archbishop again expressed his warmest words of approval and blessing to the Parish Visitors' Community in a letter dated on the feast of the great Apostle of Charity, Saint Vincent de Paul.

"A veritable benediction to our big city, and a most efficient help to many an anxious pastor of souls," His Grace called these apostolic workers on this occasion.

"Men, women, children and entire families knowing neither sheepfold nor shepherd, and apparently lost to the Faith, have been searched out by the Visitors," said the Archbishop, "in a remarkable spirit of charity, kindness, sympathy and intelligence.

"Dark and hidden places which the zealous priest

neither reaches nor even knows of, are uncovered and flooded with the light and grace of Christian hope and happiness. Distress of soul and body is healed or relieved by the ardent faith, persevering zeal, spiritual touch and human ministry of consecrated women, who work as handmaidens of Christ's own love and compassion for the poor, the afflicted, the outcast, the neglected, the wayward.

"May Our Divine Lord bless and prosper the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, is the earnest prayer of

✠ Patrick Joseph Hayes,
Archbishop of New York.

THE DEDICATION OF MARYCREST

In July, 1923, the Archbishop crowned the efforts of the Parish Visitors by dedicating their beautiful novitiate at Marycrest, Monroe, New York, some fifty miles from the City of New York. His Grace was accompanied on the occasion by his Secretary, Reverend Stephen J. Donahue, S.T.D., and the Very Reverend James T. McEntyre, S.T.B., President of Saint Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y.

After the solemn dedication of the new altar and the Chapel, the first Holy Mass in the hallowed temple was offered that day by Reverend John B. Murphy of the Sacred Heart Church, Monroe, New York. His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, presided in the sanctuary. The Reverend Peter F. Guinevan of Saint Ambrose's Church, New York City, and the

Reverend William F. Meehan of Saint Matthew's Church, New York City, assisted the Archbishop.

What a happy moment this was for the Sister-Visitors—and we may say no less happy for their beloved Spiritual Head! His address to the community and their many guests on the occasion will ever be remembered, and the beauty of the spiritual thought expressed by the Archbishop will always serve as an incentive to them to love God more and to serve Him better.

The Chapel, said the Archbishop, is a holy place. "A place intended for God's service and for God's love for the poor. . . ." After delineating the mission of the Community to the poor and needy of soul and body, His Grace went on to reveal his intimate emotions on this Day of Days for the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate:

"I was very much moved during the services and at Holy Mass to think Our Lord is going to abide in this house, a new dwelling place for Him, a tabernacle where He is going to live among His children, to give His love to all those that come in contact with Him, and, more especially, the novices of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. Here these novices and others will be inspired, here they will receive that light which God alone can give, be touched with that fire which can only come from God, here they will be inspired with love and ideals that most persons do not understand, something that is beyond the grasp of the human mind, as high above nature as Heaven is above earth, with a power that will enable them to do all things right."

Speaking of Saint Vincent de Paul, upon whose feast day this celebration was taking place, Archbishop Hayes revealed him as "the wonderful Saint of the Apostolate of Charity." His predilection, like that of the Parish Visitors, was for the very lowliest and least of God's children. He frequented the meanest hovels where he had reason to think he could do good to souls, and he himself became, as it were, the poorest of the poor with those whom he succored. "Boys who had taken their first step downward, and girls who had made a mistake, were objects of his zealous solicitude; they became his friends, that he might save them. And babes who were thrown out by their own mothers, he gathered in and brought to Christ."

This, in particular, is characteristic of all true charity workers, said His Grace. That day at Marycrest, the "law of love" prevailed. Here we find exemplification of that sweet spirit of charity that Jesus inculcated in His earthly life. In closing his beautiful discourse the Archbishop expressed the hope that many apostolic souls might feel within themselves the sweet urge of charity, and might join the ranks of the Parish Visitors to the end that God might the sooner come into possession of His rights, the souls of men.

A DOOR OF SERVICE, A GATE OF HEAVEN

Making a tour of inspection of the house and beautiful grounds of Marycrest, Archbishop Hayes

expressed his great delight over everything that was presented to his view. The peace of Christ seemed spread over all on this happy day of consummation. Fields and valleys, trees and flowers, song birds, the blue sky and the warm sunshine—all seemed to magnify their Lord and King with a single voice. Afar off, on every side, stretched an unparalleled panorama of majestic hills where blue and purple shadows, thrown by crevices in the rocks and floating clouds, contrasted with the golden colors of earth and sky—a finished picture from which the Divine Artist seemed to have but just withdrawn His brush and was lovingly contemplating.

All was peace on this perfect day when the Archbishop came to bless that which had been set apart for God in this fair corner of the universe. Doubtless in the gratitude of his heart for all that God had done, His Grace visualized the years of the future, and the ranks of ardent and zealous apostles, stretching along as a road that winds without end, who should come here, amid the tranquil beauty of nature, to meditate on Eternal Things before returning to the busy world as shepherds of souls. Archbishop Hayes was always a man of prayer, a man of reflection on the Infinite Mysteries, and he understood the value and necessity of holy prayer; that if God's will and work is to be done, all must be begun, continued, and ended in union with Him through prayer. Here was another House of Prayer which His Grace had had the great happiness of dedicating to God's holy service in his great Archdiocese; here was another Door of Service where

many would enter; here was another "Gate of Heaven" through which a band of zealous disciples of the Master should go forth in unceasing stream to "seek that which was lost."

More than four years have passed since that joyful day when beautiful Marycrest was offered to God as a place where He might repose in the midst of loving and true hearts, devoted and loyal to His dear interest. Season has followed season; the springtime with its verdure and opening bud; the smiling summer; fall, in its dress of many colors; winter in its cold aloofness, winter, when all the world, viewed from this distant peaceful hilltop, seems buried in a frozen slumber. Who could believe that hidden away underneath the snow is the promise of a flowering Spring, that Nature is but slumbering for a time and that she will speedily awake, and casting aside her downy white blanket, will thrill with new energy in the bursting bud, shooting blade, cheerful song bird, and dancing watercourse?

This is what those who look out from this watch-tower of the spirit see in all this beautiful desolation of Winter. They know that one day life will spring from death, that the whole earth, now so dumb and unresponsive, will wake to a glad resurrection. It is a beautiful image of the mission these chosen souls have elected to do for God. Out of the dumb and unresponsive hearts of many who have strayed from their Divine Shepherd, flowers of piety will spring again in the summer time of the spirit; the Divine Sun will shine once more, warming

these poor cold hard hearts of men; every bird that sings will carol the praises of Him who alone can work the miracle of regeneration; and, far above, the angels will take up the refrain before the Throne of the Lamb.

So the Archbishop departed from Marycrest, leaving the Divine imprint upon the sacred enclosure in a more significant manner than it had ever rested there before. While, in the Tabernacle, watched and waited One whose tender Heart beat lovingly, anxiously, tenderly, for those of His Own who, afar in the busy and restless city, were waiting for the Good Shepherd's heralds, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, to show them the way Home.

CHAPTER XV

A CHRISTMAS PASTORAL

ON THE beautiful Feast of the Nativity, in 1921, the Archbishop issued a touching Pastoral Letter. Couched in exquisite language, the sentiments recall to our minds those days of simplicity and Christian unworldliness when there were not so many avenues open, as today, to the vanity of men and women to lead them away from the Manger of the Little King, the Divine Babe of Bethlehem.

We have said that the Archbishop of New York is one of those chosen ones who feel keenly the pains of exile in this earthly sojourn. He has several times stressed his sense of isolation yet always with overflowing love of God and zeal and sympathy for needy souls. We know from the lives of other holy men that there often comes a sense of oppression because of the distance of Heaven from earth and the fact that here below a detached and lofty soul cannot be content, because it is, as it were, in a foreign country, and sighs to reach its true Home. The opening words of this beautiful Pastoral Letter stress this attribute of the Archbishop and exhibit him in a mood when he is especially detached from earth but wholly devoted to God and

keenly alive to the charitable appeal of social distress in the lives of his poor people:

"Dearly Beloved of the Clergy and the Laity:

"Christmas comes again to bless us with heavenly grace and brighten with eternal hope our journey through this vale of tears. The vale in many respects was never gloomier, and the tears seldom more bitter. The world's material progress, rich in power and promise a few years ago, has lamentably failed in the supreme hour of need to stand the strain of the terrible affliction of war. We have been groping for the wall as Isaias, the prophet, says—and 'like the blind we have groped as if we had no eyes; we have stumbled at noonday as in darkness.' Divine light and strength have been ever at our side. But man would have none of it. Being a law and guide unto himself, he has been groping in vain for peace and the solution of the world's appalling problems. Though God has visited the children of men with a scourge of their own making, He still loves us with infinite love and would comfort us with an all-forgiving and all-healing compassion."

It is for the purpose of solving some few, at least, of the "appalling problems" of the world in these modern times that many zealous souls are working without recompense save that which comes from the inner consciousness of satisfying the thirst of the Divine Master. And the most appalling problem of all is that which proceeds from the ignoring of God's laws by man, His creature. The consecrated social worker knows that the real root of every hu-

man misery is sin, for otherwise it would not really be a misery, but a blessing in disguise. God permits suffering—He even wills it—"therefore it must be good," says the soul when afflictions crowd in upon it. Evil only comes when there is a departure from God's Holy Will.

"Over the ashes of war," continued the Pastoral, "over the sufferings of mankind, over the distress of nations, there appears on the world's horizon, with His exalted Mother and His humble Foster-Father, the Divine Child of the ages of prophecy and fulfilment—the 'Key of David and the Scepter of the House of Israel; that openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth; coming to lead out of bondage, man, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.' Jesus, Mary and Joseph bring Bethlehem—the starry sky and the sleeping hills, the shepherds and the sheep; the patient watches and the awing silence of the night; the darkness of the earth and the light of Heaven; the song of the Angels and the star of the Magi; the warm, cheery inn and the forbidding, bleak stable; the ox and the ass; the straw and the manger and the bare, cold ground of the cave; and the gold, frankincense and myrrh from Saba, with the dromedaries of Madian and Epha."

The scene brings with it tender recollections in all our lives. At Christmastide the most dignified, the most austere, the most pompous and most unthinking once again feel the shock of disillusionment. Bethlehem shows us our real lives as they ought to be, so far removed from the cares and perplexi-

ties and self-imposed woes that lacerate us at every turn! For a day or a week we are truly simple, joyous as little children once more. Then, overnight, we grow up, so to speak. We grow old, and, alas! the stable and the star, the quietude of the hills and the angelic music, fail us. Alas! How unfortunate we are!

This is the condition of worldlings. How many such souls have not the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate come upon in some forgotten corner of the city whither their Archbishop has indirectly delegated them to go in search of that "which was lost." They have whispered into ears that have long been stranger to such accents the sweet, soul-stirring Names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph! They have recalled to the poor unhappy soul that scene which Archbishop Hayes so touchingly described in that Christmas Pastoral of the year 1921. There are few who can refuse to look upon the tender picture or to open the windows of their hearts to the memory of the Christ Child of their infancy and youth! Although God has permitted the scourge of their own unloosing to fall upon these poor sinners, yet "He loves them with an infinite love" and would comfort them "with an all-forgiving and all-healing compassion."

"In the entire panorama of Bethlehem," said the Archbishop, "thus unfolded, the only thing made by human hand and not by God, was the inn that refused a roof to the Child. The stable-cave has been held in blessed honor ever since; the inn in everlasting condemnation. No one knows the site of the inn nor the name of its inhospitable keeper. Still, on

that heavenly night, it was the many who followed the path to the inn for bodily comfort and passing pleasure. Only the few, led by angels and inspired by grace, sought the stable and beheld the wondrous revelation of Emmanuel, God with us, the Lord of Lords, the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of mankind.

"There is nothing wrong with God's beautiful world—the universe formed and fashioned by His Hand. Only the world of pride, of lust, of self, created by man and alien to God, has been judged and found wanting both by Heaven and earth. To redeem us from the bondage of sin our Heavenly Father sends, not the plagues of Egypt to afflict us, but His Own beloved Son, the Babe of Bethlehem, 'for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign which shall be contradicted.' "

There are those who refuse the overtures of Christ's ministers and apostles and who persist in their sin, or who are too inert to arouse themselves to a sense of their spiritual folly. There are those like the keepers of the inhospitable inn which the Archbishop recalls in his admonition to his devoted priests and people. The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate have met such, unhappily, and have yearned to be able to assist them. Sometimes many efforts are needed before the unhappy ones can be induced to listen to reason. Great patience and tact are necessary in this beautiful work. A strong humility and spirit of abnegation must be characteristic of the apostle so that she will welcome rebuff for Jesus Christ as if it were a compliment, and be

willing to suffer, if need be, for the conversion of this erring soul.

The world today has traveled very far from the ideal conditions that prevailed in that simple cave at Bethlehem. Ideal, we say, for despite the abject poverty of the Mother and the Child and the venerable Foster Father, the spirit of Divine charity brooded over all, making up for all the deficiencies and discrepancies that existed in the poor spot. To restore these conditions to society, the Archbishop of New York worked and prayed and urged others on to great accomplishments in the Name of Him who, on that first Christmas, lay in His manger bed, and for aught we know, shivered in the chill winds that penetrated the crevices of the rude hut.

"On that Holy Night in Bethlehem," the Pastoral continues, "a new spiritual and sublime standard of life, thought and action was given to men until the end of time. The Holy Family became the ideal, the law and copy of childhood, womanhood, parental duty, home-making and the dignity of labor. Innocence of children, purity of women, chastity of man, poverty, honest toil, humble station, obedience and patience were embraced, sanctified and taught by God Himself as precious and essential for our welfare, here and hereafter. Riches, worldly honor, exalted position, great learning and success—laudable though they be when sought, reached, and used within right reason—all are secondary, unnecessary, and often dangerous in God's plan, for the following of Christ and the salvation of our immortal souls."

Archbishop Hayes then proceeds to outline the threefold character which is portrayed by the Holy Family at Bethlehem. First there is the Divine Child Jesus, meek and innocent, and undefiled, lying in a little handful of straw. What an example He is for the little children of the world; that they should fix their eyes on the treasures which He brings in His tiny hands rather than upon fine clothing, rich presents, or in doing their own wayward will!

Then there is the Virgin Mother, who was so sweet, so winning, so gentle in her poverty, so silent, so devoted to the august Child and to her saintly Protector, Joseph. Then Joseph, the Just Man, unknown to the world and unnoticed by the great ones of earth; but how honored he had become in caring for the Mother and the Babe!

In considering the Holy Child, Archbishop Hayes takes occasion to voice a solemn word of warning to those parents who are unmindful of the value of the immortal soul of a child: "The Christ Child did not stay His own entrance into this mortal life because His Mother was poor, roofless, and without provision for the morrow. He knew that His Heavenly Father, who cared for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, loved the children of men more than these. Children, God's gift to parents, troop down over the world at every hour from the Hand of the Creator in the fulfilment of the primary end of marriage." So, says the Archbishop, God has fixed His eternal decree and it may not be changed by man under any pretext whatso-

ever. He urges all his spiritual children to stop their ears to the pagan philosophy of the day which sets itself above the Law and the Prophets of the Old and New Testament, and to keep all evil literature away from the sanctuary of their homes.

The Holy Child, said His Grace, came on earth also to restore reverence for parents—"as much needed today as reverence for childhood. If parental authority is fast becoming a byword, it is because parents have failed in their reverence and guidance of childhood according to spiritual standards. Their own children have turned to punish them.

"Many of humanity's gravest problems would cease to be, if the leadership of Christ as the 'Little Child leading,' were more fully recognized and followed in the care and training of children and in the upbuilding of the Christian home."

How many of these little ones so dear to Jesus Christ have not the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate shielded and conducted to the feet of the One who loved them so much! We have but to travel through the congested streets of some overpopulated section of New York or any other large city on Sunday morning to find the children swarming in and out of poor, unkempt houses that scarcely deserve the appellation of "homes." It is the hour when many of these little ones should be preparing to go to Mass or be on their way to the church, yet there is no evidence that they are going to fulfil this important obligation in the life of a Christian and Catholic child. They are playing in the streets

and gutters, in the unwholesome alleyways where they will hear the very contrary to the things taught in the little blue Catechism that is the foundation stone of the Christian life.

With his blessing and prayers for their success, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York has sent the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate out "into the highways and byways" after these little ones. He knows all about the pitiable condition of many little children. He knows where they live, crowded like so many bees in a vast hive, restless, carried by their impulses hither and thither like uncared-for little animals, soiled in body and many times, alas, soiled in soul before one would imagine that they could know the meaning of sin!

How precious the souls of the most needy and miserable little ones are to the heart of the Archbishop we can understand from a strong passage in the Pastoral quoted above:

"Even though some little angels in the flesh," he says, "through the moral, mental or physical deformity of their parents, or from some other cause, may appear to human eyes hideous, misshapen, a blot on civilized society, we must not lose sight of this Christian thought, that under and within such visible malformation there lives an immortal soul to be saved and glorified for all eternity among the Blessed in Heaven."

Only the highest degree of charity could go so far. The Archbishop pleaded for the most repulsive children, those not wanted by the world, by their parents, by any save the apostle of Christ.

These children are the object of special solicitude on the part of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. They rejoice that they are able to fulfil the desire of their beloved Spiritual Father and take these poor abandoned little ones under the mantle of an all-enveloping charity. Provision for the physical wants of the child is made, but always the soul is thought of first. In this manner the devoted servants of Christ's poor offer to their Divine Master a cup of cold water to assuage His thirst upon the Cross. In this way they wipe the Blood from those pierced Feet and kiss them tenderly, and He smiles to see this loving act performed out of pure compassion for Him. He thirsts today; He suffers the loss of His Blood today; today He rewards the good thieves of the world with Paradise, just as He did on that first Good Friday Noon! But His sufferings can be appeased by the offerings of His devoted followers, by the good deeds done for the least of His flock by other charitable Veronicas!

Of Mary, the Virgin Mother, Archbishop Hayes in his Pastoral of Christmas, 1921, says: "Christmas is a divine call to woman. The Virgin Mother of God is placed by God before all womanhood as an example of purity, devotion and duty. Her whole being is consecrated by the exalted office of motherhood. Christ not only would be a child, but He would have a Mother—and an immaculate one. That man might know the mind of God with regard to woman's place in the world, Providence ordained that God's own Mother, deprived of wealth, fame

and social prestige, should have no distractions in her motherhood except the Temple and the home."

The Archbishop had been fortunate in his own beloved and saintly parents. He remembered his father more vividly than the dear mother who died when he was very young. With the remembrance of the noble example he had witnessed in the life of one chosen by God to be the father of a Prince of Holy Church, the Archbishop recalled to his spiritual children, especially the fathers of his flock, their solemn duty to provide for the members of their family, not only in a material way, but still more in a spiritual way, so that Christ might be the Head of the house.

Alluding to the terrible scourge of internal corruption of the old Roman families in the days of the Cæsars, and the widespread evil of divorce which then, as today, was eating the very heart out of society, His Grace said: "No foe without proved as terrible an enemy as corruption within. Widespread divorce desecrated the sanctuary of the family with the consequent degradation of woman. The constructive forces of the empire were weakened by the deadly moral poisons that Roman society absorbed into its very vitals and took no means to throw off. When this happens in the body, death follows." The Archbishop of New York has always stood valiantly for the sanctity of the home and has vigorously and fearlessly opposed any force or forces that tend to weaken its sacredness and its sound moral foundations.

In the sacred solitude of the Temple, God's Own

House, His consecrated spouses, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, prepare themselves for a round of ceaseless visitations to the homes of a great city. They are strongly fortified by the Sacraments, by holy Prayer, by Meditation upon the Eternal Things, before they go forth into the streets to do Christ's appointed work. With the humble, Immaculate Mother as their model, they go forth to bring the fragrance of her virtues to the poor and unhappy and abandoned mothers who have forgotten how to pray, to say the beads—who have neglected Mary for so long a time. Truly, as said His Grace in this timely Pastoral Letter, we need a return to Christian principles in the home, which is the training school for immortal souls destined to dwell for all eternity with God. And we need many and zealous apostles to teach in this best of schools—the home.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME

HAVING outlined the duties and prerogatives of the Christian child and the Christian Mother and their beautiful relations to each other in his Pastoral of Christmas, 1921, Archbishop Hayes considers the sacred obligations and the privileges of the head of the household, the Christian Father. The Archbishop had been fortunate in his own beloved and saintly parents; he remembered his Father more vividly than the dear Mother who died when he was very young. With the remembrance of the noble example he had witnessed in the life of one chosen by God to be the father of a Prince of Holy Church, the Archbishop recalled to his spiritual children, especially the fathers of his flock, their solemn duty to provide for the members of their family not only in a material way, but still more in a spiritual way, so that Christ might be the Head of the house.

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Saint Joseph, His Grace reminds the Catholics of his great Archdiocese, was "a poor and obscure workingman in the eyes of the world" and yet he "was raised in the sight of God and the Angels to a dignity with which none of earthly origin can be compared. Yet Joseph was nothing more than the faithful head of the Holy Family, neither prophet nor priest, nor apostle nor teacher. Nor did he present the heroic figures of Joseph of old in Egypt, or of David, the Shepherd King of Israel. By the labor of his hands he cared for, in poverty, Jesus and Mary. . . . The humble home and little family were his universe of love and service." We know that Archbishop Hayes has always loved simplicity in the home; even poverty when it is sent by the Hand of God and serves as a stepping stone to higher virtue to the patient poor. "In comparison with the Babe and His Mother," he continues in the beautiful Pastoral of Christmas, "through whom God manifested His infinite love and mercy, the imperial glory of the Cæsars, the jewelled palace of Herod, the gorgeous gardens of the Pha-

roahs and the undying fame symbolized by the Pyramids, were but dead sea fruit to Joseph's mind. His example fixes the real value of life."

Through the queenly streets of the city over which he has spiritual jurisdiction, Archbishop Hayes witnessed the tide of Life flowing swiftly past him as he went about "doing good" in imitation of His Divine Master. His apostolic heart was often filled with pity no doubt, for the poor rich, who shut themselves behind their great stone walls, behind curtains of velvet and silk, and tried to find happiness in the things which they think money has power to bring! These, too, are the object of loving solicitude to the Archbishop, as they are to his spiritual Daughters, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate. Now and then they hear of some poor rich dweller in a stone mansion who was once the friend of God, but who, alas, lured by the glitter of gold and pleasure, has drifted away. Once in a while the Good Shepherd guides them to such a one and their efforts are not futile, for prayer and gentle humility will oftentimes accomplish what no other power on earth can do! God be praised for souls led back through tortuous ways to Him!

Generally speaking, the poor are far happier than the rich. And yet the poor have sorrows that the rich may never know, poignant, heart-rending, soul-stirring. Archbishop Hayes knows all this and his paternal heart longs to relieve suffering wherever it may be found. But the greatest suffering he wishes to relieve is that which comes from the gnawing of the worm of conscience, which torments the unhappy

man or woman who once had peace of heart and mind in the faithful fulfilment of religious duties. Many a woman, he knows, in his Archdiocese has been lured away from God by the glitter of things earthly, many a man by the pride of ambition to have rich possessions, pleasure or power.

Opposing the forces of worldly ambition, His Grace upholds the magnificent figure of Saint Joseph, Joseph the simple, the humble, the hard-working, the chaste. . . . "Father and husband, ruler and subject, employer and employee, rich and poor —all should pattern their lives and perform their duties in the spirit of this 'just man.' This justice means reverence for religion, obedience to lawful authority, fair dealing on the part of capital, honest work on the part of labor, purification of wealth, sanctification of poverty."

It is with the last phase of this great apostolate that the Parish Visitors are most intimately concerned . . . the sanctification of poverty. Willingly they have chosen the poor as their special charge, striving to love them and serve them as Jesus Christ did during His earthly Life. It is not always easy to win the poor, for the poor oftentimes have an inordinate sense of shame in their own abjection. . . . They are proud, too, and will not always submit to the first sweet overtures of Christian and Catholic charity. But love is a great master of invention, and will find a way, even after many futile attempts, to win entrance to this soul! Perseverance is the watchword of the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate. She remembers that her

Blessed Mother would not permit herself to be intimidated by the fact that Jesus, her Child, had seemed to withhold the answer to her request at the Wedding Feast. . . . She knew that He would do this thing for her sake! She did not even ask Him a second time but bade the servants carry out the water pots and fill them up! We know the rest of that old sweet story of Cana in Galilee, and of the "best wine," that was kept for the last!

Archbishop Hayes continues: " 'Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.' . . . Purity beautifies woman and ennobles man. . . . Recently our Holy Father, Benedict XV, added to the Divine Praises in the liturgy of the Church, the significant invocation: 'Blessed be Saint Joseph, her most chaste Spouse,' referring to Mary and Joseph in the home at Nazareth."

And the Pastoral concludes thus: "This Christmas Pastoral I place most humbly in the hands of Saint Joseph whom the clergy, the religious and the faithful are honoring in our churches and chapels this day at the very hour I am writing the final words of this message to my beloved children in Christ.

"Praying the Infant Saviour to bless most abundantly with every Christmas grace the entire flock, I am

Faithfully your shepherd,
✠ Patrick Joseph,
Archbishop of New York.

New York, December 14, 1921."

At the end of this memorable year, the Arch-

bishop took occasion to rebuke those who openly advocated the practice of birth control. In a vigorous protest, His Grace recalled to the minds of all the citizens of New York the salient facts about the Christian family and the stand which the Catholic Church takes whenever the sanctity of the home or God's laws are abrogated.

Not only as a churchman, but as a citizen did the Archbishop voice his stirring and manly protest. . . . "This I do," he said, "in no sectarian spirit but in the broader one of the common weal.

"My protest is made in the name of ten national organizations of women with combined membership of nearly a million, as well as in the interests of thousands of other indignant women and distressed mothers who are alarmed at the daring of the advocates of birth control in bringing out into an open, unrestricted, free meeting, a subject, the discussion of which simple prudence and decency, if not the spirit of the law, should keep within the walls of a clinic, or only for the ears of the mature and the experienced."

At the urgent request of representative women of the City of New York, Archbishop Hayes had been asked to register his protest against the ignoble public expressions referred to above and uttered by a "few irresponsible persons without the endorsement of those whose province it is to advise the public on such matters."

Against the lawlessness and irresponsibility of the day, the Archbishop of New York publicly raised his voice on this occasion, and needless to

say, his dictum was received with respectful attention by the majority of those outside the Church as well as by every Catholic in the Archdiocese. "Social evils will follow of scarcely imaginable proportion, and with terrible consequences," said His Grace, "if the marriage relation be not kept inviolately sacred by the people.

"May Divine Providence," concluded Archbishop Hayes in his timely warning, "inspire America to fix its canons against self-slaughter at the very source of human life, lest the sacred and highest end of the family—mother and child—vanish from our homes, and the stranger, alien to the American ideal, who, however, obeyed God's command to increase and multiply, enter to possess the land."

In May, 1920, the Archbishop had incorporated the great association of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York. We have already spoken of the magnificent plan and groundwork of this organization which since its inception has done stupendous work for the good of the poor and needy of every race and condition.

The Board of Directors of the association consisted of His Grace, the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, President and Treasurer; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph F. Mooney, D.D.,V.G., Vice-President; Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D., Bishop Auxiliary of New York, Secretary, with six prominent Catholic laymen. The Administrative Staff included a number of priests of the Archdiocese with one layman. The whole work was divided into six principal apostolates: Finance;

Families; Children; Health; Protective Care; Social Action.

In the Foreword of the Report of the association, issued in April, 1922, Archbishop Hayes speaks succinctly but eloquently of the great success which has come to the work undertaken "purely for the Lord and the souls redeemed by Him.

"While the Archbishop has been a principal in projecting, organizing, and carrying out the plan of our Catholic Charities," His Grace writes, "he knew not what sort of an accounting of the stewardship entrusted two years ago to him by the clergy and the faithful of New York would be unfolded in the preparation of this report.

"Humbly but strongly did the Shepherd of New York pray and have faith that the Lord had begun the work and that He would bless it. . . . Nor has the Archbishop been disappointed. A careful study of the report is all-convincing that Catholic Charities has neither labored nor built in vain."

A glance over the pages of this interesting volume will reveal many phases of the important work being carried on by the Church in New York for the welfare of the souls and bodies of the needy. Under the caption: "Parish Visitors" we find the account of the foundation of this wonderful apostolate to those who have strayed away from Christ and who do not come under the influence of the priest. "Charity must function at the source whence social ills have their birth, in the home where companionship, environment and economic conditions shape the social and religious life of our poor. In

our diversified city life it is well-nigh impossible for the Parish priest to be thoroughly familiar with conditions in his parish without the assistance of a Visitor who can go into the home as a welcome friend; who can devote her full time and a trained and sympathetic mind to those problems which the family itself cannot solve; who can reveal to the priest conditions which call for his intervention and ministration."

When, in the latter part of the year 1920, the new Society called the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate was founded in New York, under the august patronage of His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, a great field was opened for good in the Church. A great apostolate was begun, destined to spread as the little mustard seed and to send its shoots out to many dark and sad and forsaken spots in the city streets. The purpose of the new society was to give religious and material help in the homes of the needy. In a word, to bring Christ to His Own.

At the time of the publication of this volume, April, 1922, thirteen parishes in New York were employing Visitors of this Community. "A report of the spiritual harvest which they have reaped," says the account, "is truly amazing. A large number of invalid marriages were discovered, and nearly all of these marriages adjusted. A great many children were found unbaptized, of whom nearly the full number were enabled to receive the Sacrament of Baptism."

When His Grace took up the great work of ad-

ministration of the Archdiocese of New York, he realized as none other could how diversified were the needs of the vast army of souls assembled under his care. All his life in the Church, and his boyhood, even, had been spent in the very city which he had been called upon to rule in the Providence of Almighty God. He understood all the needs of his people, not only those of the soul, but material needs as well. And he realized that the function of Parish Visitor was one fully adapted to cover a long-felt want in the apostolate of Christian charity. As Christ had gone along the ways of Galilee and Judea in the long ago, knocking at the doors of homes and hearts as He went, so the Visitors, under the guidance and protection of His Maiden Mother, were to go through the city, knocking at every door, and asking in a tactful though indirect way the all-important question: "How is it with your soul?"

Thus something "worthwhile and enduring," as said His Grace, the Archbishop, was being accomplished in a field thus far unharvested.

Efficiency is the watchword of the day in regard to all social enterprises. Day by day we come upon new and startling innovations and improvements in the facilities wherewith men seek to accomplish their work or to provide for their pleasure. Efficiency is, above all, the watchword of those social organizations working under the protection of the State and City for the alleviation of the physical and material ills to which mankind is subject. But this efficiency does not usually cover the necessities of the

spirit, provides absolutely no safeguard or aliment for the wounded and sick soul that, after all, counts most. . . . While they do not overlook the material and physical disorders which they find in their visitations, but strive to assist and to obtain every possible help for the needy, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate try above all to reach the very depths of souls, to right what is wrong, to bring peace and happiness and consolation and confidence to those who have long been prey to spiritual darkness and desolation. So Archbishop Hayes has with the most paternal kindness expressed his appreciation for the efforts and accomplishments of this band of apostolic workers, encouraging them to further and still more glorious efforts for God's greater glory and the salvation of souls.

In his Pastoral Letter on Charity which was widely quoted in the press and pulpit at the time of its appearance, Archbishop Hayes says graphically:

"Catholic charity, of its very nature, strives for efficiency, and seeks to work in harmony with all other agencies for the common good of the State and the City. It seems just and proper, however, that the recognized terms for charitable work outside the Church should be 'social service' and 'public welfare.' They cannot pretend to the spiritual quality of Christian charity. According to their own principle and practice, the defective, dependent or delinquent human being should be healed, strengthened and reformed for the benefit of the social

order and the public weal. Religion goes beyond and outside this philosophy of time."

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate are missionaries trained in the field of family work, while living a religious community life. They are trained Social Service workers and their work is planned and carried on directly in accordance with approved standards of Catholic Charity. Each Visitor receives special experience in co-operation with other charitable agencies. Thus it will be seen that the members of the Community have every opportunity to acquire a high degree of "efficiency," and, as His Grace says, can work "in perfect harmony with all the other agencies for the common good of State and City."

In co-operation with the apostolate of the Catholic Charities of New York, the mission of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate comes under the head of the Division of Families. This is, indeed, a privileged portion of the vineyard of Christ. He Himself lived in a home; He Himself was member of a Family, and He gave the example to the Christian household as to how they should fulfil their sacred obligations toward one another, toward society, and toward God.

If these obligations placed upon the members of the family by an All-Wise and All-Loving Creator had always and in all cases been followed faithfully, not even the utmost destitution, not sickness or misery of any material kind could bring real unhappiness into the hallowed enclosure of the home. But because men have been unfaithful, the Parish Visi-

tor is a necessity, especially in our age when the sanctity of the home has been invaded by a hundred dangerous elements of moral destruction.

"The Church," said Archbishop Hayes, "has been an example for nearly two thousand years of the power of organization. Our Lord left an organized society—the Church—to carry out His Divine mission. We have adhered to this principle in doctrinal and disciplinary matters, and it would seem that in the field of charity, which has been called the Church in action, that this great principle also has vital significance.

"If the Church today in New York fails to realize and actualize for the needy of her children the charity of Christ, then we fail to merit the words of Saint Paul: 'Charity never falleth away' but 'beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.' "

In the magnificent scope of Catholic charity there is room for every soul and for every form of spiritual and physical or material relief. The little child, as yet unable to walk or to speak, is tenderly cared for by supernatural Mothers, Religious, who have consecrated their lives to the little ones whose unnatural mothers have cast them off or whom death has robbed of their natural protectors. The aged, those who sit looking into the evening of life in the failing sunset, are provided for in homes which the Church has established for those, who in the decline of their years are left abandoned by all save their solicitous and thoughtful Holy Mother. The indigent sick are cared for in hospitals where the

Crucifix is their pledge of protection and assurance of immunity from desolation. Persons of all ages and conditions are safe under the protection and care of the Church which, like her Divine Founder, spends herself doing good to all. . . . And lastly, as a special fulfilment of a want deeply realized in this particular age, in their homes, where hitherto they were hidden away from the charitable efforts of those who could help them to peace of soul and to God's grace, the spiritually needy are regenerated and brought back to purity of soul and happiness of heart through the efforts of consecrated apostles, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate who go in search of these poor unhappy ones and do not give up the quest until they have accomplished their Divine mission. And also these same Parish Visitors work with all other Religious by their service between the institution and the family.

We can picture the souls who are the precious fruit of the Parish Visitors' ministrations . . . how long they had fled from the Divine Wooer, "down the nights and days, down the arches of the years . . . down the labyrinthine ways of their own minds . . ." as Francis Thompson says. . . . We can readily visualize the chase of the Divine Hound after the poor little helpless hares that run hither and thither and wound themselves trying to escape the Beloved Pursuer! But no! they cannot escape for He also inspires the Parish Visitors to continue the pursuit.

How many souls, looking back over the past, have reason to thank the Divine Bounty for the minis-

trations of apostolic souls who have saved them, almost in spite of themselves.

"My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount". . . .

So cried the unhappy ones without a God . . . but now, thanks to the wonderful apostolate of Christian Charity, they have found peace and rest and healing at the foot of the Cross.

Of all the tender works of Catholic Charity which are being carried on beneath the watchful eye of the Archbishop of New York and with his energetic co-operation, surely none is so dear to his heart as the binding up of the bruised reeds of human souls and the kindling to new grace and peace and fervor the smoking flax whose fire had been nearly extinguished.

CHAPTER XVII

CARRYING ON

"ONE hundred and forty-six thousand, three hundred and twenty persons served during 1922! This is the amazing record of the Catholic Charities of New York," wrote the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, in a luminous article appearing in "Columbia," issue of May, 1923. And His Grace goes on to outline the general survey of what was actually accomplished through the efforts of the apostles of Catholic Charity in New York during the course of that single year of 1922:

"The magnitude of these figures appears all the more forcibly when it is recalled that well-known cities have not so many souls in their entire population. Think of this vast number as a city in itself—what we might characterize as 'The City of Catholic Charity.' Great indeed is the task of Catholic Charities, and mighty the strides its conditions occasion."

To achieve this magnificent result, fifteen groups of workers labored "shoulder to shoulder, animated by a common spirit and co-ordinated in their activity by the Archbishop's central organization. The bare recital of results attained by these agencies

is an impressive proof of our Faith's vigor, and powerful evidence of her vital influence."

During this period of twelve months only, the hospitals, said His Grace, cared for 33,171 patients; the parish workers, Saint Vincent de Paul members, and Ladies of Charity aided 26,852 individuals, needy in one way or another. The friendless, to the number of approximately 9,000, received shelter and nourishment and kindly sympathy at the Holy Name Mission in the Bowery, and at Saint Mary's Home. Twenty-four nurseries offered refuge during the day to nearly 3,000 young children and infants. Child-caring agencies and special works for children reached the number of 29,855, not including club activities for boys and girls which provided healthy and safeguarded recreation for at least 8,200 more. Summer camps were developed, and their wholesome benefits shared by 6,221, and Big Brother and Sister supervision guided and guarded 5,869. Settlement Houses were attended by 13,151, and the balance was shared between convalescent houses, girls' residences, homes for the aged, and summer homes.

"Behind these cold statistics," His Grace continued, "what a wealth of human interest lies hidden! The distress of long illness; the confusion attendant upon death with its frequent demands for widows' pensions and the care of children; relief of families deprived for a time of their breadwinner's services —these are but a few of the many sidelights our figures might reveal. The self-sacrifice and ardent zeal of thousands of our consecrated religious, and

the whole-hearted practical faith of our people, have found expression in these good works. Like the Good Shepherd, they have gone forth to seek that which was lost; to reclaim that which was driven away; to bind up that which was broken; strengthen that which was weak; preserve that which is stalwart and strong."

Three years previously, the Archbishop had taken a personal survey of the field entrusted to his care by Almighty God. He had fully realized the mightiness of the problem confronting him. . . . But he was not dismayed, knowing that help would be provided from Heaven for all his undertakings. "From many quarters," said His Grace, "came appealing cries. Then and there we determined upon an experiment. There was no positive assurance that it would succeed. And because it was an experiment, we resolved to give it a completely fair trial. 'Let us pledge ourselves,' the whole Diocese agreed, 'to an heroic effort, not for one year only, nor yet for two, but for three full years.' The result of that experiment is now a matter of common knowledge. If ever a plan of action justified its continuance, it is the plan of the Catholic Charities. By organized means we have built up a veritable engine with which to carry on Christ's work. And now three years' experience convinces us that we must go on. We have been engaged in a work that simply cannot be left undone. 'Charity never falleth away.' The call of Christ comes insistently to our ears. His love for His sheep is everlasting. 'Having loved His Own, He loved them to the end.'

It is our sacred duty to guarantee the continuance of this movement for His little ones. We must make this organization permanent, lasting."

Certainly the unbounded enthusiasm of the Archbishop proved infectious, for the grand work has gone on from that time forth by leaps and bounds, ever increasing and widening its scope and achievements. Each year a greater army of the poor, the sick, the abandoned, the sad, the sinful, have been marshalled under the banner of Catholic Charities and have found strength and healing for body and soul through the kindly ministrations of Christ's apostles, the Religious and the laity.

"What has been accomplished," His Grace had said, back there in May of 1923, "is but the start; there remains to be made a gigantic effort. For there are arid places and darksome holes and regions under Satan's undisputed sway. Thither Christ must be brought."

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate pause to meditate on these last words. Their sphere is principally here, in these very "arid places, these darksome holes and regions under Satan's undisputed sway," whither "Christ must be brought." The desolation of soul is far worse than desolation of body, and Christ always healed the sick and wounded soul during His earthly lifetime before He suffered the recipient of His bounty to go from Him.

The consecrated worker has visited many so-called homes where the sun's rays beat down pitilessly, during the hot summer days, upon brick walls

that are impregnated with the unwholesome atmosphere, upon the arid patches of ground surrounding these miserable dwellings where no vegetation ever thrives. The tottering stairs have groaned and creaked beneath her weight as she felt her way up them in the Stygian darkness of the stair-well, so that she has breathed a sigh of relief when she finally reached the dismal room or two at the top, called, by the poor people who are huddled together like animals in this unsalubrious pen—"home."

She, better than most others, knows all about these "arid places and darksome holes and regions under Satan's undisputed sway." Where those of lesser dignity and virtue dare not venture to tread, she goes fearlessly, because even the most hardened sinners usually have respect for the consecrated ones of God.

This is her privileged portion of the field assigned to "Catholic Charities."

She gathers the little ones into her loving and tender arms. She is not afraid that she will be soiled by contact with their unwholesome garments. She takes them by the hand and shows them that she is their true friend, like her Divine Master, in love and desire for their souls, and that she means to stand by them in their sore needs of body and soul. What a beautiful mission this is, and how consoling the rôle of the Parish Visitor of Mary Immaculate!

His Grace alluded, then, to these broader fields of charitable effort: "And there is need, too, of even broader activity. Charity means more than

the mere alleviation of poverty. Charity is Christ going about, healing and preaching and teaching as well. In Charity's name we are bound to the corporal works of mercy, but there are moral and intellectual works that crave the shelter of Charity's mantle.

"What greater charity can there be than the guiding of youthful minds, the ennobling of youthful hearts? Our boys and girls, seeking knowledge beyond the grades, are in all too many instances taken away from Christ, the Teacher. Just at their most impressionable age, they go forth to institutions where the mention of Christ's Name and the sweetness of His spirit are entirely absent.

"Again the voice of Charity is in our ears. 'These are Christ's little ones; their souls must be protected; suffer them not to be separated from Him.' And, in answer to that appeal, we now determine that these children shall be neglected no longer. Catholic Charities will extend their activity into the field of education. A chain of high schools in city and town and village will be our goal, and, as the first link in that chain, we shall begin the erection of a great academy for girls in the shadow of our cathedral.

"Thus will our organization go on, gaining new viewpoints, reaching out to fields ever widening, yearning to be all things to all men."

Such wonderful work could not fail to merit the notice and appreciation of the Holy See. And so, in March of 1924, the joyful tidings of the selection of the Archbishop of New York as a member

of the Sacred College of Cardinals was flashed throughout the Diocese and the country. Non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, expressed their warmest appreciation of the action of the Holy Father. But New Yorkers rejoiced especially, because their beloved Archbishop was theirs by every right and title, being a native of their dear city who had spent all his life within its confines. With Archbishop Hayes, the Most Reverend George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, was selected to wear the red robes of the Cardinalate. Archbishop Mundelein, too, was a product of New York City, and his selection by the Sovereign Pontiff for the highest honor the Church can bestow, save only the Papacy, was a matter of intense satisfaction to the Catholics of the Archdiocese.

Confirmation of the Holy Father's choice arrived in New York on Thursday, March 6, 1924. The despatch from Rome by the Associated Press read as follows:

"Two American prelates are to be elevated to the Cardinalate at a Secret Consistory to be held March 24. They are Archbishop Hayes of New York and Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago.

"This announcement was made at the Vatican today. Pope Pius, in giving two additional red hats to the United States, was moved by the generous response of the American people to the appeals for the suffering state of Europe. The Pontiff, in elevating the prelates, is said also to have desired to honor the people of the United States for their spirit of self-denial and loyalty.

"The Pontiff for a long time has admired the work of Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein, and after due consideration to the claims of other countries for increases in their membership in the Sacred College, he decided that the United States was most deserving and that Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein were well fitted to be honored by reason of their personal qualities as prelates, as well as because of the importance of the Archdioceses under their charge.

"The Vatican expresses the view that the addition of two new American Cardinals to the Sacred College will add strength to the highest Church councils, as well as give the United States more even representation both geographically and numerically. It was said today that for a long time the Vatican was on the point of deciding to nominate a Cardinal from west of the Alleghenies, but that the present move finally fulfilled a proposal which had been held in suspense for months.

"It was recognized that New York, because of its importance as the metropolis, should have a Cardinal, but that the rest of the country could not be neglected in the bestowal of red hats; that Chicago, the center of such important territory, could not be longer denied the honor of a Cardinal.

"Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, said today he was most happy to see the United States receive two additional red hats. Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, has been in conference with Vatican officials for several days. When told of the desire of Pope Pius to nominate

Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein for the red hat, he expressed delight over the fact that the representation of this country would be raised to four. Cardinal O'Connell said the nomination of the prelates was profound recognition of the loyalty and devotion of Americans toward the Holy See, and that it would be appreciated as such by the entire American Church.

"Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein are expected to reach Rome March 17. They will be received by Pope Pius before entering the Consistory.

"It is certain that additional red hats will be allotted at the coming Consistory, but the Vatican is maintaining the closest secrecy concerning the names of the prelates to be honored. The Consistory is expected to be the most important since Pope Pius was elected."

The Consistory also promised to be the most imposing in the history of the Church in recent years. Pope Pius, it was reported, decided to hold this impressive function in the Basilica of Saint Peter's. After the Secret Consistory would come the Public Consistory, three days later. Large numbers of Americans were expected to be present in recognition of the honor conferred upon the entire country by the appointment of two new American Cardinals.

According to press despatches, Vatican engineers were immediately set to work making several small alterations in the Basilica, especially regarding the aisles. The decision to hold the Consistory in

Saint Peter's permitted the attendance of four or five times the number of persons as could be accommodated in any other of the Vatican halls.

Meanwhile, the red hats designed for the new members of the Sacred College were displayed prominently in the windows of a clerical hatter in Rome. Many visitors crowded the shop to inspect them at nearer vantage, and the hatter invariably said to those who inquired as to the individual owners of each red hat: "They are for two new American Cardinals. I don't know which is which."

The significant utterance of Archbishop Mundelein when he was told of his appointment, gives us simply and plainly the formulae for such magnificent attainment as that reached by the Archbishop of Chicago, Most Reverend George Mundelein, and the Archbishop of New York, Most Reverend Patrick Joseph Hayes:

"We both labored hard for many years," said Archbishop Mundelein. "Neither had a sudden rise, and now those who have known us both, testify that for each of us unremittent toil in our chosen paths of life, rather than the possession of any brilliant talent, has led us to this high place in the esteem of our fellow men. It would be well for the youth to remember the lesson the centuries have always taught us, that success in life means a steady grind, a toilsome climb of the rough trail to the top of the mountain to which there is no ascent by motor or aëroplane."

The Catholic News, commenting on the elevation of the Archbishop of New York, said: "New York-

ers, of course, know more, personally, of Archbishop Hayes than of Archbishop Mundelein. Since he succeeded the late Cardinal Farley he has won the affection of his own people and the respect of those of other faiths. Everyone regards him as a pious and scholarly prelate, a graceful public speaker, an administrator and leader of rare ability, and an American of the highest type. His country always takes the place next to God in his mind and heart. No voice has been raised more earnestly than his in pleas for all that is best for our beloved nation. What he has done for his Church and his country is told at length in the history of his career printed in other columns this week. As one reads that record, it is easy to understand why Archbishop Hayes has taken such a hold upon the hearts of the people of New York, regardless of creed.

"Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein are entering as Cardinals an historic institution, so many of whose members have been famous figures in history from the earliest ages. That God may spare them to wear the red hat for many, many years, is the prayer of their own devoted people and of their fellow citizens who admire them for the patriotic as well as religious zeal they have ever shown."

Because of the necessity of hurried preparations of departure, Archbishop Hayes could not be given a formal farewell demonstration. Despite the shortness of the time, priests and faithful numbering thousands were at the steamship pier to bid farewell to the two prelates sailing for the Eternal

City. "This demonstration," said the Catholic News, "was entirely spontaneous, and was an evidence of the great love that New Yorkers have for their religious leaders."

The Cardinals-Elect sailed on the great Cunard liner, Berengaria, on Saturday, March 8, on their momentous journey. Both had the same desire—to slip quietly away—but in this hope they were disappointed.

Among the thousands from all walks of life who gathered at the pier were many non-Catholics and prominent men and women in various professions, all of whom highly revered both prelates, native New Yorkers as they were, and therefore especially near to the hearts of their people. When the two Archbishops reached the steamer, they were escorted to its lounge, an immense salon, where for over an hour the people passed them in single file, each person venerating the rings of the prelates and wishing them Godspeed on their important mission.

The last act of Archbishop Hayes before leaving the episcopal mansion on Madison Avenue to take the steamer for Rome is significant of the man. Early in the morning, having celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as did also Archbishop Mundelein who was his guest, accompanied only by his secretary, he went into the Cathedral, to kneel in silent prayer at the tomb of his venerated predecessors in the Archbishopric. It is likewise significant to recall that his first official act of devotion on reaching Rome was to pay a visit to the tomb of the Apostles.

The Glee Club of the Police Department paid a gallant tribute to their "own Archbishops," when they sang, during the reception in the ship's lounge, that ever-popular song, dear to every native of the great metropolis: "The Sidewalks of New York." In the refrain they were joined by the thousands who stood by, all deeply touched with emotion. Brother Edmund, the former teacher of both prelates in the Christian Brothers' School, was also present, and needless to say, he rejoiced in the high honors that had come to those whom it had once been his duty and privilege to train in Christian principles.

His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, said in his final message to the people of America, given through the newspapermen who crowded about him asking for a statement:

"Well, we are sailing. That is settled. I never like to leave New York. I think that the Archbishop of Chicago did not like to leave New York . . . and now he does not like to leave Chicago.

"I may possibly owe an apology to people who have been looking for a statement from me, but the whole thing came so hurriedly! It was given so unexpectedly!

"The proper etiquette is to await an announcement from Rome itself, from the Holy See. And we made such hurried preparations for getting away that it was impossible to prepare a statement to fit the occasion.

"I believe the personal element just now should be eliminated as far as humanly possible. It is not

an honor to the individual, but to the official head of the diocese, and, to me, this diocese is the most important in Christendom. First of all, it is an honor to the people of New York and New Jersey, of which I am the Metropolitan.

"I am more than happy, these days, to have found evinced by all classes of people, of various beliefs, in New York City, an expression of universal approval of the action of Pope Pius. I was deeply touched by the statement from Rome to the Associated Press, that Our Holy Father had conferred this dignity upon the great cities of New York and Chicago as a tribute to America.

"I feel that the Archbishop of Chicago and myself will come back with loftier inspiration, and even greater consecration, to serve God, our country, and its glorious traditions."

When Archbishop Hayes had finished speaking, Archbishop Mundelein said: "You can add this. I was born in New York—so were my parents, and so were my grandparents—and I am always glad to come back with loftier inspiration. The people of New York are the finest in the world—after Chicago."

To this sally, Archbishop Hayes responded: "Now you can say that the Archbishop of New York questions that."

The last "good-by" uttered by Archbishop Hayes was spoken to his beloved Uncle, John Egan, who, we remember, with his good wife had cared for the orphaned boy during the formative days of boyhood and young manhood. Then the "All ashore"

was repeated several times, the throng of visitors moved down the gangplanks, and a little later the Berengaria swung out of her dock, fifteen minutes behind scheduled time. Those on shore, with moist eyes, watched the two slender figures of the prelates on the deck until they became mere specks on the horizon, and soon after that, the great vessel, like a huge bird skimming the surface of the waters, dipped out of sight beyond the horizon line.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE ETERNAL CITY

ARCHBISHOP HAYES had been deeply touched by the great ovation accorded him and his distinguished companion, Archbishop Mundelein, on board the Berengaria as they were about to depart for the Eternal City. This feeling His Grace expressed in a radiogram sent to Auxiliary Bishop John J. Dunn, V.G., which Bishop Dunn read to all the congregations at Saint Patrick's Cathedral on the following Sunday. The message from the beloved Archbishop read as follows:

"Delighted and grateful beyond words at wonderful demonstration. The note of sincerity, cordiality and affection could not at all be questioned since no preparations had been made for such a remarkable expression of reverence and devotion to the Shepherd of New York. Thank the people of our great city, through the papers, for their expression of affection for their fellow townsman."

A second radiogram received by Bishop Dunn from His Grace was read at the theological conference of priests held at Cathedral College, Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street. The message said:

"All well. Affectionate greetings to the priests and people of New York. Those at the conference may explain to the others the reason for this in-

formal way of saying farewell. Haste prevented my meeting them. Have them keep me in their prayers."

Needless to say, these messages of sincere appreciation and affection were widely repeated and quoted in the press and elsewhere. The intense love of the Archbishop for his native city as well as for his loyal and devoted flock, was a matter of general knowledge among all classes of citizens, and on this occasion those outside the Church, as well as her faithful children, joined in the heartiest good wishes for a safe and successful journey of the two prelates to Rome and, their mission accomplished, again home to this country.

The Catholic News, under date of March 15, voiced the note and tone of practically every appreciation which appeared in the columns of the daily papers. Reverting to the impression made upon the great public by the Archbishop of New York on his elevation to that important See, the article said:

"Archbishop Hayes, as head of the New York Archdiocese, is the spiritual leader of more than 1,300,000 devoted Catholic people. His influence, however, is not confined or limited to those of the Catholic faith, for an increasing number of non-Catholics are constantly seeking him and looking to him for direction. His fearless stand on religious questions, contrasted with the doubt and denial of essentials in some of the non-Catholic creeds, has driven hundreds of thinking non-Catholics to

seek his advice. He knows New York, and he knows New Yorkers, and New Yorkers know him."

Stressing his fame as a public speaker, the writer says: "When he was elevated to the Archbishopric he was invited to civic functions and public dinners, at first by courtesy, but very soon after he became so deluged with invitations that he could not accept a tenth of them. The fame of his distinguished appearance, his dignity of bearing, his remarkable eloquence, and, above all, his amazing knowledge of New York conditions and his pride in his city, spread through the whole town.

"He proved no passive prelate, but a veritable sword of the Church, a fighting man among men when there was a cause worth fighting for, and yet with an unexpected power of forbearance when the occasion for diplomacy arose.

"When, during the World War, Fifth Avenue was a gallery of flags of all nations, he electrified the Fifth Avenue Association at a banquet with a speech declaring that only one flag should be barred there—the red flag. At another time, when the Broadway Association invited him as guest of honor, he told them the real story of Broadway as he had seen it grow from his boyhood, and the members of the association sat like children in school, listening to the teacher."

In the general rejoicing in the honor come to one so universally loved and revered, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate had their place. To none was the news of Archbishop Hayes' elevation more welcome or more deeply appreciated than to

this band of fervent and loyal workers in the cause of Catholic Charity, under the guidance of their distinguished Spiritual Leader. All the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate united their prayers of thanksgiving to Almighty God on this gladsome occasion, that He Who had called their beloved Archbishop to such a great height of distinction, would give him the necessary health and strength of soul and body to carry on the work so successfully begun, and would make him a still greater force for good in a world that, in spite of its follies and foibles, can still bow to mental and spiritual superiority.

The Catholic Mind, commenting on "The Cardinals of Manhattan," said: "The whole country rejoices in the honor which Pope Pius XI has conferred upon it in calling two American citizens, the Archbishops of New York and Chicago, to the Sacred College of Cardinals. As Archbishop Hayes truly said, the selection made by His Holiness evinces the Holy Father's love for our country and his sincere interest in its truest welfare. Hence the choice of the Vicar of Christ is a genuine token of his regard for all our people.

"But Catholics in the city of New York will be pardoned if they so far indulge their pleasure as to claim that the choice reflects especial honor upon their beloved and much-maligned mother city. For Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein, both natives of Manhattan, may be truly ranked as 'the Cardinals of Manhattan.' Both prelates are products of our parish schools; more, each is an alumnus of a venerable institution which bears the ancient

name of the city. Hence, if the city and the country are to be congratulated, a special meed of honor must be reserved for the Christian Brothers of New York, for it was at Manhattan College that the young men now raised to a sublime dignity, received that Catholic training so earnestly desired by the Church for all her children. Many are the Catholic Colleges which humbly thank Almighty God for sons and daughters battling nobly in the cause of truth and righteousness at the altar, in the cloister, and in the world. But is there a college in Christendom which can boast that two of its children, Metropolitans in great and populous Provinces, were called to the Sacred College on the same day?"

During the time that the Berengaria was breaking her way across the waters, prayers were constantly offered up in the Cathedral and in the other churches of the City for the safeguarding of the beloved Archbishop of New York and his fellow traveler on that momentous journey. His immense flock of devoted spiritual children did not forget for a single day this special intention, and this was as it should be and as the Archbishop had desired. "Have them keep me in their prayers," had been his farewell message to clergy and people, and it was fitting and proper that one who had done so much for all his people should be first in their hearts and their petitions at this solemn epoch in his life.

A few hours after the departure of the two prelates on their far journey, a most significant incident was made public in some mysterious way—fortu-

nately for those who would gather up and cherish every little happening in the eventful story of the Archbishop. It appeared that a little Polish widow with an infant babe had applied to the "Want Ad" Department of a big daily newspaper to help her in her quest for work. She was without money to pay for the insertion of an advertisement, but the department took up her case and found work for her in a short time. Yet there was still a difficulty —it was seemingly impossible to make provision for the little baby—no one seemed willing to take the child or to be responsible for its care.

The matter was taken to Archbishop Hayes. Although he was immersed in the rush of preparations incidental to his departure for Rome, everything else was dropped while this helpless little one received the attention of one whose fatherly heart was so readily touched by the cry of distress. The woman was happily located in a safe shelter and her child placed in the care of responsible persons who would permit the mother to have access to it whenever she desired.

"This," said the New York American, in whose columns the little incident was related, "may be some little indication of why Archbishop Hayes has been singled out for great honor in his calling."

In its issue of March 22, America made this comment: "The press cables from Rome say that the Holy Father, in selecting the two new Cardinals from the American hierarchy, wishes to recognize that American charity shown in the prompt response made to his appeal for help. There is a

long standing debt due Catholic Austria from many parishes throughout the United States."

We can readily visualize Archbishop Hayes on that important and epochal journey across the Atlantic. Although his thoughts naturally turned toward the solemn ceremony soon to take place in Eternal Rome, of which he and his companion were to be the center of interest to all—from the Holy Father himself to the poorest peasant in the greatest city of Christendom—we know that often the eyes of his spirit turned toward his beloved New York and those faithful trusting ones whom he had left behind for a brief while.

A new and greater responsibility would now rest upon him. In spirit he recalled the mighty physical features of that endeared city; the great struggling mass of her people; the wants, the needs, the cares, the pains, the sins of the ignorant and the malicious: for all his kindly heart had pity. He wanted to help all to know and love Christ; he wanted to provide them with those things that were necessary to their health and happiness and prosperity. What a gigantic task to confront any man! In those solemn moments he doubtless felt renewed strength and confidence in the help which comes from Above of which Saint Paul spoke when he cried out, "I can do all things in Him Who strengthens me!"

Upon their arrival in Rome, according to press dispatches received shortly thereafter in the United States, Archbishops Hayes and Mundelein had received a most enthusiastic welcome fully equalling that usually accorded to members of royal houses.

So great was the throng that had assembled to greet the American prelates, that all prearranged details had to be dispensed with and both Archbishops could do no more than make their way through the mass of people to their cars. Among the distinguished persons waiting to extend a welcome to the visitors were Monsignor O'Hearn, then Rector of the North American College; Right Reverend Louis Walsh, Bishop of Portland; Edward Hearn, General Commissioner for the Knights of Columbus in Europe; Monsignor Aluigi Cossio, former auditor of the Apostolic Delegation in Washington, and Judge Morgan O'Brien of New York.

Both Archbishops expressed their pleasure in being once more in Rome, and particularly under such extraordinary circumstances.

During his stay in the Eternal City, Archbishop Hayes, as we know, remained at the North American College. Never before, officials reported, had so many Americans thronged the city. The demand for tickets to the Public Consistory at which the new Cardinals would receive their red hats was so great that those in charge almost despaired of accommodating anything like the number who sent in requests.

Details of the voyage to Cherbourg reached America, meanwhile, telling of the rough seas which had prevented both Cardinals from celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on board ship. A religious service had been held in the Palm Court of the Berengaria, however, and the Rosary and other

prayers recited in common by all the Catholics on board the ship.

Mindful at all times of his devoted people, Archbishop Hayes sent the following cablegram to Bishop Dunn informing him of the safe arrival in Paris of the pilgrims:

"Arrived Paris. Trip stormy, but enjoyed rest. Still thinking of farewell. Deeply appreciate kindness of people, always thoughtful and truly wonderful. Reach Rome Monday. Well. Fervent blessings on little old New York."

There is no mistaking the note of regretful affection for the city of his birth and training in this message. Archbishop Hayes loved "home"; he loved to be "at home." We have said that all great souls are lonely souls. In the case of the Archbishop he had a peculiar affinity with Thomas à Kempis in his love for his own "little corner." To those who view the gigantic Metropolis from the distance, it hardly seems "little." But to him who, as the Archbishop, had known it from its "little" days, it would be always remembered by this endearing title: "Little Old New York."

Evidence that the great work of Catholic Charities was uppermost in the mind of the Archbishop came very soon in the form of a beautiful Pastoral Letter, issued by him from the American College at Rome, on the Feast of the Annunciation.

"Dearly Beloved of the Clergy and Laity," the Archbishop said:

"Through the kind Providence of Almighty God, I have recently been called to Rome, the center of

Christendom, that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the Vicar of Christ, might bestow upon unworthy me the honor of the Cardinalate, and thus show to the entire world his love for America, his deep regard for the Archdiocese of New York, and his tender, fatherly solicitude for my faithful people. Down through the centuries, the successors of Saint Peter, standing steadfast amidst the rise and fall of nations, have watched the course of history, and have learned from experience that the happiness and destiny of men and nations can only be attained through the spread of the peace and love of Jesus Christ. So it is that the Holy Father has taken this occasion to bless the great heart of America, ever throbbing with sympathy for the downtrodden and the afflicted, the suffering and the needy. In this moment of joy my soul turns in prayer, gratitude and affection to the glorious country of which I am proud and happy to be a citizen."

Even at a far distance from them, the heart of the Shepherd turned in loving solicitude toward his flock. Doubtless, even in contact with the glories and the grandeur of historic Rome, Archbishop Hayes was thinking of the glad moment when once more he would be able to stand in the midst of "his own," in the magnificent Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, and speak of the things that now filled his heart and soul with deepest emotion.

But that was not yet. Meanwhile, his thoughts were with those devoted ones: "And what shall I say of that wonderful people whom God has given me as Shepherd, a people united in apostolic faith,

true to the teachings of His Divine Son, unsurpassed in their loyalty to His Vicar on earth, and generous beyond measure in their devotion to their Bishops and Pastors? Lifelong association has taught me their splendid qualities, their great kindness, their virtues, their ideals, their sorrows and their joys. Truly may your Archbishop say with Saint Paul—'I have you in my heart,' and 'I give thanks to my God in every remembrance of you.'"

The Archbishop then recalls the magnificent works of religion that give testimony of the abiding faith of his dear spiritual children. "For you have manifested the Grace of God, particularly in that dearest section of His Vineyard where are found the poor and the sick, the orphan and the neglected, the victims of shame and sin."

These words the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate take to themselves in a special manner. Their beloved Chief Shepherd characterized as "the dearest section" of Christ's Vineyard those places where the poor, the sick, the abandoned, the sinful, are huddled together, unknown and unnoticed by the rest of the world. These spots, like huge fever sores on the fair face of the city, are the harvest fields of the Parish Visitors, and here they may go at will to find the fruitage dead ripe beneath their touch . . . a little later and death would take away the last chance for Christ in souls who have long abandoned Him. Yes, it is the "dearest section of His Vineyard," and one can think of the beautiful Christ, sitting outside the doors of many a wretched abode which had been

closed upon Him, and weeping as once He sat and wept over Jerusalem.

In his beautiful Pastoral, the Cardinal seems to accentuate the need of Catholic charity more than any other phase of religious endeavor. And for that matter, is not all religious endeavor really "Catholic Charity"? Surely, yes. "The Pastoral office imposes on our conscience," continued the Cardinal, "the duties of every true shepherd, to seek out 'that which was lost,' to reclaim 'that which was driven away,' to bind up 'that which was broken,' and to strengthen 'that which was weak.' To carry out this obligation in the Archdiocese of New York, containing, as it does, one and one-quarter million people, with ever-changing needs and problems both new and difficult, is a task that can only be performed by the united efforts of the clergy, the religious and the laity, following the direction of a competent diocesan department under the leadership of their Archbishop."

His Eminence then goes on to recapitulate the works of the Catholic Charities of New York, that magnificent institution of the Archbishop which has "reached out a helping hand to families breaking beneath the burden of sickness, unemployment or misfortune; to children deprived of the tender care of mother or father; to aged men and women robbed of strength and friends in the passing flight of years; to the erring, to the wanderer—to thousands whose souls or bodies needed the Gentle Charity of Christ.

"Charity is a virtue only when our love for our

neighbor is based upon our love for God. So, beneath the form of the lowly, the suffering and the fallen, we have tried to discern and minister to Him Who had 'not where to lay His head,' whose soul was 'sorrowful even unto death,' and Who came not 'to call the just, but sinners.' At the same time, we have brought to our task the best thought of the leaders in modern social science, and have worked in harmony with all other agencies for the common good of the City, the State and the Nation. To the sound methods, principles and standards required by present-day conditions, the Church brings a blessing—a grace and an unction that is all Her own, springing, as it does, from the love and service of Christ in His suffering members."

Twice each week, said His Eminence, he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for all the intentions of those who contributed to the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese. This generous offering on the part of one who would naturally have so many personal and private intentions, not to speak of general ones, indicates once more the overwhelming zeal for the apostolate of Charity that filled the soul of Cardinal Hayes. He concludes this beautiful Pastoral with the following words to his beloved children in Christ:

"Entrusting the success of the present appeal to the special protection of the Virgin Mother of God, and praying that the light and love of her Divine Son may enter your hearts today to brighten your paths, to bless your homes and to sanctify you for

time and for Eternity, I am, Faithfully and gratefully, Your devoted shepherd in Christ, Patrick Cardinal Hayes."

This was the first time that His Eminence had so signed himself, and the subscription brought exceeding great joy to his devoted clergy and people. Now they had new cause for happiness, new incentive to achievement for Christ and His needy ones, for God had deigned to honor them as a people, through His Vicar, for their faith and generosity in the past.

CHAPTER XIX

A JOYFUL HOME-COMING

IN THE early ages of the Church, the Roman Pontiff was accustomed to call together the clergy of the Eternal City in order that he might confer with them regarding important questions of faith and Church discipline. Such a convocation was known by the name "presbyterium," or presbytery. Visiting Bishops were generally invited to participate in these solemn deliberations. In the year 240, the Holy Father, Saint Fabian, appointed a Deacon for each one of the seven districts of Rome. Their principal charge was to provide for the needy ones and look after an oratory or small church where the Catholic faithful might come together to worship God. In Constantine's time these deaconries received distinctive names. Since the Deacons were also attached to some church, they became known as "Cardinales" of that church because they were "incardinated" in it.

Adjacent to Rome were seven towns, each having its own Bishop, and these Bishops were frequently called to the Eternal City by His Holiness to confer with him on matters of weight. Hence the prelates of the seven Sees came to be considered as attached to the Holy Father's Cathedral, and were in consequence called "Cardinales" of the

Lateran Basilica. The Cardinalate is customarily conferred in recognition of eminent personal services to the Church and the Holy See, or for qualities of exceptional rank. Pope Innocent IV first bestowed the "red hat" upon newly elected members of the Sacred College, and Pope Boniface VIII gave the "sacred purple" or cardinal red robes. The form of address, "Your Eminence," dates from the time of Urban VIII. (1630).

In a striking allocution delivered at the Secret Consistory on March 24, 1924, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, declared that the elevation of two Americans to the sacred purple was a unique tribute to the charity of American Catholics, who, said His Holiness, had attained "primacy" in charity. The qualities of the prelates so honored, as well as the importance of the Sees which they governed so worthily, had determined the Pontiff in making his choice of the new Cardinals.

"In the immense family which God has confided to us," said Pope Pius on this memorable occasion, "there are brothers more favored by Divine Providence who, through the Father of all, come to the assistance of their less fortunate brothers in their trials and disasters.

"Our heart is touched, and at the same time exalted toward God, thinking of and beholding their magnificent acts of filial piety and fraternal charity. We find pleasure in expressing to them from this exalted place in this distinguished assembly, a fervent declaration of our gratitude—that of a father

who feels himself much indebted on behalf of his suffering children."

On many occasions the Holy Father had testified to the anguish which filled his paternal heart at sight of the miseries engendered by the hatreds and avarice of men and nations. In particular, the unhappy state of affairs in Russia had moved him to deepest compassion. But for *every* individual and class who suffered, the heart of His Holiness was heavy, and therefore those who had performed signal deeds of charity for the suffering were especially near to his soul.

Continuing his discourse, Pope Pius said:

"We feel, however, that something would be wanting this expression of gratitude if special mention were not made of the position and part which the United States of America took and maintained in this concourse of charity.

"From the moment in which our voice was first raised in behalf of the poor starving children of Russia, the clergy and people of the United States responded to our appeal with a promptness and generosity which at once placed them in the first ranks in this crusade of charity.

"This beneficence, shown everywhere and by all, continued for a long time. We can say it even still continues, though gradually reduced in proportion as the days advanced in which the need diminished.

"Later, we intimated that fresh miseries and necessities had arisen in various parts of the world. It was only an intimation, as, indeed, discretion counselled, but it was sufficient to enkindle again

everywhere fresh ardor to bestow money and other material help according to the varying possibilities.

"The slight intimation was sufficient to move the hierarchy, clergy and people not only to maintain their primacy, but to push forward and upward—so they are seen to excel even the grand and wonderful deeds of charity they had previously performed.

"Finding it truly impossible to express in words what our heart felt regarding such a series of historic calamities and the not less historic and even epic charity, we have resolved to express it by an act which, touching the very summit of the sacred hierarchy, would be visible and clear to all in its mute eloquence, and proclaim it especially to the great and noble people and country which gained so laudable a primacy in such a glorious undertaking.

"We have thus elevated to sacred honor two dignitaries who, by their personal qualities, by the importance of their respective sees, by the zeal and merit of their pastoral ministry, already have shed lustre upon the hierarchy of the United States of America.

"If the act is extraordinary, the moment which inspired it is also extraordinary and unexampled."

So spoke the Holy Father, and the entire world, thrilled at the unspeakable majesty of these noble sentiments, rejoiced. But first of all, the great army of spiritual children of the two distinguished prelates exulted thankfully that such an honor had come to their beloved Spiritual Shepherds and, incidentally, to their great sees and the multitude of the faithful under their jurisdiction.

In their humble and hidden abode, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate rejoiced, as, each day, press accounts told of new glory placed upon the head of their revered Archbishop, their friend and counsellor, their staunch ally in the strife against the powers of evil that lurked on every side in their great city. In spirit, reverently they followed those sublime and touching scenes enacted within the sacred enclosure of Saint Peter's, and added their heartfelt prayers of gratitude to Almighty God for the unspeakable favors accorded to their Spiritual Head.

In response to the greetings sent him by Pope Pius XI upon the occasion of the presentation of the biglietti officially notifying him of his election to the Sacred College, Archbishop Hayes said:

"The thought of our dear land today is one of recognition and appreciation that the Holy Father honors it by creating two Cardinals. This great distinction coming from the Church will be so recognized.

"I want to say just a brief word to those who come from far-off America to serve the Church and God, and, at the same time, serve America, our native land. My thought is one of deepest gratitude for the honors given to one so humble, who would choose rather to serve in the ranks than in a superior position. But God called me, and in response to the command of the Holy Father, I came to receive the high dignity with chastened soul.

"May God grant me His benediction to serve the Church with even greater consecration. May

God grant that the Holy Father may long be spared to serve and guide the Church of God—to become in a greater sense, the leader and saviour of the world, which so needs salvation in this great hour."

The elevation of the two American prelates took place actually at the moment when they received the biglietti from the emissaries of the Pontiff, immediately after the Secret Consistory. When the latter delivered the sacred documents, they addressed the recipients as "Most Illustrious and Reverend Archbishop." But after the biglietti had been read, the form of address was: "Most Eminent and Reverend Prince." From that time Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein were each to be honored by the title: "Your Eminence."

Mindful always of his own loved Archdiocese, Cardinal Hayes at once sent the following cablegram to the Right Reverend John J. Dunn, at Saint Patrick's Cathedral:

"Just created Cardinal by Our Most Holy Father. I send my blessings to yourself, beloved clergy, devoted Religious, faithful people, and the entire city of New York, who are all in my heart these days with consecrated affection. May a never-failing stream of precious blessings flow upon our glorious country and our wonderful city.

✠ Patrick Cardinal Hayes."

Many messages were sent across the ocean congratulating Cardinal Hayes upon his elevation. Prominent among them was one from the Holy Name Men of Holy Name Church, Ninety-Sixth

Street and Amsterdam Avenue. The more than 2500 members also extended an invitation to His Eminence to be present at their annual Communion Breakfast at Hotel Astor, on May 11. Another greeting which was especially prized by the Cardinal was the cablegram sent by the Grand Street Boys' Association. The message read:

"The 4000 members of the Grand Street Boys' Association, composed of present and former residents of the lower East Side of New York and belonging to every religious denomination, extend their felicitations and best wishes to you as the son of this great section of New York. Regardless of race and religion, the East Side rejoices that in you it has given the world a Prince of the Church."

The words of the biglietti announcing the elevation of Cardinal Hayes were the following:

"The Holy Father, in Secret Consistory, has had the benignity to elevate to the dignity of Cardinal, His Grace, the Archbishop of the Diocese of New York, in appreciation and consideration of the great work he has done. Gasparri."

The ceremonial at the public Consistory was most imposing and solemn. The new Cardinals, each accompanied by a group of Cardinal escorts and by the Swiss Guard, approached the Papal Throne separately, made three genuflections, then venerated the foot, hand and face of the Holy Father. The Cardinals were robed in cassocks and capes of violet watered silk, and were followed by their respective train bearers. Having paid homage to the Pontiff, they then proceeded to the position assigned

them, where each embraced his colleagues in the Sacred College and placed upon his own head the red biretta given at the Secret Consistory.

Then the new Cardinals were summoned to the Papal Throne. The Master of Ceremonies flung over them a hooded cape, and the Pontiff, rising and holding the red hat over the head of the prelate, pronounced in Latin the following words:

"To the praise of Almighty God and the honor of His holy seat, receive the red hat, the distinctive sign of the Cardinal dignity, by which is meant that even unto death and the shedding of blood you will show yourself courageous for the exaltation of our holy Faith, for the peace and quiet of Christian people, and for the augmentation of the Holy Roman Church. In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The Holy Father then proceeded to another hall, and the new Cardinals passed to an altar where the Te Deum was intoned. Then they prostrated themselves on violet cushions before the altar steps, the hooded cape was drawn over their shoulders, and prayers recited over them. Rising, they embraced their colleagues once more, and proceeded to another hall for the final ceremonies.

This was a secret assembly in which the Holy Father, in surplice, red stole and mozzetta, conducted the ceremony of "the closing and opening of the mouth." Closing the mouth first of one and then the other of the new Cardinals kneeling before him, the Pontiff said: "We close your mouth so that neither in consistories nor in congregations, nor

in other cardinalitial functions, can you express an opinion." The Holy Father then addressed a few words to the Cardinals, after which they again knelt before him and His Holiness opened the mouth of each, saying: "We open your mouth so that in consistories, congregations and other cardinalitial functions you can express your opinion. In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

In this striking ceremony the necessity of obedience in the first instance, and in the second, the duty of aiding the Church by their wisdom, was emphasized. The Holy Father then announced to Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein their appointment to a titular Church.

On Monday, April 28, Cardinal Hayes, after the most eventful weeks of his entire life, spent in Rome, returned to the city of his birth, his labors and his love. Glowing with health and happiness, he received the magnificent ovation accorded him with a quiet appreciation and that simplicity which has endeared him to his people even more than his great works of Christian Charity. Approximately one half million of New Yorkers extended their greetings to His Eminence upon his return from the Eternal City.

At the Battery, thousands of men, women and little children greeted him with enthusiastic and proud acclaim. So deeply touched was Cardinal Hayes by the sight of the sea of human faces, all eagerly and lovingly concentrated upon him, that he could say little. Entering his car, His Emi-

nence rode behind an escort of about forty other machines through the streets familiar to him from his childhood, passing within a stone's throw of the very house at 17 City Hall Place where he was born. All along the way the sidewalks were lined with cheering multitudes. Practically every window and doorway of the great office buildings were framed with smiling, joyous faces, while many waved banners or handkerchiefs in token of their loyal welcome to their distinguished townsman. Large groups of the children from the Catholic schools of the city were on hand to participate in the royal homage accorded the new Prince of the Church. Tears welled in the kindly eyes of Cardinal Hayes as he picked out from the mass, the children from those sections forever associated with the tenderest memories of his life. Ever and again he raised his hand in blessing as he was borne along through the crowded lines of humanity.

As the steamer Machigonne which had conveyed the Cardinal from the Leviathan to the Battery steamed up the harbor bearing its precious freight, all the whistles in the Bay had blown an almost startling welcome to the returning Cardinal. Bands had played patriotic airs, prelates and statesmen approached to congratulate him in the salon, and sounds of cheering came like a mighty chorus on the air. His Eminence was greatly touched by the almost uproarious welcome, but surely not so deeply as when, a returning Prince of the Church, he rode past those humble scenes of his earthly beginnings

and saw the little children of his old "home" anxiously and reverently watching for some sign of recognition.

To the newspapermen who were waiting for some word from him, Cardinal Hayes said affably: "Of course you can say that I am entirely delighted to be back, after a very eventful experience in Rome where I was made to feel that it was a very noble and a great thing to be an American citizen. The present Holy Father, Pius XI, appeared to me—perhaps not altogether so much from what he said as from the light in his eyes and the feeling in his voice—to love America so much that you can, very likely, find in Europe today, no better and greater admirer of our country.

"One of the vivid impressions that I carried away from there was that the ceremony was so entirely American. The Holy Father made repeated references to America, and this, together with the number of Americans in Rome at the time, conveyed to all the general impression that it was an "American Consistory." Perhaps it is not fully appreciated in this country that the Consistory was held for the first time in Saint Peter's. It is generally held in what is known as Consistorial Hall. But it was the Pope's own personal desire that it should be held in Saint Peter's on this occasion, departing from the ancient custom."

When the Cardinal's car had approached to within a short distance of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, His Eminence descended and continued the journey on foot. His bright robes shone resplendent in the

midst of the great throng, many of whom dropped to their knees as he passed them by. Having mounted the steps, the Cardinal faced the multitude, smiling and bowing in greeting to them before giving his blessing.

Entering the sacred precincts of the historic edifice, a wonderful sight met the eyes of His Eminence. There, assembled from all over the city, the children were awaiting his coming. Between six and seven thousand little ones had waited patiently for his appearance, and when their hearts' desire was finally gratified, all rose and sang the "Star-Spangled Banner" lustily, waving the American flag to the rhythm of the anthem.

The children presented to Cardinal Hayes as souvenir, a Spiritual Bouquet of many prayers and acts of piety performed for his intention during his absence in Rome. This beautiful offering of one hundred thousand school children comprised 100,000 Holy Communions received, 100,000 Masses heard, 100,000 Rosaries recited, 100,000 Visits to the Blessed Sacrament made, and 100,000 ejaculations—a great garland of blossoms gathered in the Garden of Prayer.

The Cardinal was overwhelmed by this eloquent tribute of so many innocent childish hearts. He blessed the little ones affectionately and told them that the Holy Father had commissioned him to deliver this special blessing to all the children of the Archdiocese of New York.

"It is a very trying moment," he said, "for me to give expression to the emotion that now fills my

heart and my soul. I find myself back here in this glorious New York, among a devoted clergy, religious and laity. It is not within the power of human language, even of one who can more eloquently express himself, to convey at this particular moment all that I would like to say."

Surely words were not necessary here, but, in quoting the very statements made by the Cardinal, apropos of the Holy Father, we can demonstrate how deeply he was touched by this wonderful manifestation of reverence and love. What he said was uttered more "in the light of his eyes and the feeling in his voice," than by any sentences which he spoke in this momentous hour.

The full title of Cardinal Hayes was now: "Patrick Joseph, of title Santa Maria in Via Lata, Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York." But the simplicity of a little child marked his demeanor and his utterance as he stood in the midst of the little ones whom Christ loved to gather around Him on earth and returned their demonstrations of loyalty and gratitude.

His Eminence characterized the little ones as part of Christ Himself. "Heaven answers the prayers of these children"—he said—"prayers which we need in New York in the cause of Christ and the Holy Church." Then, to the welcoming committee before him, the Cardinal added, "I thought they"—the children—"would rob me of my speech, I was so overcome.

"It is," he continued, "a New York welcome to a New Yorker who loves his city, knows virtually its

heart and soul. As I traversed the streets this afternoon, some of which I played in as a boy, my memory brought back the days of old, and I felt that I was returning with honors, not so much for myself, but for the city, the State and the country. I thank you with all my heart and soul for the tribute I have received today."

"The days of old!" Long years before, at the installation of Archbishop Corrigan on that very altar, a young boy, Patrick Hayes, had stolen up the aisle in order to obtain a better view of the solemn ceremony. Today, in the full meridian of highest achievement, he stood as Patrick Cardinal Hayes in that same sacred edifice and glanced over the thousands of faces of children who truly loved him, who were proud of him, and wished to do him honor in their simple guileless way. What a long way to come in the intervening years!

The Cardinal Archbishop of New York loves the children and is most solicitous for their spiritual and material welfare. He knows that many Catholic children have unfortunately been stripped of their sacred birthright, that through unfortunate circumstances they have been born and brought up without the knowledge of the true Faith of Christ. Many of them are deprived of a Catholic school training, through no fault of their own, but through the carelessness or wilful neglect or ignorance of their parents. These also are dear—even dearer to his paternal heart—and them also must he bring, as the Divine Shepherd the little wandering lambs, into the fold.

These poor little children who are without the sacred influence of the Religious School are dear to the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate who understand and appreciate the yearning that fills the heart of their Spiritual Father, Cardinal Hayes, for the salvation and the sanctification of these under-privileged little ones. These children the Parish Visitors seek in unwholesome and isolated places where they are out of the reach of the priest who perhaps does not even know of their existence. Someone, whose special duty it is, must go in search of them and bring them sweetly to Christ . . . this "someone" is the Parish Visitor, whose special charge it is to seek after those who have been forgotten by the world.

When His Eminence, clad in the noble dignity of his sacred robes, and newly arrived from the Eternal City where he had been elevated so high by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, stood upon the altar in the Cathedral and looked into the happy upturned faces of the children, doubtless he remembered the many others who were not there, yet who should be, and his tender heart bled at the thought. The very contrast of innocent and happy lives with lives that are sordid and sin-stained even from childhood, is so painful that it costs a pure soul much anguish to contemplate the unhappy sight. But to overcome nature is the part of Mary's consecrated disciples, The Parish Visitors, who must pass through murky places without contracting any soil for love of souls.

So the beautiful incident in the life of Cardinal Hayes which we have just recounted brought re-

newed determination to his spiritual daughters who are so intent upon satisfying the ambitions of his apostolic heart—determination to seek and to find all the poor little children, scattered through the great and cosmopolitan city, who are being robbed of their precious birthright, Faith, and restore them to their saintly Father in God.

CHAPTER XX

THE RELIGIOUS WELCOME HOME

NONE more than the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate rejoiced in the signal honors which had come to their revered Archbishop as Head of one of the most important Sees in the entire world. With hearts overflowing with gratitude to God for His many wondrous blessings, the members of the Community gathered about their Superior on May 2, 1924, to listen to an impressive conference in the form of a tribute to His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes.

"When," said the Superior on this momentous occasion, "the whole city acclaims the dignity of His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, and when priests, Religious and people of all classes unite in a universal outburst of welcome home, gratitude and filial affection would be very much wanting if the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, who owe their establishment, encouragement and approval to this great Cardinal, were silent on this very remarkable occasion. Therefore, on the eve of the Religious Welcome Home to Cardinal Hayes, all the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate unite as one in their expressions of gratitude, devotedness and fidelity to him who is their best friend and most beloved Father in God."

Because the Parish Visitors' sphere is a purely spiritual one, since they do not engage in the teaching of secular subjects or in other works that are not strictly missionary endeavors; because their work lies in the home and with the individual soul —they may, through the personal visitation of families, get quickly and directly into instructive contact with souls in the exercise of the zeal of their own hearts, united to the Heart of the Good Shepherd.

To co-operate in the work of saving souls is the noblest work one can do, because thus one co-operates with Christ Himself. But to co-operate fully, generously, by every act of one's life work, in the upbuilding of a great and noble work, is a vocation beyond any power of words to express. Patrick Cardinal Hayes appreciated this vision. After testing the ideal of the foundation, His Eminence has fully co-operated since that time with those who are striving to save souls remote from the Church, so remote, in fact, that they are beyond the reach of ordinary means, even of the missions which are frequently given in their parish churches as a means of regeneration. These stray Catholics need those with special vocation as messengers to come to them, and Cardinal Hayes believed in that vocation, even though he took many years and practical measures to try it out. Cardinal Hayes is not a dreamer, but he is solid and far-seeing, and he believes in testing each one to know his or her worth.

Passing on to reminiscences of the life of this great Churchman of our day, the Superior of the Parish Visitors recalled numerous instances that

aptly illustrated the exceptional and noble qualities of His Eminence, particularly his love for the poor and needy. "And so, while we are thanking God and praising Cardinal Hayes, we can go further, and make a study of the edifying life of His Eminence. Many persons now see only the dignified position of the great Cardinal, and they may think that if they, too, were in this high position they could do much good because of the great power they would wield. But Cardinal Hayes began to exercise his real power as a simple student at school, who, by perfect fidelity to every duty, gave glory to God and great comfort to his guardians and his teachers. Kind, meek and gentle, he performed his duties faithfully, studied assiduously, and lived modestly."

Among the striking incidents adverted to by the Superior, were certain happenings in the life of the Cardinal when he was "Father Hayes" of Saint Gabriel's. His disposition as a young priest was most perfect. He was always humble and charitable; he was a pleasant companion at recreation; and he was always imbued with a Christian charm that helped those with whom he came into contact. At this time his Pastor was Monsignor Farley, later Cardinal Farley. Neither one had any ambitions for high places. Father Hayes effaced himself to do his duty, and to be kind and affable to his fellow priests. He was wholly devoted, desiring not to be seen or noted, but simply to be truly given to all things in accordance with the wishes of his Superior. Cardinal Farley remembered all this later

on, and appointed this model priest President of Cathedral College.

"Later, I recall visiting a great exhibit at Cathedral College of plans, aids and methods useful in successful catechizing, and my friends and I talked it over, saying that it was something new to have an exhibit of such type in the Seminary. Since I was vitally interested in the pedagogy of Catechetics and Christian Doctrine, I went to visit the exhibit.

"Father Hayes had collected every object he could find that would aid the Catechist in the important work of imparting religious instruction, and the collection was gracefully arranged on various tables. The Holy Bible was illustrated in many details by pictures and clay models of inexpensive construction—because Father Hayes did not have the means to procure elaborate devices or to achieve elaborate effects. There was the Holy Land in relief map. Christian Doctrine was illustrated in various ways and models, and there were excellent written lessons by the students.

"I never shall forget the impression which this display of work for Religion made upon me, and when I expressed my satisfaction to the author of it, I could see how his zeal for God abounded. Yes, Father Hayes was always thinking how he could better impart lessons in Christian knowledge."

A like modesty, assiduity and fidelity characterized the young Chancellor Hayes. "Every Secretary's task requires unending devotedness, and if this be true anywhere, what must be that required

from a general Secretary in the Chancery, one who has the affairs of the whole diocese to handle?

"But not one word came from Chancellor Hayes about himself. God and his chief were always lauded and obeyed. When Chancellor Hayes was promoted to Bishop Auxiliary and Pastor of Saint Stephen's Church, he could scarcely sleep at night, said a priest who was associated with him, from thinking of the lost souls in that parish. We have visited the homes of that parish, and we know that there, as in every parish, there is plenty to engage our heartfelt solicitude.

"Then, from Bishop Auxiliary, His Lordship rose to be Archbishop. Here also his only thought in his elevation was his ability to do greater good. The Archbishop's campaigns for charity were made simply for the promotion of God's blessed work, especially the spiritual regeneration of the needy, and these works have been promoted wonderfully throughout New York.

"So this crowning dignity of the Cardinalate is simply a logical result of duty well done, and all along the line, from the boy in the simple home scarcely heard of, to the great Cardinal of today, there is a lesson for each one of us: that we may learn to find our joy and honor in being the children of Christ, in persevering dutifully, and in working, even as Cardinal Hayes worked for God, faithfully, silently, gently, charitably—not watching someone else—but each doing her duty to the utmost of her power, under obedience. Cardinal Hayes is a model of humility, charity and obedience, and, as

the author of the "Imitation" says: 'He only is fit to rule, who has long learned to obey.'

"During the Cardinal's absence we prayed. Our special intention was for the success of that visit to Rome, and for the Archbishop's success as Cardinal, and we thank God, Who has heard our poor prayers united to those of many holier petitioners with whom we tried to share. And this week we are praying still further, that the Cardinal may attain a wonderful spiritual success, and that the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate may constantly attain to their part in co-operating fully with their most beloved Father, in sanctifying themselves by humility, charity and obedience, and in keeping up zealously and devotedly their visitation mission in union with the Good Shepherd of Souls."

On Saturday, May 3, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate assembled joyfully, with members of the other Religious Orders working in the Archdiocese, to greet their distinguished Cardinal. This great "Religious Welcome" took place in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and surely those who were privileged to be there on that happy day will never forget the impressions recorded on the tablets of memory.

The scene was most impressive as well as unique. The religious habits of the various Sisterhoods, presenting such a variety of design and illustrated in such large numbers, formed a most picturesque tableau. All these good Religious were animated by the same thought, the single idea, the one desire—to convey to their beloved Chief Shepherd, by

their presence and prayers, the assurance of their undying fealty and esteem for him whom God had appointed and greatly honored as their Head.

The sermon given at Holy Mass on this occasion by Cardinal Hayes was replete with unction. His Eminence showed himself to be deeply moved at sight of so many Religious workers in the portion of the kingdom assigned to him as Pastor by Christ Himself, and in touching accents revealed the sentiments that flowed from a devoted and priestly heart. Addressing the assemblage of consecrated co-workers in his ministry, the Cardinal said:

"My Lord Bishops, Good Monsignori, Very Reverend Fathers, dear Brothers, and my dearly beloved Sisters:—

"In this closing hour of the extraordinarily wonderful reception accorded your Archbishop by the citizens of this vast metropolis during the past week, and following his return from the Eternal City—and in particular that tendered by our Catholic people—I desire to express to you my sincere appreciation that you are sharing with me in my actual thanksgiving at this particular hour. It is hardly necessary for me to call your attention to the eventful days that have passed since I sailed from these shores some seven weeks ago. The public press, zealous, active, kindly, and sympathetic, has kept you informed day by day of the movements of the new Cardinal, and I shall later on, in a more formal manner, make proper and due acknowledgment to the public press for the great serv-

ice it has rendered to our Catholic people in this city.

"But you, the Religious of the diocese! How I rejoice that you are here today in such large numbers, representatives of communities of men, of the brotherhoods, and of the various communities of women! Because you are indeed a very organic part of this diocese. I recognize with gratitude that the entire people of this great City of New York has been honored today by Our Holy Father, the Pope, in a very particular manner. You have recognized, and I recognize, that you have played a very important part in the upbuilding of the Church in this Archdiocese. The honor and splendor and glory of this hour, in this, the greatest Cathedral Church, on this greatest occasion, is yours also; yes, a great part of that glory and that splendor is yours—it belongs to you as much as to me, the Archbishop, or to any other person in the diocese."

In so stressing the important sphere of the Religious in the Church's apostolate, His Eminence was on home ground. In the days of his early training, he had come into close contact with men of saintly and self-sacrificing lives—the Christian Brothers—and certainly, in his early youth, living in New York City's humbler section, he had seen many examples of the heroism, the fortitude, the Christlike charity of the Sisters, and had admired the various splendid organizations that had trained and molded them to the ideal of the Church.

As young assistant in a crowded parish, he had met the Religious often, in schools and hospitals,

in foundling homes and institutions for the aged, and in later years he had watched with jealous eye the unfolding of marvelous plans and foundations for the spiritual and physical betterment of mankind. So His Eminence spoke from a full heart, and out of the very fullest knowledge of the glorious work of those very representatives of the Religious Orders who were present before him in the majestic Cathedral. It is difficult to say which were happiest on the occasion, the great Cardinal, or his humble spiritual sons and daughters enlisted beneath the banner of the Three Evangelical Vows.

Expressing his gratitude for the remembrances of him made by these devoted sons and daughters during his absence in Rome, the Cardinal went on:

"So I want to express to you how deeply grateful I feel for your prayers for me during my absence, and for your present prayers of thanksgiving to Almighty God, and I know that you will continue these very efficacious prayers that this great act of Holy Church in honoring the Archbishop, in this, the elevation to the high dignity of the Cardinalate, may prove to the diocese, not a matter of personal pride or the lifting up with any element of worldly boasting for our exaltation; but rather that it may be a humble appeal to High Heaven for a great benediction to be felt throughout the diocese, in every Church, in every convent, in every school, in every institution and home—to remain with every family, with every individual. That I shall consecrate myself more than ever to His service; that this symbolic scarlet of blood which I wear

today may mean more than the splendor and glory that it appears to be—that it may mean an offering of my life blood in every sense of the word; that it may make me greatly concerned, in a proper solicitude, for the needs of the diocese; that my attention may be more devoted to the needy; that my whole soul may be seared with a burning zeal for the honor and glory of God, and for the salvation of souls; that I may spend myself in greater service for the Master. But O, my dear Religious, *that* I cannot do without your prayers and strong assistance, and I have a right to ask for this favor because of your presence here. I have the right to ask you to pray more earnestly for your Archbishop now that he is in this exalted position."

The stirring and beautiful appeal for prayers did not go unanswered, needless to say. The Cardinal had revealed the inmost depths of his soul in laying bare before these, his well-beloved spiritual children, his militant soldier sons and daughters of the Religious Orders, his earnest, intense desire to immolate himself for the glory of God and the good of souls. The brilliant robes which Holy Mother Church had proudly placed upon him recalled his mind, not to the height of earthly glory which he had attained—and certainly the Cardinalate is a glory in the eyes of the world—but rather to the symbolic meaning of the color with which he had been clothed. Even to the shedding of his blood he wished to be faithful to the great trust imposed upon him—for the cardinal color of the silk worn by Princes of the Church is the exact color of human

blood—is, therefore, the exact color of that Most Precious Blood which upon the Cross flowed freely for the regeneration of the world!

Oh, it was a solemn and grand occasion, this—perhaps the grandest and most solemn of all those scenes which had taken place during the momentous week that had passed. The minds of those privileged ones there present went swiftly back over the past in their own lives, and seeing somewhere room for more intensified effort, for more heroic attainment resolved with a high and lofty purpose, to follow faithfully until death, even to the shedding of their blood, the noble aspirations of their great exemplar, Cardinal Hayes. Pray they would, all of them, constantly and fervently, for their loved Chief. But imitate him they would, also, and by this means bring more souls to the earthly kingdom of Jesus Christ, their Divine King.

"I cannot but trust you, dear Sisters," His Eminence continued. "You have hidden yourselves away, you have given up one thing after another, you have lost before the world your identity, and you have desired it. It has been your comfort, I am sure, to be seen before Our Lord alone, and that worldly things have no claim upon you. Hidden away as you are in the Heart of Christ, you can better appreciate the high responsibility of your Shepherd, who has been lifted up, not merely exalted among creatures, but among the priests who stand at the altar and offer the Sacrifice of Christ; who has been lifted up amongst the Bishops—such Bishops as we have here in our glorious country;

among Archbishops, and I may even say among Cardinals, because of the great prestige of this See of New York."

Hidden with Christ in God were the lives of those before him, said the Cardinal, and at those beautiful words, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, with the other Religious there present, thrilled with happiness and fervor. True, the day was long and the labor and the heat sometimes very great. But when one knows that she is following in the footsteps of her great Leader, Christ, because she is following faithfully the mandates of the Spiritual Shepherd whom He has appointed to guard her interests and to apportion her burden of the work—all becomes comparatively sweet and easy. Who among that vast assemblage, who among the lowly band of Parish Visitors, listening to the august words of their revered Cardinal Archbishop, did not long to serve even to death, even to the shedding of blood, if that might be?

His Eminence had said that he trusted his elevation to the Cardinalate would prove a blessing to the entire Archdiocese of New York, that this blessing might remain "in every home, with every family." To the end that his wish might be fulfilled, and as speedily as possible, the members of the devoted band of Parish Visitors there present, determined anew, with God's help and Mary's prayers, to strive harder, if possible, to bring Christ into every home, into every heart they might possibly reach. It was their task to prepare the way for Him, as of old the Baptist had done, to open

the closed door for Christ's gentle Presence, to brush away the briars and the brambles from the threshold, to scrape away the rust from the lock that shut Him out from the human heart.

"But, my dear children," went on the Cardinal, "when I call you such, you Religious, you know how your father must feel, how much he must long for the support of your prayers, and how much he realizes the need of assistance. He realizes how faithful he must be, how careful not to make a mistake, not to do something that he should not do. How he must conform to the Will of God and be zealous for the service of Christ. But, dear Sisters, I appreciate more intensely what it means to be hidden to the world and to live alone with God. Your life is hidden with Christ in God.

"Dear Sisters, I have thought much of you, especially during the rush and excitement of my days in Rome, and I have prayed for you, and wherever I went I thought of you. You have served the Church in New York, you have served the world. During those days in Rome, every observer must have been impressed, but to the participants the meaning was farther reaching and deeper, and so I resolved that the first opportunity I should have in the Holy City, I would go to the Catacombs and there offer Mass, not merely in thanksgiving to Almighty God, but that I might make a pilgrimage to the spot where the early Christians lived and died."

And so, at a risk, for it was not the best season of the year in which to do so, His Eminence had fulfilled his pious desire. Here he offered Mass,

where the early Christians "served their Crucified Lord." A Crucified Lord—not a Master who had led an easy and care-free life as do many of the noted leaders in the world today! Here Cardinal Hayes had thought of the sacrifices made by his loyal Religious sons and daughters in New York, and his tender heart had been moved to added gratitude to God for it.

"I made a special memento in that Mass for you, to my Lord and God, that He may give unto you, too, a greater spirit of sacrifice, if that be possible. And, after all, we have only to remember how much God deserves—nothing less, surely, than our entire being, our whole heart, mind and soul. May you give yourselves more and more to Christ, not holding back any part of the holocaust. I pray, therefore, for you, that you may find Christ and give to Christ even more than you have done."

To the fulfillment of such a noble vocation, serving God and aiding in the salvation of souls, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, as well as the members of all the other Sisterhoods in the Archdiocese, have set themselves resolutely, fearlessly. On this never-to-be-forgotten day of the great Religious Welcome to their beloved Chief, they were strengthened and inspired a hundredfold to continue in their God-given mission, leaving nothing undone that might serve to help one single soul toward the knowledge and love of its God.

Characteristic of the humble Prince of the Church who uttered it, is the closing beautiful sentence of

the sermon preached by His Eminence on this memorable day:

"Never forget that here, in the Head of the diocese, there is one who reveres you, who looks up to you, and in remembering him, you will remember one who is, in every sense of the word, a true Father in Christ."

His Eminence then bestowed his blessing on the Religious, and they left the hallowed precincts of the Cathedral at the noonday hour to mingle with the throng as they journeyed back to their hidden homes of prayer and holy solitude. They went back refreshed and rejuvenated in spirit, ready to take up the cares and burdens of the apostolate with more contented and thankful hearts, for now the special blessing of their Cardinal Archbishop rested upon them like a celestial balm.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate went back to their loved retreat where, united again, they might kneel at the feet of Jesus and thank Him for the singular graces that had been vouchsafed to them. For them this had been one of life's fairest days, resplendent with hope, with peace, with joy, with gratitude, with renewed resolve to labor, to suffer, "even to the shedding of blood," if that might be, for Christ and the souls dear to Him.

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